TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

58878-1 May 1973 PDC 50¢

SATANTA
ORACLE OF THE PLAINS

SIEGE AT BATTLE ROCK

WHEN THE KLONDIKE NEARLY STARVED

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional.* It's *scientific.* No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts.* Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action.*

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information.* Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

©1972 Financial Publishers, 466 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004.

Financial Publishers, Dept. 487-A
466 N. Western Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90004

OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail. ☐ Please send Air Mail! I enclose an extra dollar.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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Finally, a man's brand of wild-west adventure!

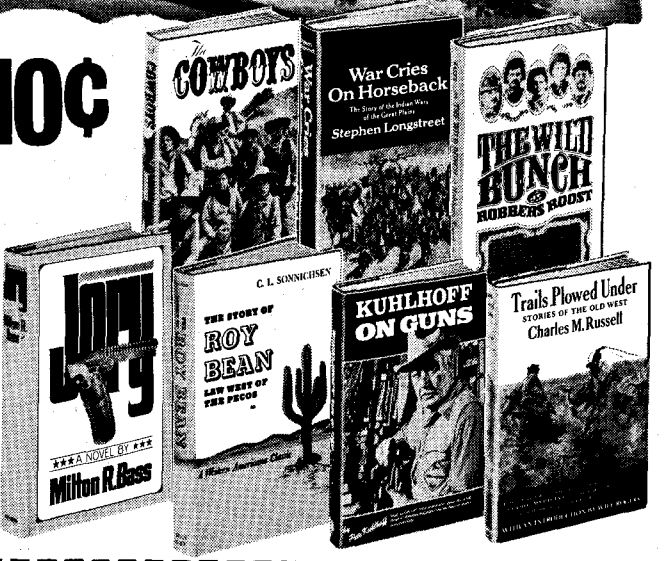
Open any book described on this page, and return to a world of red-blooded action. A world of rawhide and gunsmoke. A world where Comanches don war paint to stop the never-ending trains of wagons crossing the plains. Where the lust for gold and silver are so strong that crude, lawless mining towns spring up overnight. And where brave men and women have room to carve out their own destinies.

You can ride into this world right now with The Western Writers of America — a book club whose members are guaranteed a bonanza of Western reading. Every book you choose is endorsed by the WWA, the association of the country's leading Western authors. Which means you can count on every book to deliver exciting action, vivid characters, and authentic Western detail.

Choose your exciting introductory selection of great Western reading right now, and mail the coupon today. About every 4 weeks thereafter you'll receive *Spurs*, the monthly WWA bulletin which describes the two new books selected for our members. Most selections are priced at just $1.69 plus shipping and handling. (Occasional extra-value selections are slightly more.) You accept only the books you want — as few as four a year. And you get quality, hardcover editions that you'll be proud to add to your permanent library of Western Americana.

ANY 4 BOOKS FOR 10¢

if you join and agree to accept only 4 books in the coming year



0919 **THE STORY OF ROY BEAN: Law West of the Pecos** By C. L. Sonnichsen. *Truth about* self-created legend. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

0885 **OUT OF THE OLD ROCK** By J. Frank Dobie. Vivid portraits of western old-timers by the Southwest's best-loved storyteller. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

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1461 **TRUE GRIT** By Charles Portis. All-time favorite. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

7054 **PIONEER BREED** By Glenn Vernam. Two teenagers trapped in a paralyzing Oregon winter. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

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7385 **KUHLHOFF ON GUNS** By Pete Kuhlhoff. How-to advice on shooting. Illus. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

0992 **THE COWBOYS** By William Dale Jennings. Wayne film and a best-seller. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

7112 **EYE OF THE WOLF** By Theodore V. Olsen. Witness vs. murderer with an edge — he's the sheriff. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

THE WESTERN WRITERS OF AMERICA

8-WW-3

Dept. CL674, Garden City, New York 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Western Writers of America Book Club and send me the 4 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes. Bill me 10¢ plus shipping and handling costs for all 4.

About every 4 weeks, send me the club's bulletin, *Spurs*, describing the forthcoming two Featured Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. If I wish to receive the Selections I need do nothing; they will be shipped to me automatically. *Whenever I want an Alternate or no book* at all, I will notify you by the date specified by returning the convenient form always provided.

I need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. Most Selections are only $1.69 plus a modest charge for shipping and handling. Occasional extra-value Selections are slightly higher.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I may return the entire introductory package within ten days. Membership will be cancelled. I will owe nothing.

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

MAY 1973 VOLUME 16, NUMBER 10

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How to get rich

How can you get rich some day? Make a hit record . . . a killing on the stock market . . . or invent a gadget like the hula hoop?

For most of us, these are just dreams. But have you ever stopped to think that there *is* a way to get rich—possibly only one sure way? Most fortunes, as you know, are made by people who own their own business.

Perhaps you've thought of starting a small business of your own . . . a franchised drive-in, or maybe a service business. Trouble is, you need $10,000 to $15,000 to get started and even then it's a gamble—with slim chance of ever making really big money.

But there is *one* business which could make you rich—almost overnight! And the beauty of it is, you can start on a shoestring during your spare time, even while holding your regular job.

Cash by Mail

The business is Mail Order—and it's fabulous! Come up with a 'hot' new item . . . and WHAM!

It strikes like a bolt of lightning!

Suddenly, you are deluged with cash orders from all over the country . . . MORE MONEY than you could ever make in a lifetime!

Like the Vermont dealer who ran one ad in Sports Afield Magazine. His ad pulled 22,000 orders—over A HALF MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH!

There is no other business where you can make a fortune so quickly!

- A beginner from Newark, N.J. ran his first small ad in House Beautiful—offering an auto clothes rack. Business Week reported that his ad brought in $5,000 in orders. By the end of his first year in Mail Order, he had grossed over $100,000!
- Another beginner—a lawyer from the midwest, sold an idea by mail to fisherman. Specialty Salesman Magazine reveals, "he made $70,000 the first three months!"

Proof

It's a fascinating business! Running ads in newspapers and magazines . . . mailing gift catalogs . . . getting cash orders in your daily mail—steady as clockwork.

There is no other business where you can start on a shoestring and pyramid your profits—*without investing in merchandise!* One husband and wife mail order team took in $40,000 selling one item. They obtained FREE ads in national magazines . . . didn't invest a cent in merchandise, and even got the supplier to ship all orders for them!

These exceptional cases are absolute proof that *you can get rich* in your own Mail Order business. Very rich. Even a U.S. Gov. Report stated: "A number of one-man Mail Order enterprises make up to $50,000!"

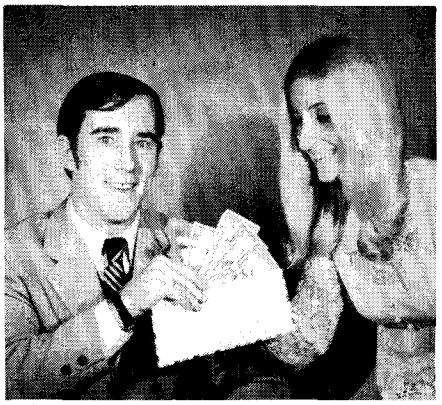
Pick up any magazine. Notice how the same mail order ads are repeated . . . month after month? That's concrete proof! You know those ads wouldn't be repeated over and over again—*unless* they were bringing in big cash profits to their owners.

The Secret

The secret of getting rich in Mail Order lies in *financial leverage*. It's a little-known, almost secret method—using other people's capital to make money for you!

You can get thousands of dollars worth of advertising in big national magazines—without investing your own money! And you don't have to write a single ad. Tested and proven ads are prepared for you by experts. Reinvest the profits from your first successful ad—to get more, larger ads, and the profits begin to snowball! It's like building a chain of stores . . . each new store puts more money in *your* pocket.

You mail out beautiful catalogs which offer hundreds of dollars worth of fine, quality gifts—yet you don't invest one cent of *your* own money in merchandise! Your catalogs are printed with your name and address, so all orders come to you. Everything is "drop-shipped" for you, and there's up to *100% mark-up!* You pocket the cash profits immediately—even before the orders are shipped to your customers!



The thrill of receiving money in your mail is one you'll never tire of!

Repeat orders alone, just from mailing catalogs, could bring you a steady income for the rest of your life!

Yes, Mail Order is the fastest-growing, most profitable business in America! And now, with more people moving to the suburbs . . . the population explosion . . . and the expanding teenage market . . . we are on the verge of the BIGGEST BOOM in Mail Order history!

Now, with the help and backing of Mail Order Associates, Inc., of Montvale, N.J., you can follow the same proven steps to Mail Order success—using the 'secret' of financial leverage!

Start Now

We supply you with beautiful gift catalogs throughout the year. All products are dropshipped for you, with up to 100% mark-up! You get free samples of top-selling mail order items, plus monthly trade reports on 'hot' new products . . . tested, successful ads are sent to you monthly. You get advertising directories, postal laws, complete courses, expert guidance—EVERYTHING you need to practically guarantee YOUR SUCCESS. Why? Because *our* business depends upon *your* success. It's mutually profitable!

A recent feature article in Income Opportunities Magazine stated, "Mail Order Associates Inc., offers the most comprehensive Mail Order program ever offered to beginners." They go on to say, "This could be the opportunity you've been looking for. A chance to get in on the ground floor in a little-known business which we believe is on the verge of a new boom."

Free

We are now accepting a limited number of charter members in our new Mail Order Program. No previous experience is required but you must be over 21.

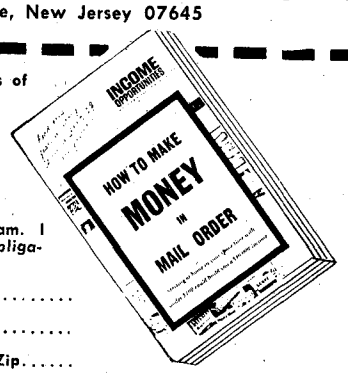
If you are sincerely interested in starting a profitable business of your own . . . if you can see the tremendous advantages which Mail Order offers . . . then ACT NOW!

Mail the coupon today, or simply send your name and address on a postcard. No salesman will call. We will send you a free book—gift catalog, reprints of feature articles, plus complete facts about our program. Write to:

Mail Order Associates, Inc., Dept. 352
Montvale, New Jersey 07645

Rush Coupon for FREE BOOK!

plus reprints of Mail Order articles



Mail Order Associates, Inc., Dept. 352
Montvale, New Jersey 07645

Please rush complete details on your Mail Order Program. I understand everything is free and there is absolutely no obligation. I am over 21.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip.....

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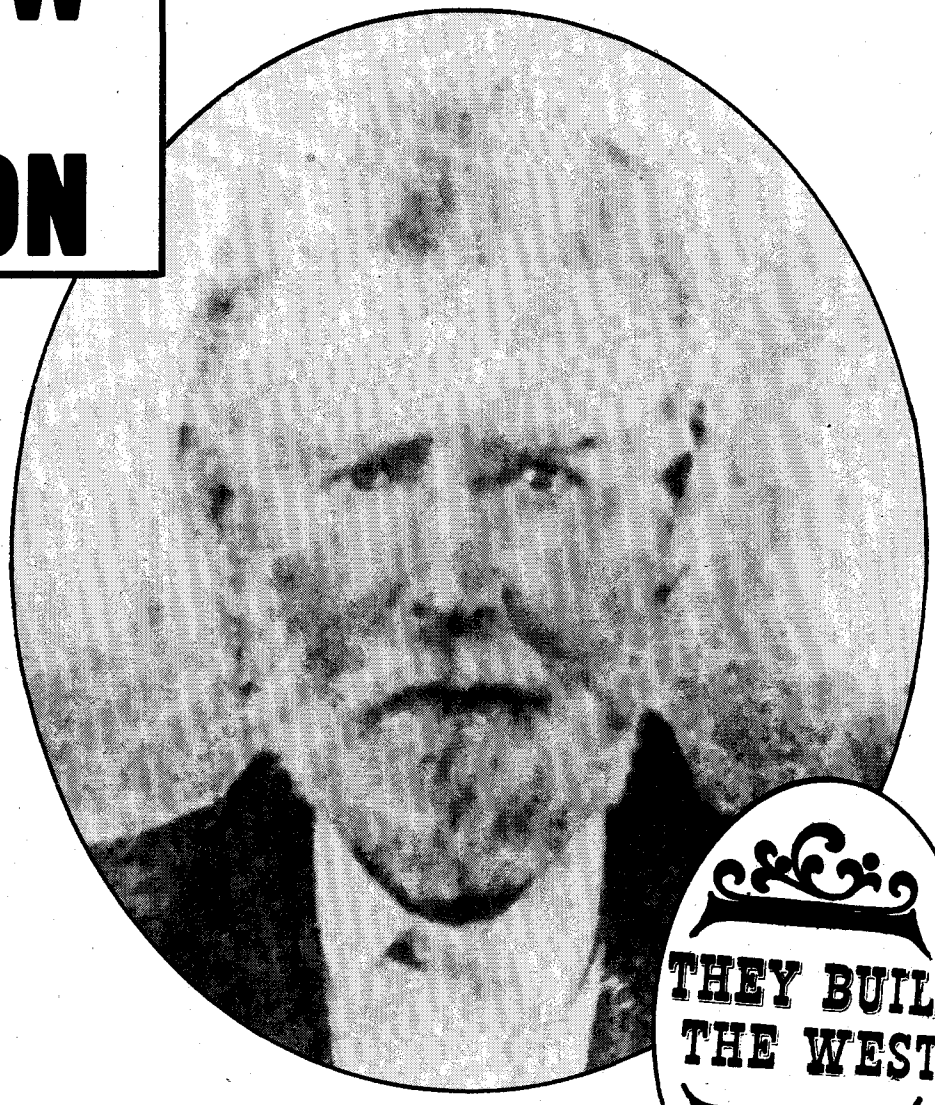
"CHOCTAW" BILL ROBINSON

RIP-ROARING SERVANT OF THE LORD

By Nancy V. Cooley



THEY BUILT THE WEST

Bill Robinson believed no other denomination except the Baptist formed the true church and that the Baptist denomination dated without a break from the days of John the Baptist.

"Choctaw" Bill Robinson was a hellfire and brimstone preacher who brought his own brand of religion to the heathens of the West. And heathens usually included anyone who didn't agree with him!

"I REMEMBER HIS lying stretched out on the side room and Daddy coming into the room and measuring Grandpop for his coffin."

That February day in 1898 when a little girl watched preparations for laying 89-year-old William Robinson to rest in a coffin made by his son is still vivid in the memory of one of Robinson's granddaughters living in Clovis, New Mexico. On the old man's marker in rural Baggett Cemetery in Comanche County, Texas, a weathered legend is barely discernible. "At Rest in Heaven."

Robinson's mortal remains rest in Baggett Cemetery, but it is difficult to picture him "at rest in Heaven." More in keeping with his character is the likelihood that his shade is busily engaged in debating points of doctrine with the saints and riding the frontiers of hell in an effort to win converts. If he could return to his former haunts on this earth, he would no doubt snort disdainfully at the ecumenical learnings of modern Christianity.

He is best remembered in colorful anecdotes stemming from his belief that no denomination other than the Baptist formed the true church and that it dated without a break from the days of John the Baptist.

Nineteenth century religion along the southwestern frontier thrived on controversy. Preachers like William "Choctaw Bill" Robinson waged all-out doctrinal warfare, vigorously attacking each other and the opposing dogmas each represented. Robinson's confidence in the tenets of the Baptist contingent was so profound he once offered five hundred head of cattle for scriptural proof on points of doctrine. There is no record that he was ever called upon to make good the offer.

Robinson did not officially undertake his crusade for the Master until his middle years. He was born in North Carolina, farmed in Alabama, became a father eight times, and buried his first wife before succumbing to the lure of the West.

He married a second wife in Mississippi and lived for a time in Louisiana, where he cultivated the soil with the help of a hundred slaves.

In 1848 he moved into east Texas and

(Continued on page 44)

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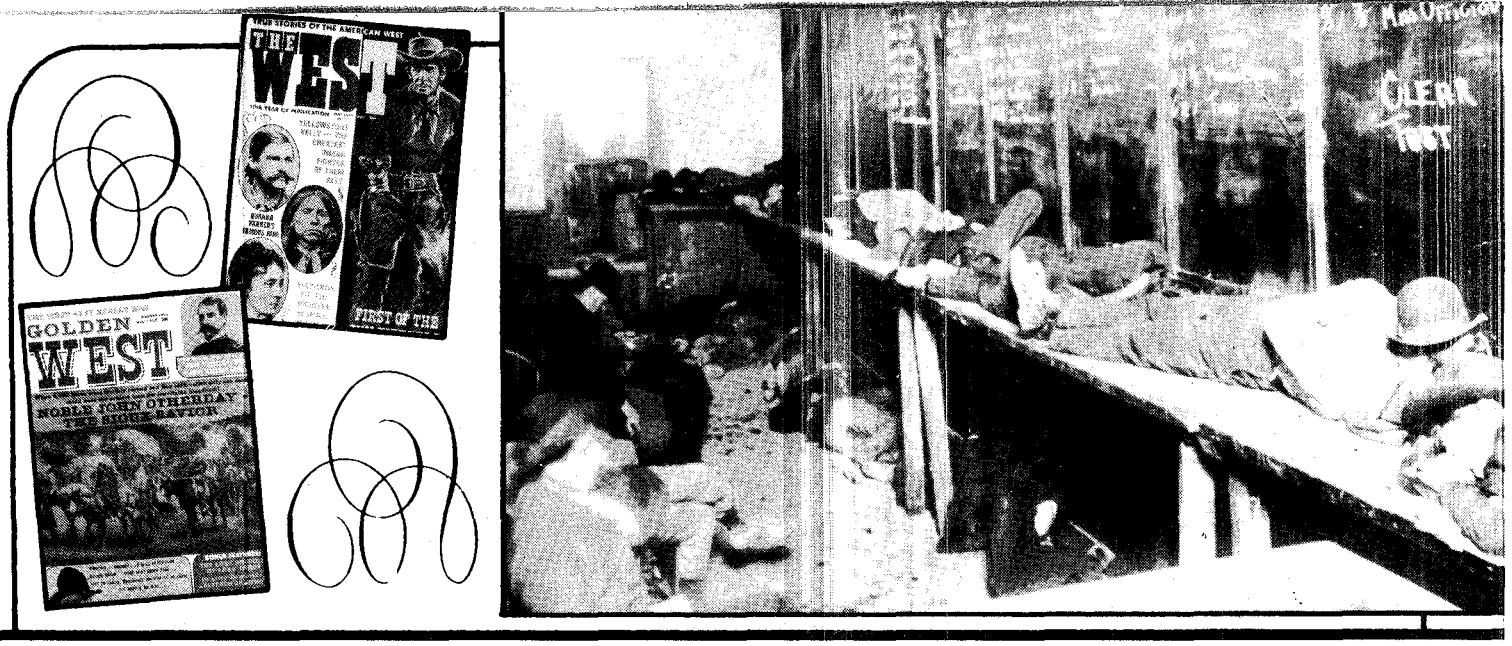

OUR EAGER STAFF
IS ANXIOUS TO SERVE YOU

DON'T WORRY ABOUT RAIN, SNOW, HAIL OR BLAZING SUN. THEY DON'T. THESE CHARACTERS WILL SOMEHOW MAKE SURE THAT ALL YOUR COPIES OF THE WEST AND GOLDEN WEST REACH YOUR MAILBOX ON TIME, MONTH AFTER MONTH. WE LIKE THE IDEA BECAUSE IT WILL AT LEAST GET THEM OUT OF THE OFFICE FOR A LITTLE WHILE. SO HELP US PUT THESE GOLDBRICKS TO WORK BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BEST DARNED MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION YOU'VE EVER SEEN. AND YOU'LL BE SAVING MONEY, TOO! SO KEEP OUR EAGER STAFF ON ITS TOES BY FILLING OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR ONLY $10, AND MAIL TODAY. THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET OUR BOYS GET TO WORK!

Just think, not only will you be saving $2 over the regular newsstand price, you'll receive, and have delivered right to your mailbox—in a weatherproof, plastic bag, a total of 24 big, exciting issues packed with the best stories and exclusive pictures which will help you become a part of the Old West As It Really Was. Our dramatic, true-to-life story layouts will actually make you feel like you're riding alongside ol' Jesse James or Wyatt Earp, depending, of course, which side of the law you cotton to. Take your choice, pardner.

STAGECOACH PUBLISHING CO.
BOX 58
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NEW YORK 11571

24 BIG, EXCITING ISSUES FOR ONLY $10!

Please enter my combination subscription to both THE WEST and GOLDEN WEST. I will receive a total of 24 issues (12 of each magazine), two different issues every month for the next 12 months. I am enclosing $10 as payment in full ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ other.

YOUR NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____
(Please Print or Type)

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THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

RESCUE IN THE MINES

I WAS ABOUT 20 years old, single, and, I thought, as tough as a boot. Probably as tough as they come. I was working for the Victor American Fuel Company at Mr. Harris, Colorado.

As there had been several mine disasters all over the country, they came up with the idea to train some miners as rescue workers. So they went to the mines all over the country recruiting men for it.

We got a team together at Mr. Harris, so the state sent out the equipment and also sent us a trainer to give us the fundamental details on this kind of work.

It was set up for about a three-month training program with a two week refresher course each year.

We were equipped with gas masks and other necessary gear and put through a pretty rugged program. Naturally, I thought I was one of the best of the team.

I think there were 10 or 12 of us who passed the final test, as there were a heck of a lot of guys who just flat couldn't pass the test and stand the rugged training.

We were a pretty proud bunch of fellows after all. We felt we stood out among the average miners and displayed our certificates very proudly. We also carried a card in our billfold saying we were qualified to act as rescue workers anywhere in the U.S. in case of emergency.

Then it happened.

We got word there had been a mine explosion at Hannah, Wyoming. There were over 100 men trapped in the mine.

We immediately assembled our gear and the railroad sent a special car to transport us to the site.

It was quite a trip as we first had to go to Denver by way of D.S.L. railroad. In Denver our car was put on the track of the Burlington Railroad for Cheyenne, Wyoming, In Cheyenne we were transferred again to the Union Pacific for the final leg of our journey. We arrived in Hannah tired, but very eager to get to the work at hand.

Our leader told us, "Boys, you are going to find this one of the hardest things to face, now or ever again in your life, so you better steel yourself for the ordeal.

"Be careful. Take care of yourself, and above all, think of you and your fellow workers. Safety is first.

"Don't hurry anything, for as I understand the message, none of the men in that mine can possibly be alive due to the extent of that explosion. So all we can do is bring out the bodies and I don't want none of my men to be counted among them.

"Now you may feel pity for the ones you pick up down there, but don't do it. Just remember what you pick up won't be a human. It is only the empty house he has moved out of. He has done gone where he won't ever be hurt again."

When we arrived I never saw such a mess. The explosion had come out of that tunnel, hit the tipple and other building, and had flattened them like they had been run over by a caterpillar.

Anyway, they already had opened the mouth of the mine and were busy laying track down into it as fast as they could. We got on the first bunch of cars going in and rode as far as they had track. Then, donning our gas masks, we proceeded over the litter and downed timbers, carefully testing the roof as we went, also testing for more gas.

The first day we recovered five bodies in a short time, then our leader signaled to us we better go out for a spell.

So, loading the bodies on mine cars, we started out being pulled by a steam hoist on the outside and a large cable.

We arrived outside in a short time with our grisly load and pulled up to a "Y" on the tracks and then lowered the cars back down another track to a sort of level along the hillside.

When we got stopped and pulled off our gas masks I looked up and I think I can truthfully say there were four or five hundred women and children whom I guess had been waiting and hoping for days. All came running up to see if we had brought their own particular loved ones out.

That's when it hit me. My knees buckled and I fell flat on my face. Then, pulling my coat over my face, I just laid there.

Needless to say, some of the stronger guys picked me up and tried to stand me on my feet. But my legs would not hold me. I knew then I could never go on.

The next day they put me on the train for home and I was almost too weak to walk for days.

That was the last of my attempts to be a disaster worker as for years I could close my eyes and again see the look in the eyes of those poor people upon that hillside.

Let me say this here and now. If you think you would like to be a mine rescue worker, I would advise you to think about it a long time, as it can sure affect your life very strongly. Believe me, sometimes it is almost beyond human endurance.

LONGEST DAY OF MY LIFE

I guess it was destined I be set up for this one, or so it would seem.

The folks had been to the village store after supplies on Saturday. I didn't go as going to the store with no money to spend wasn't very exciting. Besides, I had an idea I would

(Continued on page 63)

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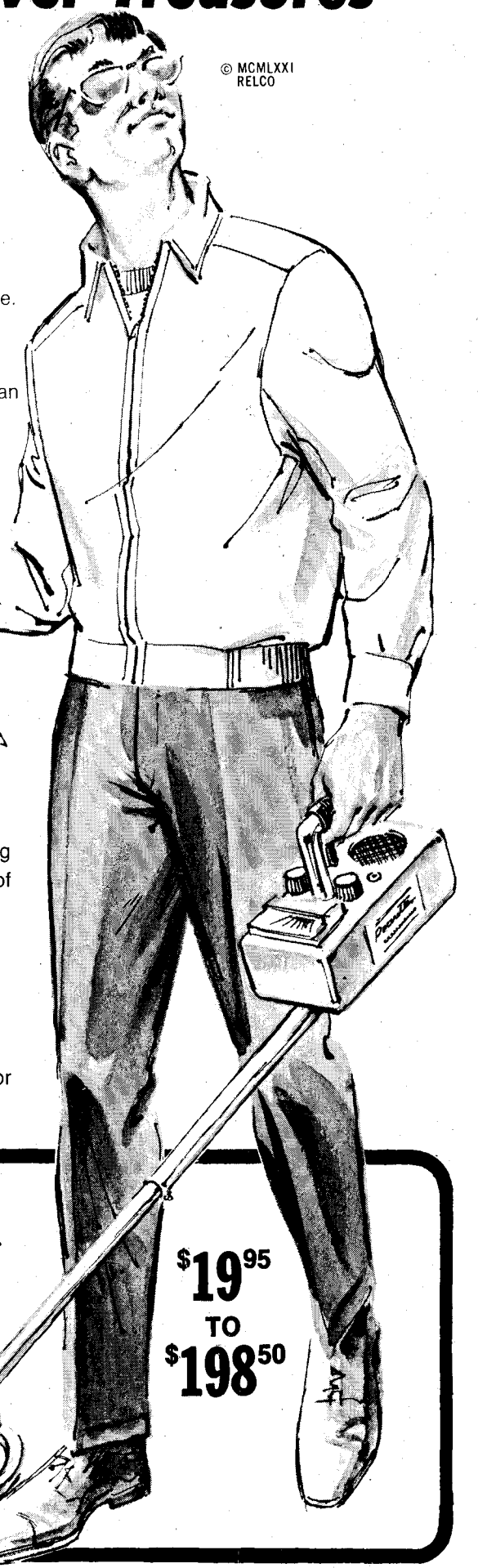

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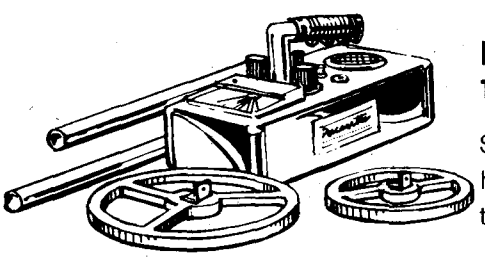

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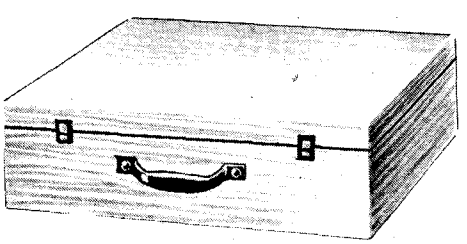

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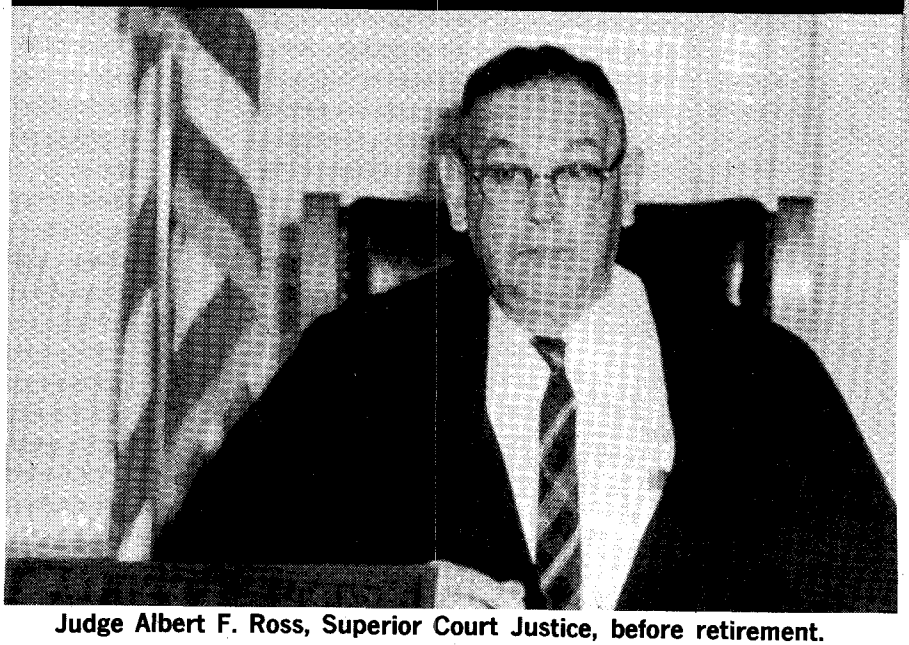
ADVENTURE

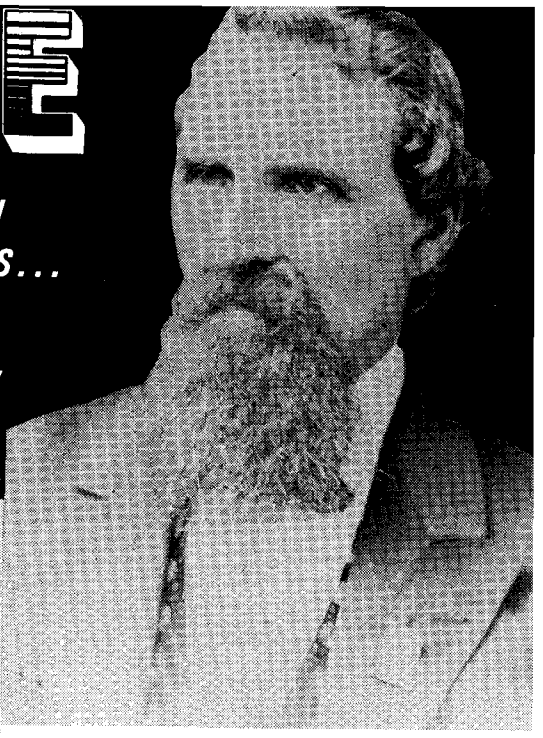
From slave trade BUSTER along the IVORY COAST to gold miner in 1849 was part of the career of HERMAN F. ROSS... he survived a shipwreck in the English Channel at 15, and later helped race America's first steam-propelled ship, the LAGAREE, against the Great Western...

Photo: Courtesy Judge Ross.



Judge Albert F. Ross, Superior Court Justice, before retirement.

Photo: Courtesy Judge Ross.



Herman Fredrick Ross, strong, brave.

by Ed Earl Repp

THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA bulges with the colorful adventures of restless men and women. Few of them, however, enjoyed a more kaleidoscopic career than Herman Fredrick Ross, one of Shasta County's original pioneers.

In the purple shadows of the great Trinity Alps he settled down to grow produce for the expanding gold rush trade, weary of fighting slave traders and runners of Sierra Leone for the British Navy. He was also tired of fighting wars in China and Mexico, and miners' feuds in the gold fields. Like many men of the sea he held high hopes of someday having a little farm and perhaps a rose bush or two.

That dream came true in 1852 when he tooled his wagon outfit to Shasta, literally pushing the heavy rig up through the towering redwood country from Trinidad to the Klamath River, and up over the almost impassable mountains known as the "Devil's Backbone" which separated the Sacramento Valley from the fog-bound coastal region.

A big man of prodigious strength and determination, he mastered every obstacle in his path, cutting trails, rafting flooded streams, battling all the way. He necessarily engaged in constant skirmishes with roving bands of hostile Yuroks and fierce Modocs. The dense undergrowth of the Redwood rain forests held yet another menace—an abundance of grizzlies eager for the taste of horse flesh—and of man. The task was tremendous, yet he left a clear trail to become part of today's Highway 101 through Humboldt and Del Norte Counties. At the Klamath River he swung into the Devil's Backbone, a land of perpendiculars and abysses, to cut trail through Trinity County into Shasta and the Sacramento Valley. He fought the Hoopas during the crossing, and the trail he negotiated is known today as Highway 299 between Eureka and Redding.

Herman Ross had but one goal in mind—a chunk of Shasta County farmland he had been told about in the gold diggings along the American River where he bountifully filled his poke. The lure was as strong as that of the salmon who rushed up the coastal streams to spawn and die. To reach that goal he faced problems that would have discouraged an ordinary man.

But Herman Ross was not an ordinary man in many, many ways. What were a few wild rivers to him? Or towering mountains and wild Indians? They were mere stumbling blocks to a man who had fought the murderous slave traders for the British Navy and helped free hundreds of black wretches from the hulks of stinking ships and sent their masters to prison. The stumbling blocks were minor by comparison to the feat of facing Santa Ana's Mexican legions, or the howling Chinese mobs

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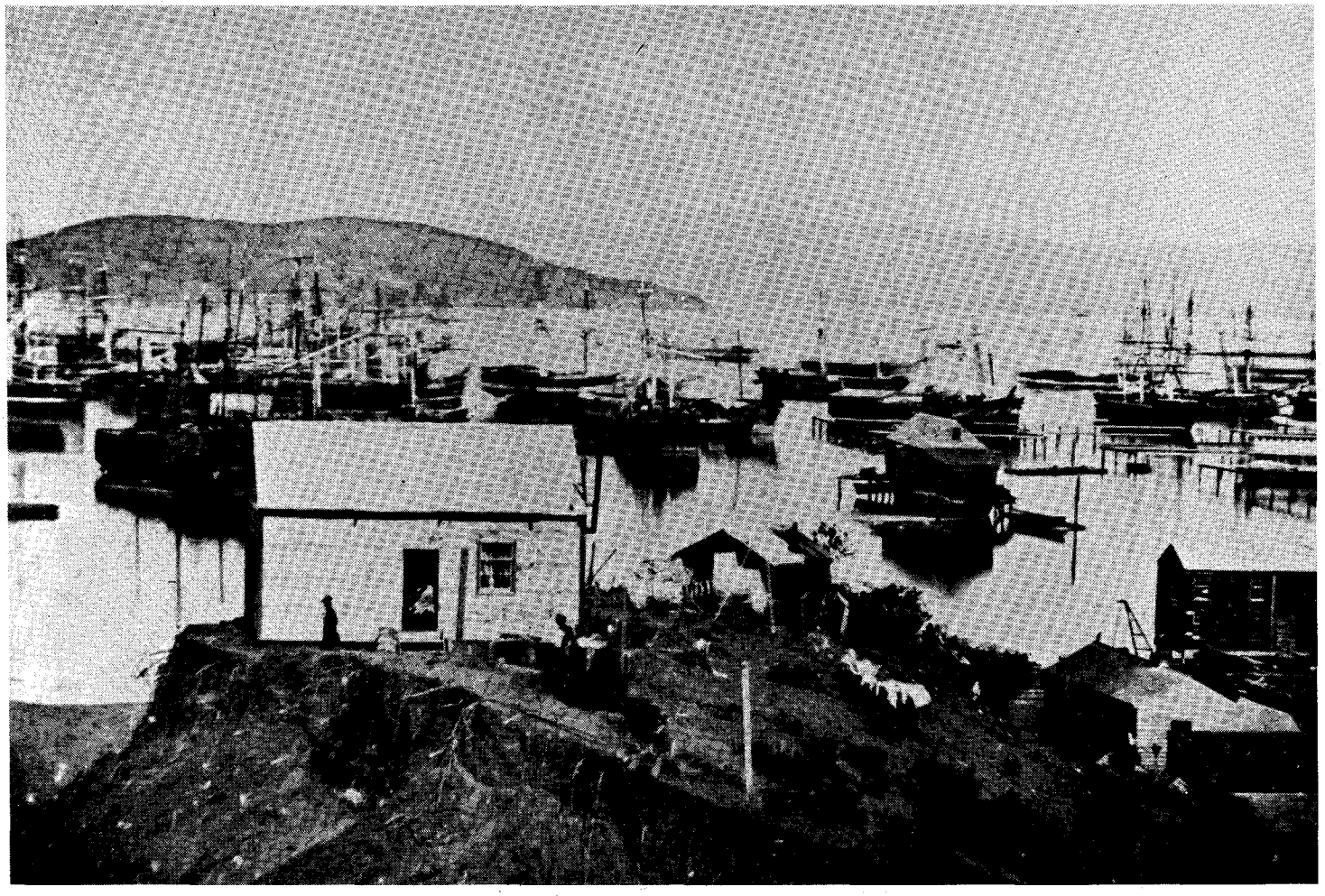
Photo: Courtesy Calif. State Library.



San Francisco in 1849 when Herman Ross arrived to strike it rich on American River, near Hangtown.

in the China War, or the smothering seas of the English Channel that almost took his life.

When he reached his goal—old Shasta City—he was astonished at what he beheld. He knew the western frontiers were growing in leaps and bounds with the daily arrival of wagon trains loaded with land-hungry, gold-crazy argonauts. The trails were hub-deep in dust. When he tooled his rig down the canyon and into the main street of Shasta City, the town was teeming with men in search of golden wealth and affluence. Tinhorns, tycoons, prostitutes—all had arrived to share in the bonanzas that lay in the alluring stream beds, and in the glaring quartz outcroppings.

Gold lay at the very roots of the manzanita thickets. It also poured over the rough-hewn saloon bars. But Herman Ross looked beyond the bonanzas. He shrewdly knew that gold miners and all the others had to eat to survive. To be sure the Sacramento Valley beyond was alive with game—antelope, elk and waterfowl in the millions, but scurvy, he knew, would result from a strict diet of meat. Fresh produce alone would nullify that. Herman Ross patiently proceeded toward his goal with an Old World understanding and knowledge of human needs.

It is to be asked what manner of man was this Herman Ross whose career could be so kaleidoscopic in so many widely different fields. His grandson, retired Superior Court Judge Albert F. Ross Jr. of Redding, describes him modestly in a thumbnail sketch. But it would really require a full volume to cover the activities of the patriarch of the Ross family.

Herman Ross fathered the mourned and beloved frontier Sheriff Albert F. Ross Sr., who was killed in the Redding jail by one of his own prisoners. The murdered lawman in turn fathered the present Albert F. Ross Jr. who was and is today a pillar of Shasta County law and order, and who became, like his father, a peace officer. Later his law career led him to a post as a judge of the Superior Court.

When approached by the writer for documentation on the Ross family, the Judge proved himself modest almost to a fault. He somehow overlooks the great part his pioneering forebears played in the settlement of that part of Northern California, as if it were an everyday occurrence.

"I would not, of course," he said tersely, "write an article myself. I wonder if there is any good reason for such an article on the Herman Ross family as you plan. It would seem to be of interest locally, and perhaps not much then. It is different than the others, men like George Albro and incidents like the lynching of the Ruggles Brothers. They were what newsmen call good copy! My grandfather tired of seafaring and went in for gold mining and farming. A lot of men did that."

That's for certain, but how many of them had Herman Ross' background? Possibly none. And Judge Ross seemed not to recognize his own importance in public life that began on the Northern California frontier. It is a genuine modesty in a man respected even by many hardened criminals he has had to deal with during his 29 years as a Superior Court Jurist. (He also served as Justice of the Peace, Assemblyman and District Attorney, retiring in 1962.)

The killing of his father by one of his own prisoners uncovers another facet of the character of Judge Ross. His documentation of the family reveals absolutely no hint of malice or hatred for the killer—an unusual trait.

There was an old saying in the gold diggings of 1849 that if you wanted something done—and done right—call in the nearest Swede. Judge Ross' grandfather, Herman Fredrick Ross, was a Swede, as well as one of the earliest settlers of Shasta County. He was born in Sweden on December 24th, 1823. His father, Erick, was a Swedish iron manufacturer, and it is certain that some of the steel and iron found its way into Herman's veins. Most of the documentation is contained in extensive coverage of Herman's death in the *Redding Record* of 1901, a

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tragedy unimaginable to a man who had successfully fought the English Channel seas for his life.

The Rosses in Sweden held extensive estates, but being the scion of a wealthy family failed to quell Herman's desire for adventure. Rather than become a steel baron he chose the uncertain paths of the outside world. His first separation from tradition led him to the sea—he was only 15 when he left home. There was a light of determination burning in his steel-blue eyes. It was to remain fixed there all through his strenuous, adventuresome life.

Those who have sailed the English Channel during inclement weather will declare adamantly that no stretch of blue water in the world is more rough and deadly, unless it is rivalled by the Cape Horn passage. Cross seas, following seas, unleashed currents and head-on mountains of death and destruction greeted young Herman Ross during his very first voyage as a deck hand on an 1838 windjammer.

With only a jibs'l in the wind to maintain headway, the ratlines clattering against each other like drums, and halyards whining like banshees, the plunging wooden ship was like a cork in a maelstrom. (The writer's step-father, Charles Edward Engle, vouches for the description. As a young sailor on the old U.S.S. Oregon during the Spanish American War he was dashed overboard by mountainous waves in the English Channel and—washed back aboard! Like making a hole-in-one on a golf course, one chance in a million. Both his ankles were shattered.)

To add to the misery of Herman's shipmates (name of the vessel is unavailable today) they plunged head-on into a blinding snowstorm. Just where the ship went aground is also unrecorded today. The location appears, however, to have been Buzzard's Head. Towering seas smashed over the ship and she went to pieces pounding on the rocky shoals. The storm became a blizzard as the men fought to launch the long boats. Young Herman was at the lines and one of the last to abandon the doomed vessel. With half-frozen hands he slid down into what appeared like a bouncing elevater on the windward side. What followed he related to his family as an absolute nightmare.

The freezing cold was well-nigh unendurable. Frost bite took over, and the men took turns vigorously rubbing each other's hands and feet. The torture was immense, the towering seas overpowering and awesome. No mention is made in the Ross journal of the skipper. It is presumed he remained with his ship and died with her.

For an interminable 24 hours, while the wet and half-frozen men expected momentarily to meet their Maker, the boats rolled in the seas. Then miraculously their prayers were answered. When they were picked up they were almost frozen to death, caked in ice, at the full mercy of the elements. They had to be lifted from the open boats. The slow process of "thawing out," Herman recounted afterward, was as painful as being skinned alive.

The experience might have dampened his ardor for adventure, but it did not. If anything it enhanced his desire to see more of the world than his native country. He signed on as a crewman with a British man-of-war and was ordered to the sea lanes of Sierra Leone in Africa with orders to put an end to the profitable slave trade. They were to capture the cruel traders, very numerous at that time, free their captives and sink the ships.

The ships of many of the illicit slave runners, however, were fast frigates. Herman recalled that many of them easily outran the man-of-war and escaped. But British jails were to hold scores of both skippers and traders whose ships were sunk when captured. Broadsides put an end to traders all the way from Sierra Leone to off-coast Virginia. On several occasions Herman Ross went with boarding parties to make the arrests and free the miserable wretches in the ships' holds.

He found the blacks packed in the rat-infested bottoms like sardines in cans. The filth was unbearable, with no sanitation of any kind. At times bilge water swished around their knees. Long central chains ran the length of the holds with the blacks chained on either side. Planks served some as bunks, sometimes with dirty straw; others had nothing. Scurvy and dysentary were rampant. Those who died were simply cast off to one side. The bodies were left where they lay, and the stench was something for the rescuers to conjure with.

Hunger was a problem. The skippers fed them like dogs, casting in front of them whatever the crew left.

An interesting side light on the slave trade was revealed by Herman Ross. Few white men were actually engaged in capturing the Africans. Instead the African chieftains themselves sold subjects into slavery for personal gain, or to rid themselves of political dissenters. They found ready buyers among the Egyptian and Arabian traders who, in turn, sold their

Photo: Courtesy Judge Ross.

Sheriff Albert F. Ross, Sr. was killed by berserk prisoner.

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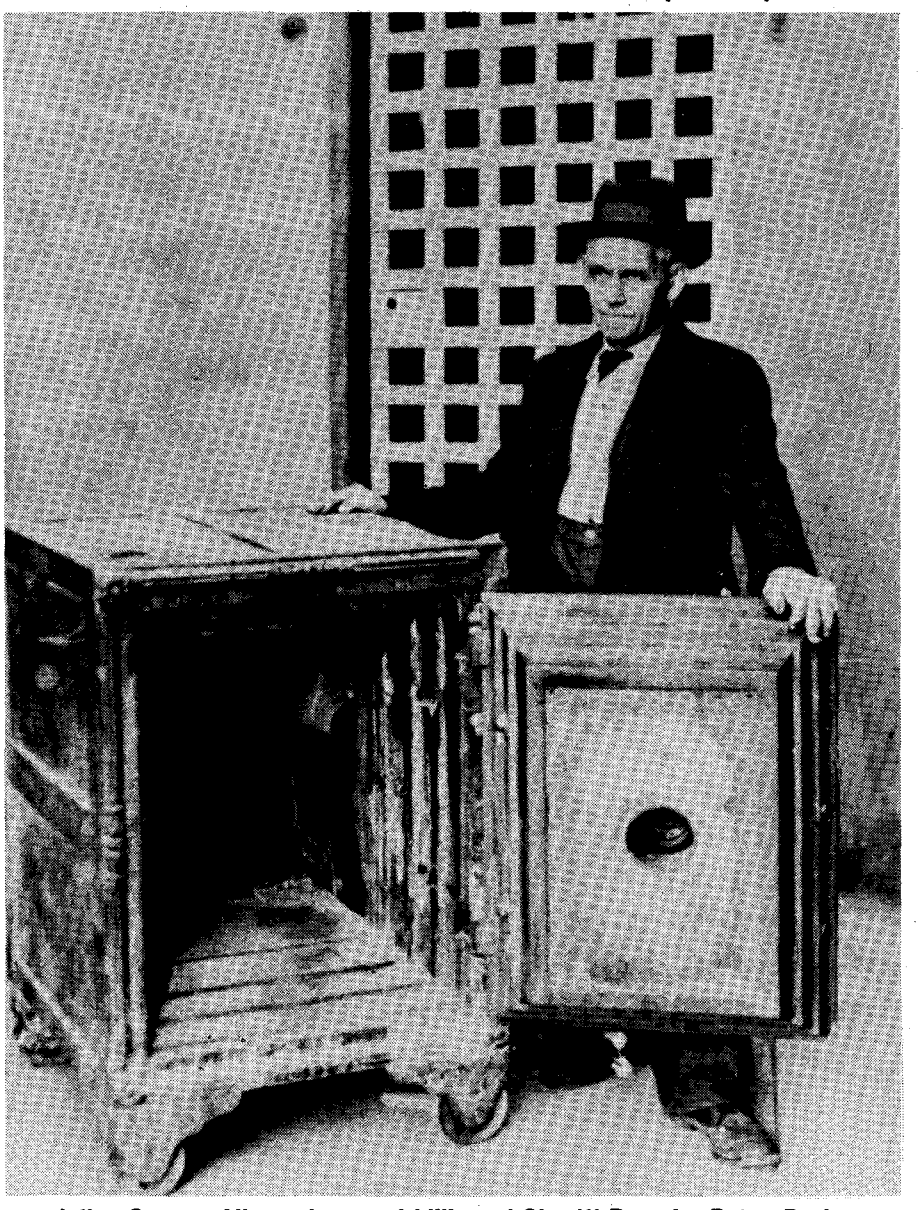
Photo: Courtesy Shasta City State Museum.



Jailor George Albro witnessed killing of Sheriff Ross by Peter Paris.

human purchases to world-travelling traders who unloaded the black people wherever slavery was practiced. Unscrupulous skippers found ready cargoes in the slave markets along the Gold and Ivory Coasts of Africa.

The man-of-war named the *Ferret* was considered one of the fastest ships of its day, yet many times they were out-run, or possibly out-sailed, by thoroughly experienced crews. Yet the Britisher managed to land hundreds of reclaimed blacks back at Sierra Leone and freedom. So many different tribes were represented that the place was like a Tower of Babel—all confusion and disorder. Many of the tribesmen had been enemies from time beyond recollection. Bloody battles frequently took place on the ship or at the ports. Yet they all loved one thing more than life itself—freedom.

Returning eventually to England, Herman Ross was transferred to a British Seventy-Four three-decker, and went with her to the coast of China. He participated in the China War as a combat sailor. When that war ended his ship sailed for home.

Herman was paid off, and in 1843 he took passage to America, landing in New York City. The sea still beckoned, however, and he signed on with traders again bound for Africa. But this time for gold and ivory, not slaves. The voyage was successful and he returned to the United States. A new adventure awaited him, one most fortunate.

Although he probably thought little about it at the time, he became a member of the crew of the first propeller-driven ship built for the United States, the *Lagaree*, supervised by the great inventer, Erickson. It was an honor accorded few men in history, like the first astronauts entering the star-seas of space. In test or trial runs the *Lagaree*, with Herman aboard, raced the famous fast ship *Great Western*, and ran rings around her at sea.

Then another honor came Herman's way. He sailed with the *Lagaree* to Richmond, having aboard President Tyler and his bride. After that eventful voyage he went with the ship to Florida to make geodetic surveys, rode out a typical hurricane and then, as a member of the U.S. Quartermaster Department, rode the *Lagaree* into the Gulf of Mexico with the first cargo of American arms during the war with Mexico. Then came his first serious illness—yellow fever felled him! To recover he went up to Maine, where he remained until 1849.

Such was the quality of the man named Herman Fredrick Ross who rode a ship's violent decks around Cape Horn to San Francisco and—gold. He was only 26, strong as an ox despite the yellow fever attack. The blue eyes never lost their glint of determination and he packed his prospecting outfit on his back up the American River to Hangtown (Now Placerville), one of the roughest, toughest towns in the California gold diggings. Hanging was a frequent event there, and the hangknots always awaited a killer, claim-jumper or thief.

Herman's interest was in finding enough gold to realize a dream—that of owning a farm in the New World. He toiled long and hard on the sandbars, scraping dust from rocky crevices with a spoon, working placer (alluvial) gravel with long toms and sluices wherever he could find room among the thousands of other men wild with gold fever. He filed on one claim and began development work. A flash flood wiped out his diggings with all its equipment. He found himself deep in debt.

But Herman Ross did not recognize the word *failure*. He went back to work, sure that at bedrock he would find the gold pockets he and other prospectors felt were there. None were experienced, but all had common sense. Working around the clock for two weeks, they hit it! Bedrock lay exposed and there, like a layer of fresh-churned, yellow butter, lay the gatherings of millions of years of erosion and the washing downstream of gold from the mountainside quartz deposits. Herman Ross paid off all his debts with his first returns, pocketed the balance and sold out. The amount of his take is not revealed, but it was considered to be adequate for his immediate transactions.

He returned to San Francisco, its harbor now a sea of mostly deserted ships. Wasting no time he took passage on the first available vessel going up the coast to Trinidad, a lofty point overlooking the Pacific north of Eureka. News of a big strike at Gold Bluff fizzled when he arrived at what was known as the Trinidad "graveyard of ships." He bought a wagon outfit and headed for his goal, old Shasta City, pausing at times to prospect along the Klamath, Scott and Trinity Rivers. His luck was good. At length he landed in Shasta City in 1852. While searching for the land he sought he joined the gold rushers clambering over the rugged countryside. His wanderings took him to Oak Run, and there lay *(Continued on page 54)*

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SATANTA

ORACLE OF THE PLAINS

By Wayne T. Walker

"A LONG TIME ago this land belonged to our fathers, but when I go up the river I see a camp of soldiers, and they are cutting my timber and killing my buffalo. I don't like that. and when I see it my heart feels like bursting with sorrow." Thus spoke Setain-te (White Bear), mighty chief of the Kiowa tribe.

He was better known on the western frontier as Satanta, and was chief of the smallest of the five Indian nations represented at the Medicine Lodge Peace Council. The Kiowas made up in fierceness what they lacked in numbers. Man for man, they were more dangerous than any other tribe on the plains.

The huge, burly war chief stood tall and proud, an army coat thrown about his enormous shoulders like a cloak. The jet black hair was carefully groomed. Falling on either side of the oversized head, it was brushed back to expose the right ear and brought down into a number of small, tightly woven braids. From a long rawhide thong about the short, bull neck, a brass bugle dangled at his waist. The dark eyes burned into the features of the attentive seven commissioners as he confronted them in his speech-making.

Over the years, the big Kiowa had tried many ways to seek a path his people could trod with the encroaching white men from the East. It was simply impossible. For friendship they had often returned with a treacherous and humiliating act. Now the Great White Father desired to take over sixty-thousand square miles of hunting lands and move the plains Indians to a designated area with glowing promises of houses, schools and hospitals. But Satanta knew there was very little nourishment in promises.

There had been a time when his brothers, the Comanches, had been farmers in the land the whites called Texas, but they had been driven out and forced to hunt buffalo to exist. Now the military and commissioners claimed they must quit hunting and learn to farm, that which the Comanches had always done in the first place. The nomadic Kiowas had always been hunters, hating to toil in the soil. For corn, they had traded meat to the Wichitas, another farming tribe.

This was the way Satanta wanted it to remain for his people.

He asserted, "I want to roam the prairie where I was born, free as my fathers before me..."

Satanta was born in 1830 in the midst of perpetual danger and constant travel, which made up the

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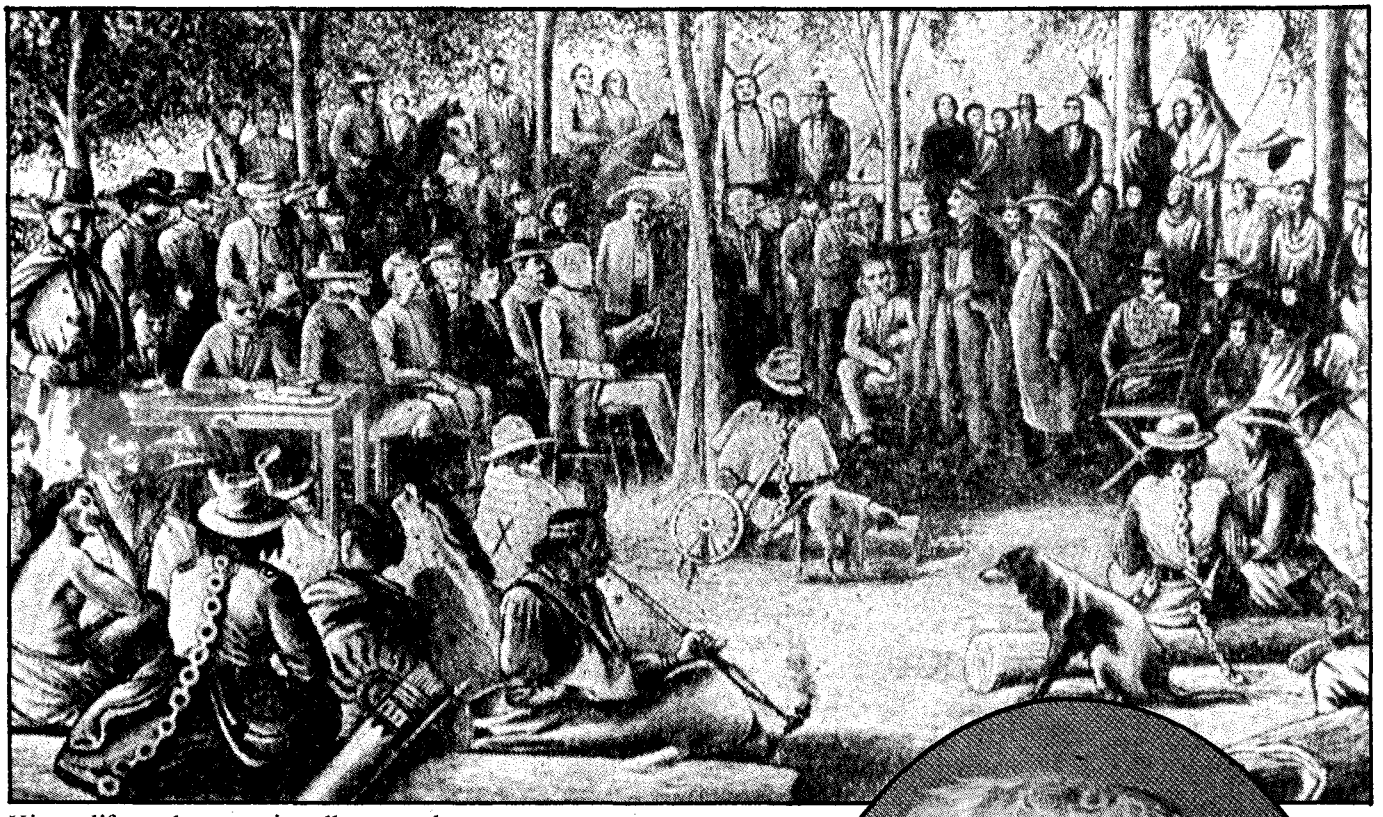
He was chief of the most dangerous tribe on the plains. Many whites considered he and his people to be warlike cutthroats. Yet had the government not forced the Kiowa to change the way they lived for generations, Satanta might never have had his name indelibly inscribed on the history of the American West!

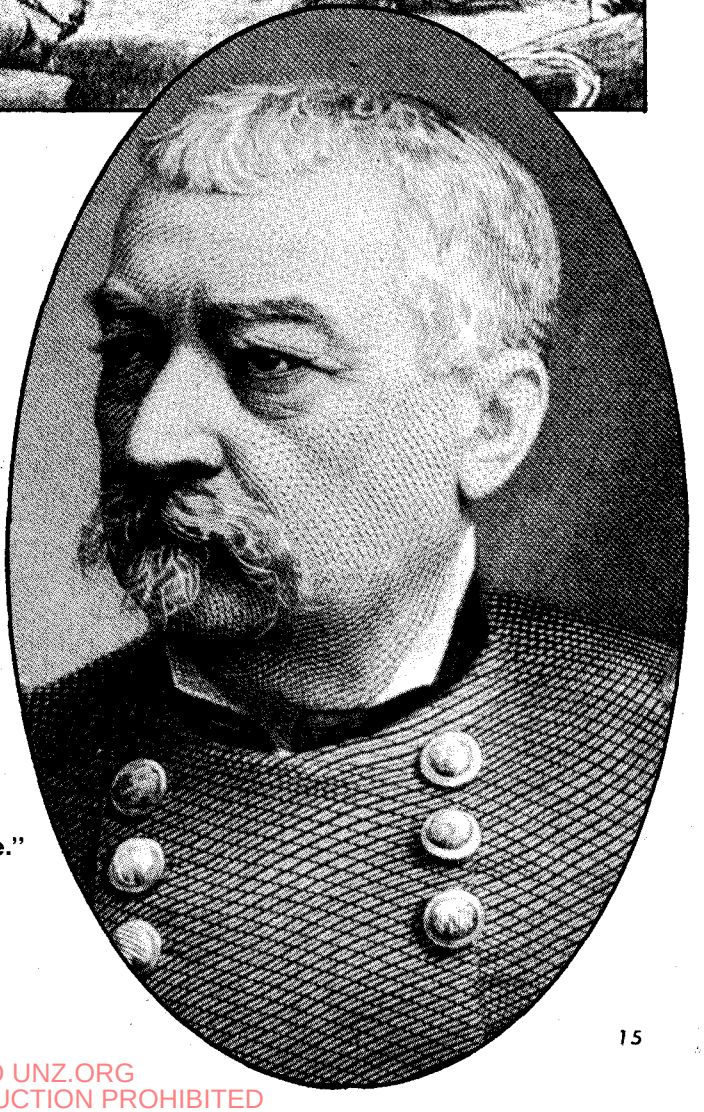


Kiowa life as they continually moved and waged war against their enemies. While a youth, he learned to ride like a sand burr and get every ounce of service from his pony; then to hunt and fight. He became able to endure pain, hunger and adversity without displaying the slightest emotion.

It was during his youth that the Kiowas and Comanche nations sat down together and passed the pipe, becoming allies in their wars and hunts. Satanta became adept in the art of shedding blood, and when he was 20 years old he aligned himself with the prominent Kiowa war chief, Se-tan-ga (Satank)—finally becoming his equal in not too many years.

Satanta swiftly became well-known on the frontier, crafty in his strategy and always active. One day he was a friendly visitor to a white fort or trading post, the next leading a war party on depredating raids on stage coaches and wagon trains, especially in the vicinity of Pawnee Rock. One summer he led a raiding party of Kiowa-Comanches all the way to Durango, Mexico.

There was only one white man who



The Medicine Lodge Peace Council that took place on the banks of the Medicine Lodge River (above) was supposed to bring peace to the plains. It didn't. Satanta represented the Kiowa nation at the Council. General Phil Sheridan (right) took over the command at the Dep't. of the Missouri at Fort Leavenworth with a policy of "making the Indians walk on the white man's road." Any Indian who didn't was marked a "savage."

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was ever able to really make a believer out of Satanta and that was William Mathewson, a trader, who was as big and tough as the young Kiowa chieftain. He stood over six feet and weighed around 250 pounds —all muscle.

Mathewson operated a trading post on Cow creek in western Kansas (present site of Lyons), dealing mainly with the Plains Indians and travelers on the Santa Fe Trace. He had spent most of his life in the Rockies and Plains as a mountain man and trader, making him familiar with almost all the Indian tribes of the West.

While stealing a horse from Mathewson's corral, one of Satanta's warriors had been shot by a Mathewson man. Therefore, on this particular day in 1860, Satanta came riding to the stockade with thoughts of revenge.

Mathewson looked up from behind the counter as the Kiowa giant approached, leaving several of his braves lined up inside the doorway with their hands on their bows. The trader watched them with a wary eye.

Satanta was forever making speeches to anyone who would listen. Today was no different. He drew himself up to his full stature and extended his chest.

"I, Satanta, chief of the Kiowas, am bravest Indian in the world. After I make talk, my braves kill you. All white people afraid of Satanta. Listen, oh white man with long beard. I make big speech."

But before he could even make a small speech, Mathewson cracked him on his large skull, then fired a shot over the startled braves' heads. Satanta dropped to the dirt floor, not stirring. The Kiowa braves tore through the doorway, pushing and shoving in their haste. Mathewson came around the counter as Satanta was getting to his feet, dazed. The trader beat him with his fists, then dragged him outside and dumped him in front of the mounted Kiowas.

He pointed at Satanta and then toward the horizon. The braves got the message...three of them slid off their ponies and helped their chief onto his spotted mount. As they rode out of the stockade, the bloody and sullen Satanta looked back at the trader and Mathewson knew what he was thinking.

Not long after, a friendly Indian informed Mathewson that Satanta was threatening to kill him, even if

When General Sherman (below) informed the chiefs they'd have to be taken in for trial in Texas, they rebelled. Lone Wolf (left) stood ready to die, but Satanta pleaded for an end to the bloodshed.

he had to hide in the tall buffalo grass beside a trail. Mathewson was not a reckless man, but he felt it would be better to go looking for Satanta and get it over with, than to live in fear of an ambush. So, making no comment, Mathewson rode out on the prairie alone.

However, news of the big trader looking for him reached Satanta and made him wonder about this white man. He must be some kind of a devil...and you couldn't kill a demon! Satanta took his band and moved from the vicinity for almost a year.

One day Mathewson noticed a Kiowa brave standing in the doorway, hesitant about entering. Mathewson motioned for him to enter.

The Kiowa said, "I come from Satanta. He sorry his heart was bad. Now his heart is good. If he give you 20 horses, can he come back and hunt the buffalo?"

Mathewson stared hard, answering, "If his heart is good, he may come back."

Satanta wasted no time in delivering the 20 horses, which he turned over to the trader. For a time, he was kept under surveillance by Mathewson. Then one day he was invited to the post by Mathewson and the horses were returned to him.

"Your heart is good, Satanta. Keep your horses."

Astounded at this display of sincere friendship, Satanta asserted: "I am your friend. I give you a new name. Sin-pah Zil-pah."

For many years on the frontier, Mathewson was called by his Kiowa name among all the Indians—"Sin-pah Zil-pah," which meant "Long-Bearded Dangerous Man." Later, Satanta saved the trader's life by warning him of an impending attack by a Kiowa-Comanche war party.

At the start of the Civil War, Satanta and his warriors almost destroyed all of the traffic on the Santa Fe and Smoky Hill Trails and it was this constant thorn in the flesh that led to the irresponsible white massacre of the peaceful Cheyennes under Black Kettle at Sand Creek. Later, when the Cheyennes took up the war path, Satanta became a willing and able ally...everpresent and the leader in most instances.

During the brief periods when he was not making war, Satanta visited with many of the frontiersmen on the plains and at the trading posts.

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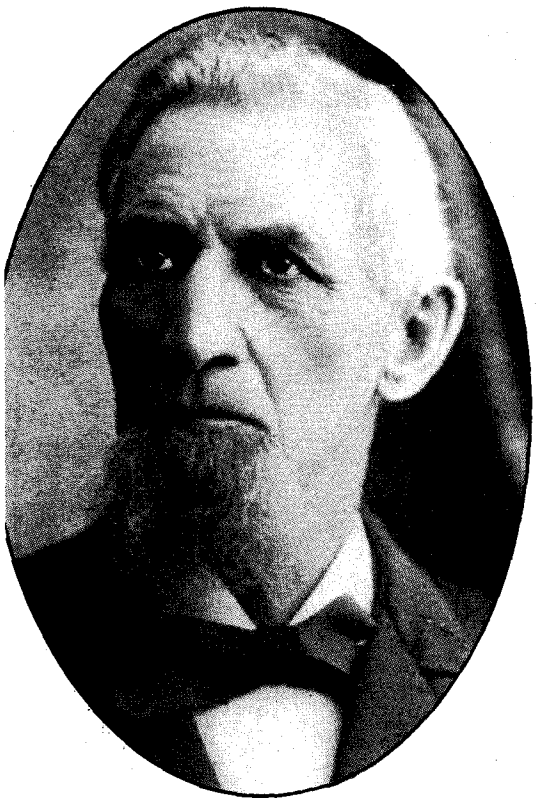

William Mathewson earned Santana's respect by knocking him over the head and running him off his trading post. Mathewson was the only white man Santana respected in his life.

Sometimes he would even be bold enough to take white captives to various forts and sell or trade them to the military. Other times he would drift into the forts and stay awhile, seemingly just to visit and make friends of the white man. He mixed amicably with soldiers and civilians alike.

Satanta's powerful personality and clown-like humor made him a favorite among the officers, with many of them forgetting the force of potential savagery that lay behind the boasting and strutting figure. He loved whiskey and would become more talkative with every drink, laughing loud and often.

He learned many things about the whites during those visits...their numerous inventions and devices that made such fools of his warriors in battle as they were forced to fight with primitive weapons; their foolish waste; their greed; their prejudices and determination to wrest the land from the Indians. He tried to understand their ways, but civilization was far too alien to his way of life.

At Fort Larned in 1867, Satanta talked with General Winfield Scott Hancock and sternly admonished him, "This country is old, but you cut the timber off. Now the country is of no account at all." He was especially angry at white hunters who killed thousands of buffalo, taking only the skins and leaving the carcasses to rot. Satanta might kill a white man for the fun of it, but never a buffalo. It was a Kiowa's existence.

"Has the white man become a child that he should recklessly kill and not eat? When the red man slay game, they do so that they may live and not starve."

At Medicine Lodge, the leaders of the five Indian nations (Cheyenne, Kiowa, Comanche, Arapaho and Plains-Apache) sat in a half-circle facing the commissioners. Wearing the old army coat given him by General Hancock at Fort Larned, Satanta sat on an army campstool. Two other Kiowa chiefs—Kicking Bird and Satank—sat directly behind Satanta. Old Satank, skinny and dried-up, wore a silver medal with a profile of President James Buchanan around his scrawny neck. At 67, Satank had heavy streaks of gray in his long, straight-hanging hair, with a wispy, dirty white moustache drooping from above his upper lip.

Major General Winfield Hancock, Major General William Selby Harney, and Missouri Senator John B. Henderson ranted in succession on Indian depredations and about civilizing the savages. Going into more detail, Senator Henderson elaborated on the desire of the "Great White Father, Andrew Johnson, to give the Indians "all the comforts of civilization," such as houses, barns, schools, churches, hospitals, domesticated cattle, farm equipment and tillable land.

It was at the conclusion of Henderson's speech that the Kiowa giant rose to his feet and strutted along the line of commissioners shaking hands with each one of them.

He told them his people disapproved of houses because when a Kiowa was placed in a pen he died. They loved the buffalo and the wild country free of barns and hospitals. His closing words stunned the commissioners—"I have no little lies hid about me. But I do not know how it is with the commissioners."

There were wild shouts and grunts of approval from the Indian assemblege as the big Kiowa chief resumed his seat. He had spoken from his heart, expressing their feelings. The plains tribes could not comprehend a society restricting their nomadic lives. Few people then or now realized what a tragic problem this was to these "Bedouins" of the Great American Desert. The industrious ambitions of the civilized whites did not alter one glaring fact over the years...it was the homeland of the Indian, no matter how he used it.

On the 20th, Senator Henderson spoke again. "You say you do not like houses and that you wish to do as your fathers did. We say to you that the buffalo will not last forever. They are now becoming few and you must know it. When that day comes, the Indian must change the road his father trod, or he must suffer and die...we offer you the way...Before all the good lands are taken by whites we wish to set aside a part of them for your exclusive use...On that land we will build you a house to hold the goods we will send you when you become hungry and naked. You can go there and be fed and clothed."

He then outlined the treaty terms. Afterwards, in the midst of a blaring silence, he gazed around over the sullen and outright angry features of the gathered Indians.

Despite their bitter opposition, 10 Comanches and nine Kiowas touched the feather and made their mark upon the treaty the following day. The Comanche, Kiowa, and Plains-Apache nations were granted a reservation in the Western Indian Territory, extending from the 98th Meridian west to the North Fork of Red river and the 100th Meridian, and from the Red river north to the Washita river. However, none of these tribes settled on their reservations until nearly two years later.

Regardless of a popular belief that the Medicine Lodge Peace Treaty brought peace to the western frontier, it remained for the iron hand of the military to subjugate the red man and force him to his designated reservations. As once stated, "The giving of a few presents and the signing of treaties for a few chiefs did not appease the Indians, whose livelihood, the buffalo, was rapidly being destroyed and driven away." All the young men of the five nations opposed the treaty; therefore, it was no wonder the treaty was an almost immediate failure.

After the break-up of the "peace" encampment, Satanta and his Kiowas headed southwest below the Arkansas river, as stipulated in the treaty. That fall and winter, there was

Continued

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peace on the frontier.

Then in March of 1868, General Phil Sheridan arrived at Fort Leavenworth to take command of the Department of the Missouri, whose policy would be to make the Indian "walk on the White man's road." Any resistance on the Indian's part would mark him as a savage, to be best dealt with by a well-placed bullet. Later, Sheridan set up his headquarters at Fort Hays in Western Kansas. He quickly reasoned that a "peace policy" was impractical to solve the Indian problem, they must be taught the military power of the white man.

He gathered under him various military officers who shared his drastic, one-sided views. Since winter was the worst time for the nomadic tribes of Indians—placing them together in villages along a river bank...short of provisions and with ribby ponies—the military high command planned a winter campaign.

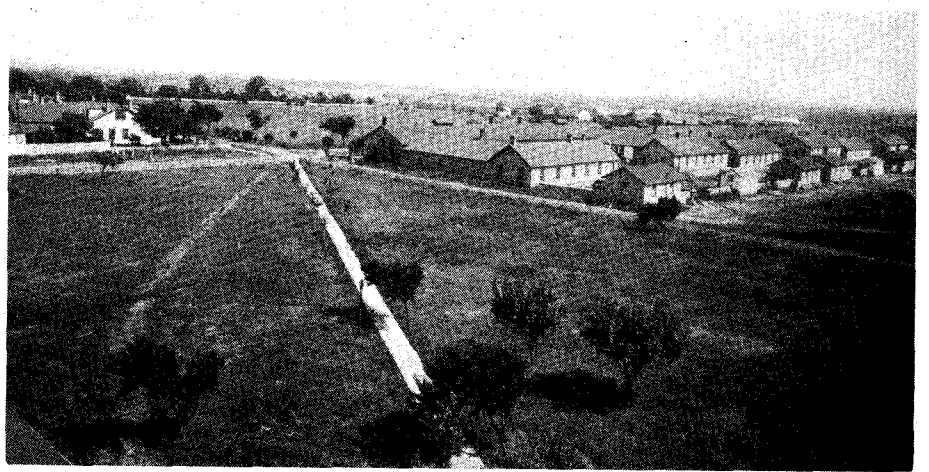
After the tragic massacre of Washita river on November 27, General Phil Sheridan demanded all five Indian nations who had signed the Medicine Lodge Peace treaty to come to Fort Cobb, in the Indian Territory, and surrender. Otherwise, his troops would hunt down and kill those resisting the order.

The Kiowas could not understand such an order when the 1867 treaty had given them the right to hunt on any lands south of the Arkansas river "so long as the buffalo may range thereon in such numbers as to justify the chase." So far there were plenty, as the advancing civilization across Kansas had driven them south. Therefore, the Kiowas could see no reason to ride to Fort Cobb, give up their arms, and begin living on the meager handouts of the Great Father.

Angered by this flagrant disregard of his orders by the Kiowas, Sheridan sent Yellow Hair Custer to bring them to Fort Cobb or destroy the tribe. On Rainy Mountain Creek, the Kiowa chiefs were alerted to the approach of many columns of pony soldiers. Not wanting a massacre like Washita, Satanta and Lone Wolf rode out to parley with Custer. Satanta grinned and extended his hand to Custer, who ignored it.

In violation of the truce, Custer ordered the chiefs and their escort placed under arrest and taken to Fort Cobb, where they would be held prisoners until all their tribe surrendered at the post. Quietly, Satanta submitted.

Satank (right) was one of the chiefs loaded into the wagons for the long ride to Fort Richardson, Texas. He'd recently lost a son and became despondent. On the way he stabbed a guard and tried to shoot another one, but he was killed by two bullets. Fort Sill, Oklahoma (below) was built to restrain the plains tribes from leaving the reservation.



In order to restrain the Kiowas, Comanches and Plains Apaches from leaving their reservation, the military built Fort Sill in the limestone hills on the north bank of Medicine Creek. General Benjamin Grierson was placed in command and a Quaker named Laurie Tatum was made agent for the Indians at the agency, where they would be given their rations and taught to farm.

Meantime, Satanta was transferred to the new fort and spent the winter of 1868 in the guardhouse at Fort Sill. A year later, he showed up at Fort Dodge in Kansas and remained there most of the winter. At first, he seemed to have been quite at home, but he began to wear his welcome out as he drank too much and made a nuisance of himself begging for whiskey.

During the summer of 1870, the Kiowas gathered on the North Fork of the Red River to hold a Sun Dance. It was here the young warriors rebelled against returning to their reservation to scratch in the dirt and depend on scanty government rations. Their people grew sick near

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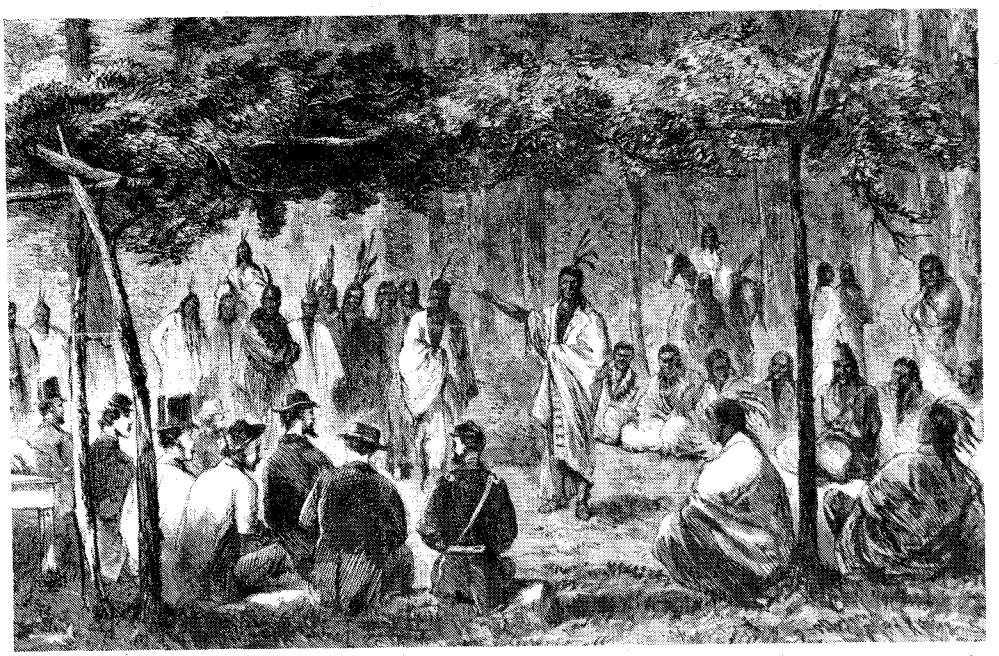

Kiowa and Comanche Indians discuss terms of the proposed treaty at the Medicine Lodge Peace Council. Ten Comanches and nine Kiowas did sign the treaty—reluctantly.

the agency and had too few clothes in winter to withstand the hardship of cold weather. The Kiowas were mounted hunters with fleet-footed horses, not diggers of the ground ...that was woman's work.

Satanta had gone to Agent Tatum and requested an issue of arms and ammunition to go on a buffalo hunt. He had said, "Corn hurt teeth." Scowling, he had also complained of being tired of stringy Longhorn beef.

But his request was denied. Before he left Tatum, Satanta had surmised: "You think we want to fall upon your people and destroy them. That why you not give us ammunition."

Now, after the dance ceremonies were concluded, Satanta and several other chiefs led their warriors into Texas to raid and hunt buffalo. By cold weather they brought back a tremendous amount of dried buffalo meat and warm robes for their people to make it through the harsh winter season.

In the spring of 1871, General Grierson sent out patrols from the black troops of the 10th Cavalry to keep watch along the Red River, especially the fords. But the Kiowas slipped past them and rode to the buffalo hunting grounds. On the Texas plains, the warriors found more ranches, more fences, and an endless horde of white buffalo hunters... slaughtering recklessly with their long range rifles.

On May 17, between Fort Richardson and Fort Belknap, a large band of Kiowas sat on their ponies on a high hill above the Butterfield Stage Trail. The party was in charge of Manan-ti, the medicine man—even though the group contained chiefs Satank, Satanta, Big Tree and Lone Wolf. It had been through a vision of Manan-ti that the warring party was there, so he called the shots.

Patiently, they waited through the night and to mid-day before there was any sign of activity on the trail. Then they watched an army Daugherty ambulance escorted by a company of cavalry cross Flint Creek and head east across the plains. The Kiowas wanted to attack, but Manan-ti held them back for a richer prize, which he said would be along later. Unknown to them, a very good prize was riding in the vehicle...General William Sherman, who was making an inspection tour of the southwestern forts.

Sometime in the afternoon, the Henry Warren wagon train of 10 freighters rolled into sight, slowly winding its way across the valley. As quickly as the train was below them, Manan-ti gave the signal to Satanta and the giant chief blared forth a call on his bugle. Seeing the Indians rushing down the incline toward them, the wagonmaster, Nathan S. Long, had the teamsters form a circle. They fought desperately to drive off their attackers, but they were too far outnumbered. The Kiowas broke through, killing all except one—Thomas Brazeal. There was only corn in the wagons, not rifles and ammunition as Manan-ti had thought.

A few days later, these same Kiowas made camp on Cache Creek, near Fort Sill. They were there to draw their regular issue at the agency, which consisted of bacon, sugar, flour, coffee and tobacco. However, General Sherman had arrived there ahead of them and requested agent Tatum to inquire into the matter of Kiowas from the reservation raiding into Texas...specifically, the Henry Warren wagon train massacre.

Confronting the chiefs, Satanta, Satank, Big Tree, Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf in the agency council room, Tatum, his bald head glistening with sweat, asked if any Kiowas had participated in the massacre.

There was silence for a moment, then big Satanta rose to his feet and as principal chief of the Kiowas took the responsibility.

"Yes. Satanta led his warriors against the wagon train."

Suddenly, he took the situation from Tatum's hands and began to admonish the Indian Agent.

"Many times I ask you for arms and ammunition, which you have not furnished, and made many other requests which have not been granted. You do not listen to Satanta talk. The white people prepare to build railroad through our country, which will not be permitted. Some years ago we were taken by the hair and pulled close to the Texans where we have to fight...When General Custer was here two or three years ago, he arrested me and kept me in confinement...On account of these many grievances, we made the raid in Texas.

"If any other Indian comes here and claims the honor of leading the party he will be lying to you for I did it myself!"

Hiding any emotion from the Indians, Tatum explained he had no authority to issue guns or ammunition. He instructed George Conover, his clerk, to give them their other rations though. Meanwhile, he quickly wrote a note to General Sherman and sent it to the military post.

When General Sherman read the message informing him of Satanta's confession, he sent word to the chiefs to come to the huge veranda across the front of General Grierson's quarters. Quietly, Sherman had cavalrymen take their saddled mounts and conceal themselves inside the stone corrals, while a squad of soldiers were stationed inside Grierson's

(Continued on page 51)

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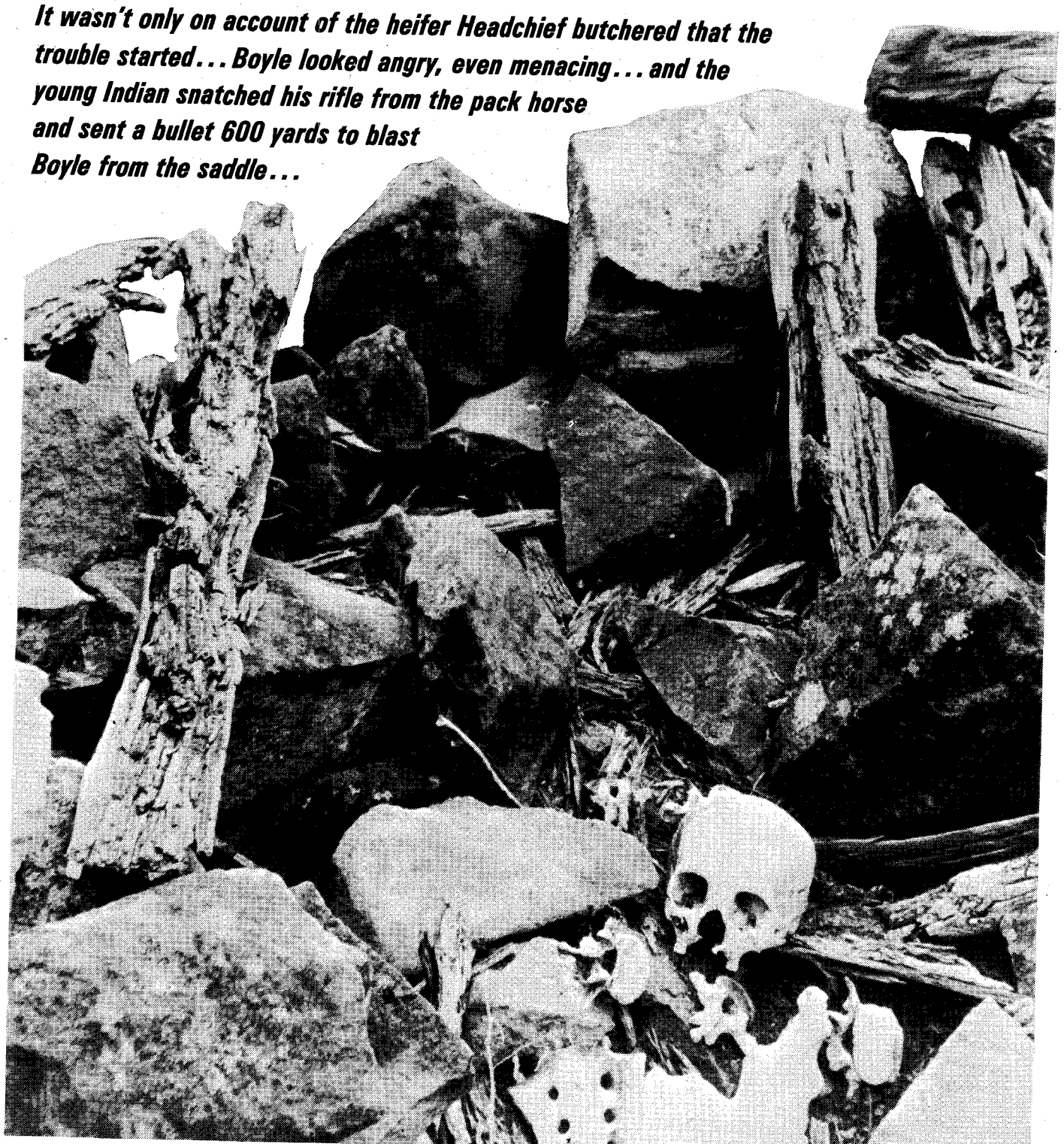
HE FOUND HONOR IN DEATH

by Samuel Stanley

It wasn't only on account of the heifer Headchief butchered that the trouble started... Boyle looked angry, even menacing... and the young Indian snatched his rifle from the pack horse and sent a bullet 600 yards to blast Boyle from the saddle...



Skeletons of Head Chief and Youngmule, high on the hill above Lame Deer, Montana.

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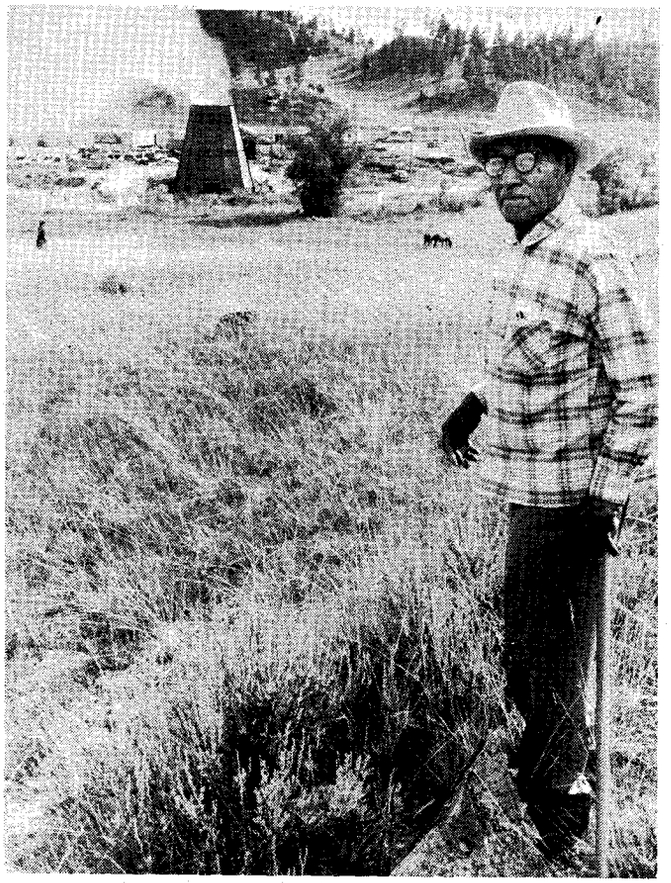
Photos: Montana Historical Society, Helena.



John Stands-In-Timber beside one of boulders marking Head Chief's final trail down eastern face of Squaw Hill.

HEADCHIEF'S BULLET-TORN body laid out in front of American Horse's tepee, bore evidence of how he had proved his manhood. His father, whose taunts had subtly driven Headchief to this extreme action of reckless bravery, was witness to the young brave's claim to honor in the Cheyenne code.

Beside him lay the body of John Youngmule, a 13-year-old orphan who had followed his hero in death with the devotion of a worshipping disciple. On either side, solemn tribesmen stood with heads bent in homage.

The grim adventure of which this was the end had begun a week before, on September 6, 1890, at a spot near the Tongue River Agency at Lame Deer in Montana. That morning the pair, the 25-year-old Headchief and his faithful young friend, had gone hunting. They had been visiting Headchief's girl friend Goa, daughter of Chief American Horse, at her father's camp. Meat was scarce, and Headchief had promised to bring some in. The girl's family was hungry.

But they couldn't find any deer. They did, however, run onto a bunch of cattle from which they singled out and shot and butchered a heifer. Naturally, these were white men's cattle, but to Headchief this meant only a greater challenge. They had just loaded the meat on a pack horse when Hugh Boyle, nephew of the rancher, whose name was McGaffney, rode up. He was out looking for some milk cows, probably the same bunch.

Youngmule was anxious. His friend cautioned, "Don't be afraid, there are two of us."

"Looks like a hungry dog has snapped up one of my cows!" said Boyle angrily, taking in the scene at a glance.

Headchief turned to his companion. The younger lad had been to school and learned some English. But not very well.

"What did the white boy say?" asked Headchief.

"He called us dogs," replied the other, inaccurately.

Now both men—red and white—were angry. Boyle looked menacing and, according to Indian accounts, brandished a bullwhip. Anyway, Headchief turned and snatched his rifle from the pack horse (he was noted for impetuous action). At that, Boyle wheeled his horse and galloped off.

He got about 600 yards. Then a slug from the Cheyenne's 45-70 spun him from the saddle. His assailant circled to reload, then galloping past, blasted the top of the helpless white man's skull with a second shot.

It was wanton killing, of course. But his father had always told the young buck "he was not a man." He had counted no coups against an enemy, done nothing to prove his mettle. The thought rankled. Somehow, father must be made to change his mind. Anyway, Goa and her family would have meat, as he'd promised.

The two Indians hid their victim's cap, bloody and smeared with brain tissue, under some rosebushes. Then, first caching the meat, they loaded the body onto the pack horse. They would bury it, but somewhere else; this spot was too near McGaffney's ranch. They proceeded to wander far into the night, finally getting lost.

When morning came, they found themselves on a hill above Lame Deer Creek. Here they scratched a shallow grave. Before covering the corpse with grass and pine needles, Headchief laid Boyle's handkerchief across his face. "We hate to get our friend's face dirty," he quipped.

The young buck was a murderer and knew it. There would be consequences. Search parties would soon be out and Indian police along with the troops—a squadron of 1st Cavalry was stationed near the Agency—would be questioning all Cheyennes in the area. Pondering what to do next, the pair headed back to American Horse's camp, stopping only to pick up the cached meat.

Boyle's horse was found standing in front of the McGaffney ranch gate. Spur marks on the saddle indicated that the rider had been thrown. Then searchers, following the tracks, discovered the blood-stained spot where Boyle had lain. Already, troops and police had been questioning American Horse.

Learning this, Headchief confessed his guilt to the old chief. But he added, "I don't want the women and children to suffer on my account." His life was forfeit; he himself must pay for what he'd done.

But the penalty would be hanging. To an Indian, that meant that the soul would be barred from Heaven. Far better to die fighting like a man, the man his father always told him he was not.

At two-week intervals, the tribe gathered at the Agency to receive rations (their days of buffalo hunting were over). The next date would be—ominously enough—Friday the 13th. Meanwhile, Headchief's secret had been kept. Troops and police searched for clues, asked questions in vain. No Cheyenne would bear witness against Headchief.

Now his mind was made up. Here was his perfect opportunity not only to gain high honor by the Cheyenne code, but also to compel his father's respect. He would die in a suicidal fight against the troops.

"Go down to the Agency," he pleaded with American Horse. "Tell them I killed the boy. Tell them on next ration day I'll be there. I will play with the soldiers. I will die like a man." He named the spot where he would appear, on the road to the Agency. If the troops weren't ready, he added, he would ride up to the Agency and kill every white man in sight.

American Horse, sympathetic with the younger man's wish, delivered the grim message to Agent John Cooper, who received it coolly. Instead of waiting for the proposed spectacular, he dispatched police to bring in the murderers dead or alive. But the culprits couldn't be found. Fearing an uprising, Cooper decided against a more massive effort.

"Vainly did I entreat of them, through messengers, to surrender themselves to justice," wrote Cooper, with questionable accuracy, in his official report. One account has it that the killer's family, following an ancient Cheyenne custom, offered bribes. This, too, seems questionable. *(Continued on page 62)*

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THE YEAR THE KLONDIKE ALMOST

The people in Dawson were supposed to be starving, and the United States government organized one of the most unique expeditions in the history of the West to get food to them

OF THE MANY bizarre happenings during the gold rush to the Klondike in 1896 to '98, one of the strangest was the expedition sent in relief of the "starving" Dawsonites. Called the Klondyke (sic) Relief Expedition, it was the first time in United States history that reindeers were used to transport supplies, and believe it or not, the very need for the supplies had ceased to exist even before the expedition reached Alaska.

To understand the need for such an expedition, we must go back to the beginning of the gold rush to the Klondike country.

Many years before gold was first discovered on one of the many tributaries of the fabulous Klondike River there were prospectors up and down the Yukon looking for the yellow metal that would make them rich. As early as the 1860's the Hudson's Bay Company of-

Lappland herders in Seattle after arrival with their reindeers.

Part of the reindeer herd bedded down in Woodland Park, Seattle.

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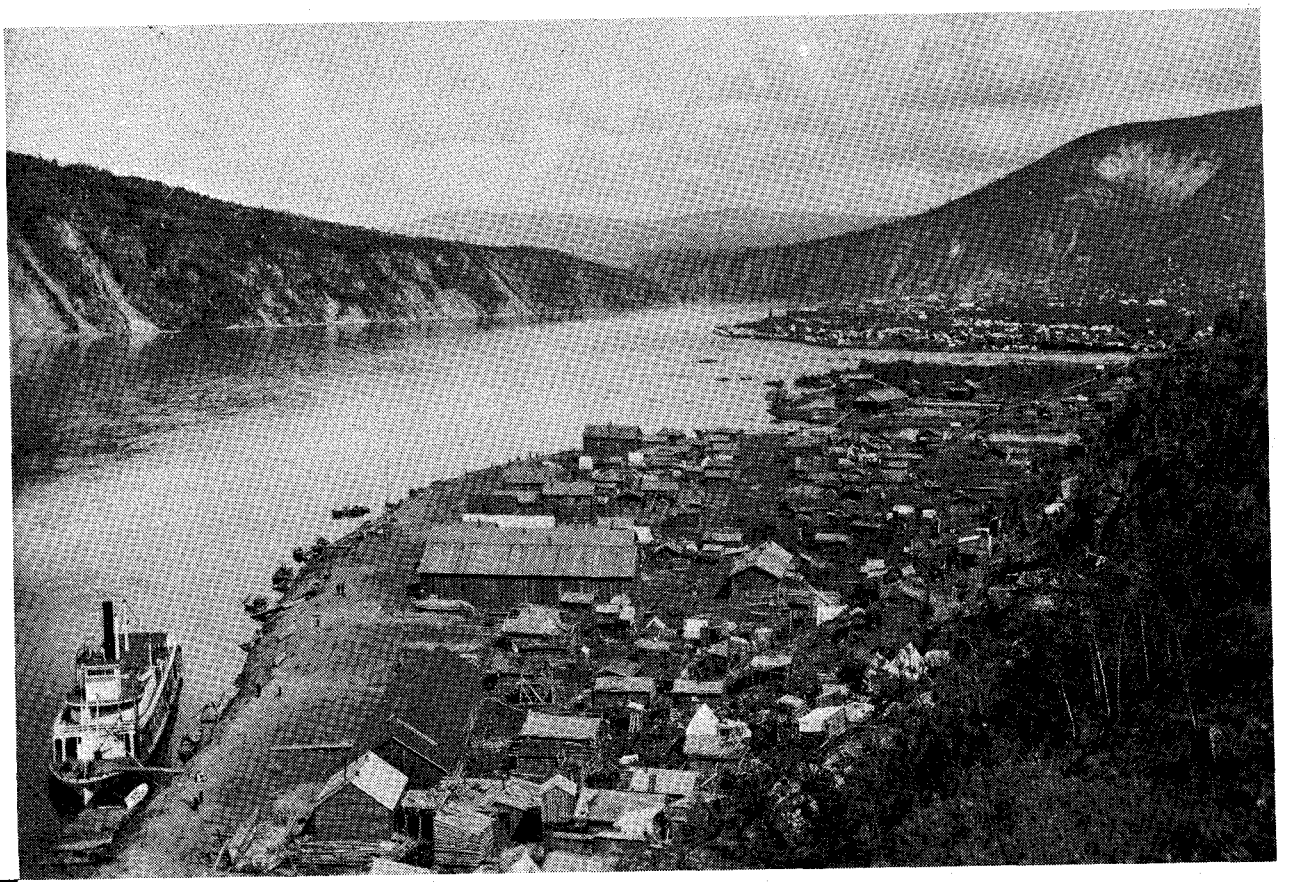

Asahel Curtis Photo Collection, Washington Historical Society

Dawson City in the summer of 1898, the relief expedition's goal.

This was once the beginning of the old Dawson Trail.

Author's Photo

by William J. Betts

STARVED

ficials in the Yukon knew that gold was to be found in the northern streams. However, they never exploited their discovery as they were much more interested in trapping the fur-bearing animals of the region. Too often in the past the gold fever had precipitated a stampede into a country which, often as not, spelled the doom to the fur trade.

It wasn't until the Americans became interested in the North as a possible source of gold in the late 1870's and 80's that the banks of the Yukon and its tributaries saw much activity. These early prospectors were the last of the western mountain men, miners of the Old West who always moved ahead of advancing civilization into the new country where their spirits could be free.

It was, of course, only a matter of time before gold was discovered along the mighty Yukon. Gold was found, but not in great quantities, and there had been a small, quiet stampede to the Yukon before the great strike on the Klondike in the Yukon Territory, Canada.

Gold had been discovered along the Porcupine River in Alaska and there had been trading posts established at Ft. Yukon and at Circle City on the Yukon. First came the trappers and prospectors followed by the traders to

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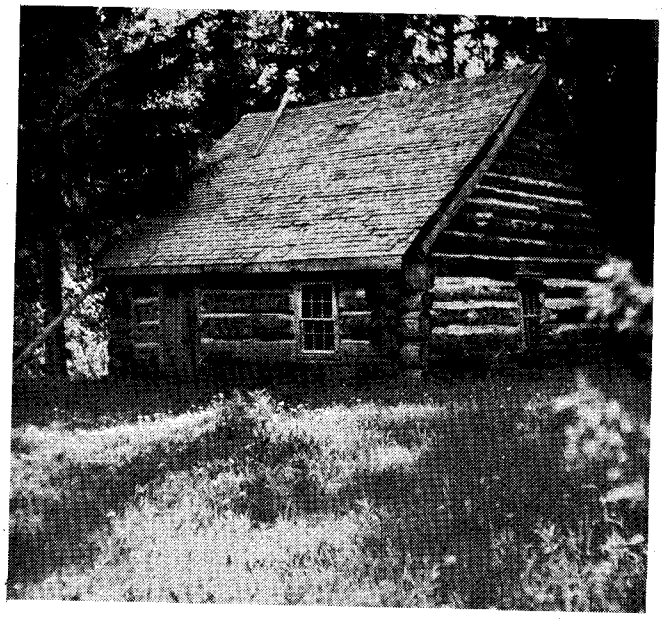

Author's Photos

Northwest Mounted Police headquarters on Dawson Trail.

The relief expedition traveled through snows like this.

exchange supplies for the riches of the north country. It was the traders who felt that the North was on the verge of great possibilities, but none of them ever dreamed that the discovery of gold on a tributary stream of the Klondike River would set into motion one of the greatest and craziest gold rushes in the history of man.

It was on a hot August day in 1896 when a man by the name of George (Siwash) Carmack and his two Indian brothers-in-law stopped to rest on a small stream in country called "moose pasture" by prospectors who had looked it over. One of the trio decided to pan some gravel from the tiny stream. The panning revealed the gravel fabulously rich in gold. On their way out to the nearest place to record their discovery they told all they met of their lucky find. So the rush to the Klondike and the tiny creek, so aptly named Bonanza, had its start.

Word of the discovery swept up and down the Yukon like wildfire. The miners, as well as the traders, left Circle City, Forty Mile and Ft. Yukon for the new diggings. Overnight a new town grew on the marshy banks of the Yukon where the Klondike joined that mighty river. Dawson City was born.

The rush was confined to the north. In those days of no telegraph or radio, when travel was limited to walking or by river in a boat, word was slow to travel. The trading companies had ample supplies on hand to take care of the men in the North through the winter of 1896-97. Since it took a year for supplies to reach the trading posts on the Yukon the traders ordered their supplies a year in advance. This they did, but only for the number of men in the North.

The traders had no way of knowing that the arrival of the *S.S. Portland* in Seattle would spark a stampede of gold seekers into the Yukon country the summer of 1897. Unless these miners and would-be miners brought their own food supplies there would be a shortage.

THE first stampeders, hundreds of them, some traveling by foot over the mountain passes, others up the Yukon by steamer, reached Dawson City before the fall freeze-up cut off their advance. These first arrivals brought no food.

They depended on their money to buy supplies at Dawson. They thought it would be a simple matter to purchase what they needed in food and mining equipment from the traders. There just wasn't enough supplies in the North to take care of the great influx of gold seekers.

J. J. Pitts at Fort Selkirk, for instance, reported that he was out of everything but canned milk, which was selling for one dollar a can. He reported that there had been no boats for two years and he didn't know when there would be one.

Constantine, the commissioner of the Yukon Territory, as early as August 11, 1897, had written his government in Ottawa, "The outlook for grub is not assuring for the number of people here —about four thousand crazy or lazy men, chiefly American miners and toughs from the coast towns."

The trading companies were equally concerned with the dwindling supplies in their warehouses. In order to give everyone an equal share of what food there was available they adopted a dole system of food distribution. They locked their warehouse doors and allowed but one customer to enter at a time. A clerk was stationed at the door. When a customer was served he unlocked the door, let him out and then allowed one more to enter the trading store.

Each "customer" was allowed to purchase enough food to provide meals for a few days only: beans, canned milk, canned beef and perhaps some bacon. No matter how much the miner pleaded for more food he was flatly turned down. Some miners were already rich men from the gold taken out of their claims and they offered to pay ten times above the usual price of the food, but the traders would only sell them enough food for a few days. Nor did they charge more than normal for the supplies. The roustabout and the millionaire miner paid the same.

Other men, unable to grasp the true picture of Dawson's future, felt that there was no danger or threat in the food shortages. One of these men, Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," had come north as a correspondent for a San Francisco newspaper. He brought no provisions with him, thinking, like many others, that there would be adequate supplies in the north.

The portent of the future seemed to be out of his grasp. This was dramatically demonstrated when Miller stepped down the gangplank from the river steamer to the Dawson waterfront with a raw onion in his hand. Immediately he was confronted by a Dawsonite who had come, like hundreds of others, to greet the steamer. "I'll give you a dollar for the onion, mister," he told the astonished reporter. When Miller refused this offer the bid immediately went up until someone shouted, "I'll give you five dollars!"

Even then the people of Dawson were starved for any fresh fruits or vegetables. Miller should have seen the future plainly marked in the onion incident but he didn't. In a letter to his editor he wrote, "No, there will be no starvation. The men who doubt supplies will get here, *(Continued on page 58)*

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The Courage of Mary Harris

by Art Chipman

When rescue came Mrs. Harris had the body of her husband buried deep in the dirt floor of their cabin, and then ordered the structure set aflame

A one-woman army—that was Mary Harris.
Photos: Courtesy Mary Hanley.

Loaded up on whiskey and without regard for the possible consequences of their thoughtless actions, a bunch of young toughs from Jacksonville, Oregon Territory, were launching a bloody slaughter of unsuspecting, friendly Indians, destined to trigger a vicious retaliatory attack resulting in the death of some 20 white people and bringing about one of the most dramatic events that ever took place on the early Oregon frontier.

It was Sunday October 7th, and a crisp, sunny day in the year 1855. Many of the hard working residents of the little gold mining town were getting ready to attend the new Methodist Church, completed the previous year.

They knew nothing of the whiskey-inspired plans of the irresponsible young men a few miles away who were at that moment debasing *their* Christian principles and the Sunday Sabbath with their wicked plans for murder.

There had been considerable friction between the Indians and the settlers and feelings were somewhat tense in the area, prompting a lot of "saloon talk" about what should be done with those "so and so redskins." However, as in so many instances, it was mostly talk until one eventful day when James A. Lupton, a headstrong, loud-talking, self-appointed major, anxious for some personal publicity, fomented the bored young rowdies into a mob for destruction.

The liquor flowed freely as they built up their courage to "go out and kill themselves some Injuns." Gathering up their guns and a supply of whiskey, the group marched off in high spirits, looking for a likely bunch of Indians to eliminate. Heading north to the Rogue River, they then turned eastward, eventually arriving at the mouth of Little Butte Creek, where a small band of friendly Indians were camped. By this time it was evening so these brave volunteers decided to await the morning before defending themselves against the unsuspecting natives.

During the night, their courage was frequently fortified with the supply of liquid courage they had brought along. At daylight the brave, volunteer 'Indian fighters' crept closer to the camp until they arrived at point blank range, whereupon they began firing into the crowded and unsuspecting Indian village filled with squaws, children and old men.

Reports varied considerably as to just how many Indians were killed. The most conservative estimate was thirty, with as many as eighty reported by one of the Territorial investigating officials. But, however many it was that were killed, there was no argument about the fact that almost all of those killed were squaws, small children and old men. It happened that all but a very few of the bucks from the small band had been on a hunting trip and were absent at the time of the attack.

Later when the people of the area learned the details of the attack, they were outraged by it and ashamed for their fellow whites. But, at the same time, the severe criticism by the settlers and by the Territorial officials for criminally stupid actions in the butchery of friendly and defenseless Indians did not change the reality of Indian corpses. Major Lupton received an arrow through his lungs, causing his death, also failed to satisfy and calm the enraged Indians. The senseless slaughter triggered a massive uprising, resulting in many Indian attacks on whites, in reprisal, and the death of around 20 white people within two days. This story is concerned with a heroic woman's defense of her life and that of her young daughter, when her family became a target for the vengeful Indians.

The day following the attack on the Indian village, several of the more warlike chiefs held a meeting near Table Rock (site of the peace treaty signing with General Joseph Lane in 1854). At this meeting it was decided the treacherous white man had to be destroyed and driven out of the Rogue River Valley.

Their bloody revenge began the next morning. Swiftly they swept northwesterly along the Rogue River, killing everyone they encountered. Anything they couldn't use was destroyed and all the buildings burned. The Indians were traveling faster than the news of their actions, so very few of the isolated settlers had warning of the danger and little opportunity to defend themselves. Sweeping along, *(Continued on page 52)*

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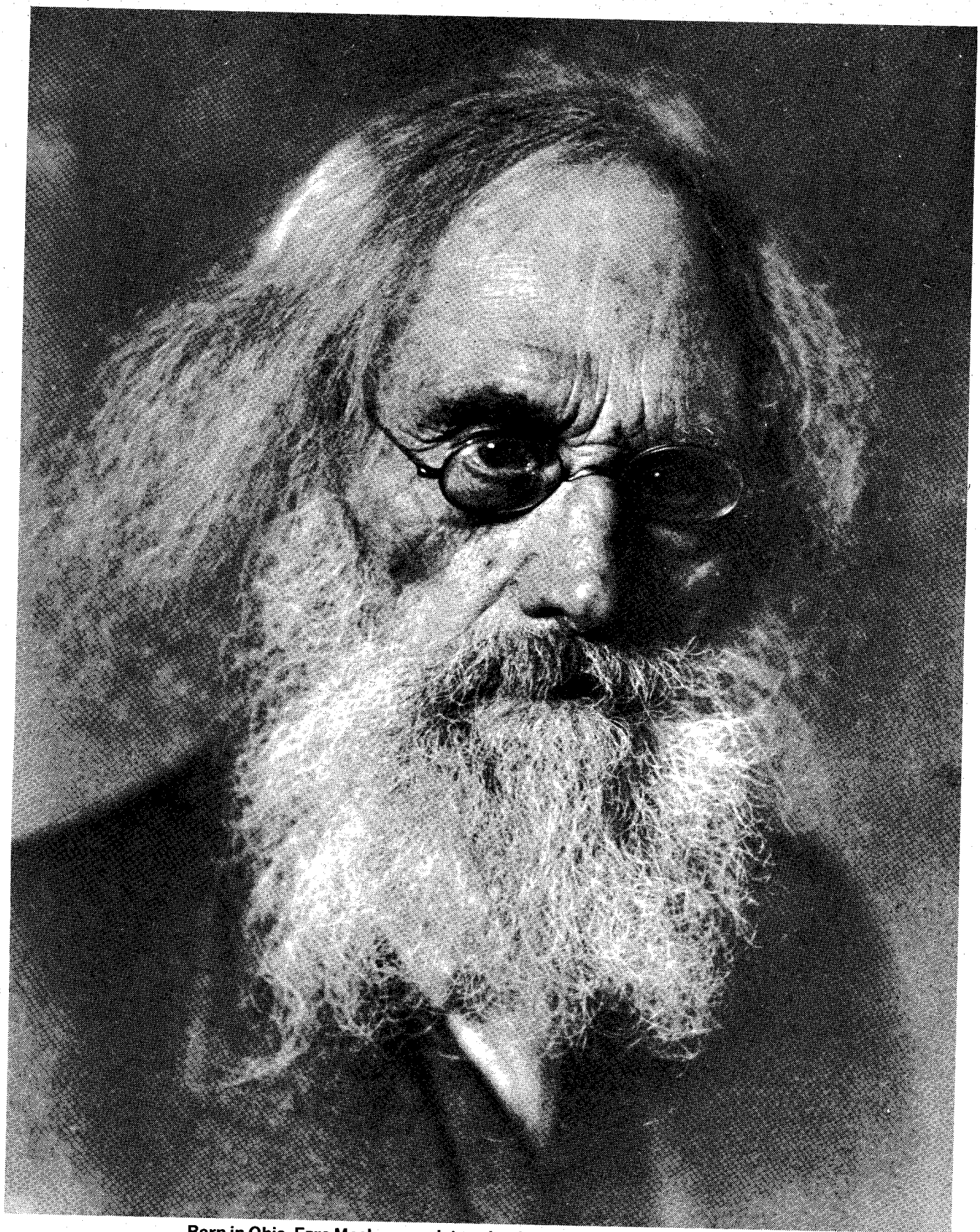
by L.C. Auer

Saga of



Born in Ohio, Ezra Meeker was determined to establish a home in the West.

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The Oregon Trail

Ezra Meeker's life spanned the pioneer years and he became a legend in the Northwest

In the early part of the year 1906, travelers and residents along the old Oregon Trail were surprised to see a curious conveyance roll slowly, and in a stately manner, down the old route heading eastward.

"Why," they exclaimed, "it's a covered wagon! Just like the pioneers!" It was exactly that, a great, boat shaped covered wagon with sway back and wooden axles, drawn by two patient oxen.

Driving the unique equipage, an exact replica even to linch pins and tar buckets at the sides of the prairie schooners of over half a century before, was a figure even more picturesque than his mode of transportation. He was Ezra Meeker and his age was 75. His snowy white hair gleamed in the pale winter sun and his long, flowing beard waved gently in the breeze. He was backtracking the famous old trail over which he had traveled as a pioneer from Missouri to Oregon in 1852. His object was to interest the people of America in marking and preserving the route of the pioneers.

As the patient beasts drew the gently swaying wagon over the hills and plains along the trail Ezra Meeker stopped at each town and settlement and talked enthusiastically of the history of the early highway. His was a one-man crusade to rescue for posterity, for all time to come, the Oregon Trail. He searched diligently for old landmarks and painted inscriptions on those that came to light. He asked his audiences to set up more markers to commemorate the historic old route. Before leaving his home in Washington State, after profound research, he had written a pamphlet, "The Ox-Team on the Oregon Trail." He sold copies of this work along the way to raise money for more markers.

Meeker's deep enthusiasm was infectious, for his project met with instant response. His colorful first-hand descriptions of life along the trail seemed to roll back the very pages of history for his listeners. Through him, they were able to feel the hopes and dreams, the triumphs and defeats of the intrepid settlers who dared the long journey into the Northwest. Through him, they sensed the ever present dangers along the way, heard again the sounds of the great prairie cavalcades, the creaking axles, the hoof beats of the outriders' horses. the crackling camp fires, and the *(Continued on page 50)*

Washington State Historical Society Photos

The pioneer, his dog and ox-team photographed as he backtracked on the Oregon Trail.

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University of Wyoming Library

Can this be Lizzie Fletcher?

Wyoming State Historical Society

Mrs. Mary Fletcher Cook.

by Gene Jones

TRAGIC MYSTERY OF LIZZIE FLETCHER

Did this white girl, captured by Cheyenne Dog Soldiers when she was a baby and believed to have been killed, grow up in Indian camps only to be "discovered" thirty-five years later?

A STRANGE WOMAN . . . believed to be Lizzie Fletcher, captured by Cheyenne Dog soldiers in 1865 . . . when they attacked a wagon train at Rock Creek Crossing, Wyoming . . ."

Mrs. Mary Fletcher Cook stared at the news story in the Salt Lake City *Tribune*, under the date line of Casper, Wyoming, November 10, 1902. She was too stunned to speak or even think rationally. Lizzie Fletcher, her baby sister! It was impossible, utterly impossible and yet . . .

All the horror, all the terror of those ghastly days thirty-five years ago came back to Mrs. Mary Fletcher Cook. She was 13 years old and her sister, Lizzie, was only two at that time. The mystery of what happened to Lizzie had haunted Mary and puzzled and fascinated historians for years.

It had all started on Monday, July 31st, 1865. Mary Fletcher Cook remembered that day and those hideous hours as if they had only happened. The Fletcher wagon was with the 75 wagon train that had left Fort Laramie and had reached Rock Creek Crossing in Wyoming on the Overland Trail.

Jasper and Mary Limb Fletcher were well-to-do business people who had emigrated from Eastwood, England, to America in the summer of 1861 with their daughter (Mary) and three sons. They went to live in Illinois, but after little Lizzie's birth there on August 6, 1863, Mrs. Fletcher's health began to fail and they were encouraged to move westward in search of a warmer climate.

Jasper Fletcher put his entire fortune into a wagon, livestock and goods to set up a new business in the West. In May, 1865, the family started their trek across the Great Plains. After a few weeks in Denver they continued to Fort Laramie, where they joined the 75 ox train to insure a safe crossing of the mountains.

When the wagon train arrived at Rock Creek Crossing late that afternoon, the Fletcher wagon was several hundred yards ahead of the other wagons. They found a nice sheltered ravine where they stopped for the night. The father and the boys — John, James, and Hector — started to unhitch the horses, while Mary went to gather wood for the fire.

Suddenly Mrs. Fletcher screamed. Her husband and her sons ran for her, thinking she had fainted in her weakness. She hadn't. She was pointing to the top of the ravine; and when the father and the boys looked in the direction the mother was pointing, they saw a number of Cheyennes riding down the ravine toward them.

"Get the rifles," the father yelled.

He ran for the wagons as did the sons, but a shower of arrows cut through the air. The father screamed, "I'm hit! I'm hit!" Two of the sons also cried out as arrows plunged into

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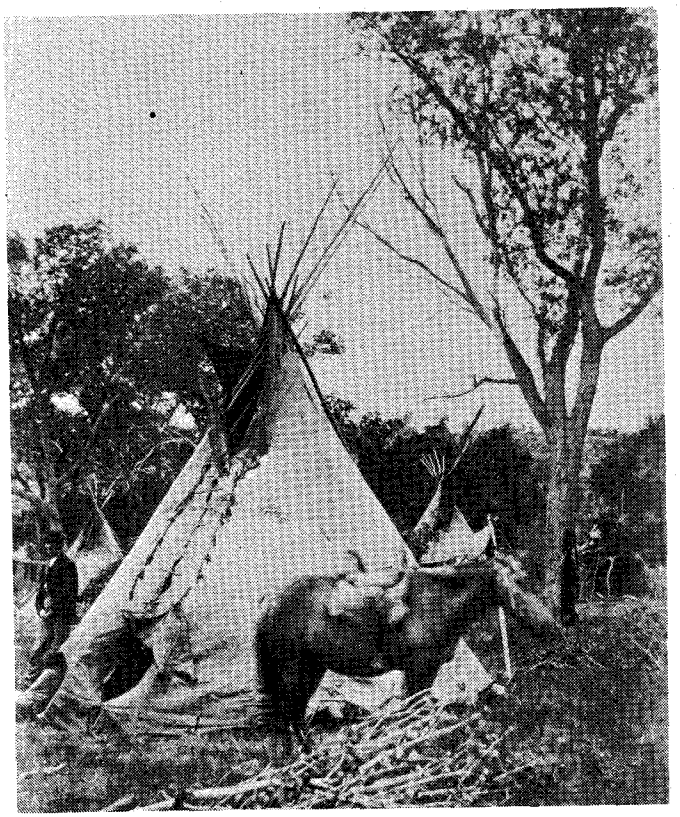

McLean Collection

Cheyenne tent such as the one in which girls were held captive.

their bodies. The father rolled into a ditch too weak from pain to get to his feet. The two sons were rolling over, trying to pull the arrows out of their legs.

Mary was running for the wagon and her mother and baby Lizzie. There was a stinging thud in her right leg. She kept running, grabbed the arrow and yanked it out. There was the same stinging thud on her left leg. Mary didn't stop running, as she yanked that arrow out.

The thick folds of her skirt prevented the arrows going deep in the flesh. Then Mary saw that their wagon was on fire. She heard her mother screaming, "Mary . . . Mary . . . get Lizzie . . ."

"I'm coming, Mom," Mary cried as she raced for the wagon.

Her mother was holding the two-year-old Lizzie. She held the baby out to Mary and said, "Take care of Lizzie . . . Mary . . . No matter what happens take care of Lizzie."

"I'll hold her tight," the 13-year-old Mary cried as she took the baby. "I won't let anybody hurt her."

Then Mary suddenly realized strange painted faces were staring at them from all sides, faces that were grunting and cursing in Cheyenne language. They grabbed the invalid Mrs. Fletcher. She screamed in terror. Mary rushed at the Cheyennes grabbing her mother. "Let her alone, you savages," she screamed. "Let her alone."

A tall burly Cheyenne brave grunted a laugh, sent his right out in a vicious blow. The fist hit Mary on the side of her face and she and Lizzie went tumbling backwards. From somewhere near came the explosion of a rifle. The men in the other wagons had seen the smoke from the burning Fletcher wagon and had come running toward it, firing as they ran.

The Cheyennes wasted no time with Mrs. Fletcher, Mary and Lizzie. Mary was still holding the crying Lizzie. The two were picked up and thrown on a horse. This action saved Mary from seeing the tomahawk that split her mother's head and her mother toppled forward dead, her face falling into a deep pool of red blood.

The Indian pony Mary and Lizzie were on raced away into the gathering darkness. The men from the other wagons were now shooting wildly at the fleeing Indians. None were hit. The Indians kept fleeing until they came to a low crown of mountains. Here they stopped and looked at the burning wagon. The men from the other wagons had stopped at the Fletcher wagon and were not pursuing the Indians.

Mary saw the smoke curling lazily into the clear summer sky from her father's burning wagon, and she could see the people, tiny as toys in the distance, some carrying buckets of water from the creek, others beating out the fire in the wagon.

Too stunned with shock and fear to give her baby sister much comfort, Mary nevertheless clung desperately to Lizzie, who never stopped wailing. The braves near the two girls scowled and muttered in annoyance. Suddenly one of them — the Indian who had carried them on his pony — approached menacingly. He struck out and Mary collapsed to the ground under his blows. She tried instinctively to shield the screaming baby with her own body, but the brave and two or three others held her down, tore Lizzie out of her grasp, pushed the baby away on the ground. Mary was unaware of Lizzie's panicked screams as she fought at the men, who ripped the cotton gown off her body.

AFTERWARD, Mary sat huddled and sobbing near a fire, trying to cover her naked, shivering body with the rags that remained from her dress.. The arrow wounds in her legs were still sore. Lizzie had disappeared. As Mary regained control of herself she became conscious of the fact that her baby sister was nowhere to be seen. No baby's cries interrupted the calm summer night. Mary heard only the crackling of the fire and the soft mutterings and laughter of the braves. One of them would break out occasionally in a song-chant to which the others listened attentively. There seemed to be fewer men now, and the ones present paid no attention to her.

"Lizzie!" she called, fighting down her panic, "Lizzie, come to sister!" She struggled to her feet, clutching the cotton rags in front of her, and began to search the camp.

Immediately the braves were on her, assuming her sudden move was an attempt to escape. As they dragged her back into the circle of firelight, Mary screamed again and again, "My sister! Where is my little sister?"

Ignoring her words — which they of course did not understand — the men forced Mary to the ground and attacked her again.

The next day Mary was taken to a Cheyenne village, where she discovered a half breed who could understand and speak a little English.

"Please," she begged, "tell me where my baby sister is. What did they do with her?"

"Baby!" the man laughed. "Baby cry! Cry, cry, cry! We kill."

Mary reeled back as from a blow. Lizzie dead! Then she was the only one of her family left alive. The weeks that followed were a strange, ghastly, unreal nightmarish dream to Mary Fletcher. Less than a month after her capture she was 14, and her young body had been attacked by the male Cheyennes with a hideous brutality. Her mind was in a daze with the terrifying fear about what had happened to Lizzie. As the weeks passed and she never saw her baby

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sister, she knew the half breed probably was right when he said the Indians had killed the baby, yet she could not bring her mind to accept this fact; and night and day she was always alert for the sound of Lizzie's voice. She never heard it. She was turned over to the squaws who were jealous of her and their abuse took the form of throwing scraps of rotten meat at her to watch her, a starving child, crawl to grab it. They kicked her and slapped her, but they did toss her some buffalo skins to hide her nakedness.

When several weeks passed and Lizzie never appeared and Mary never heard her cry, she accepted the fact that the baby was dead. This acceptance killed all desire to live. Her pain-wracked little body was numb, like her brain. She had only one thought. She wanted to die. The horror of gnawing hunger added to the desire to end it all. Days passed and she never got even a morsel of food. All the food she got was what the squaws threw at her, too rotten for them to eat.

Ending it all seemed very simple to her. She waited in the tepee of the squaws until she could grab the one sharp knife. By throwing a rock against the side of the tepee, she caused the squaws to turn and look in that direction. She grabbed the knife, brought it hard against her side, near her heart, but in her speed to kill herself, she aimed wide and the knife only slashed the buffalo skin around her breast.

The squaws had turned and saw the knife in her hand. They squealed like animals, which was the way they often expressed themselves, and dove for Mary, their fat and heavy bodies crushing her to the floor. The knife was taken from her and one of the squaws ran out of the tent. A few minutes later she returned with Red Rock, son of the Cheyenne Chief, Bull Bear.

Red Rock could speak broken English, "You fool girl," he said. "You kill self and my braves mad. I whip you for foolish act."

He lashed Mary's frail and half-naked body with a whip he carried. Blood spurted from her back and stomach, but she lay on the earthen floor of the tepee, uttering not a cry or a word. Red Rock finally tired and left the tepee. After that Mary was never allowed to have a knife or to be near one.

She tried to end her life by having the Cheyennes kill her as she ran away. They didn't send an arrow after her. Two of the fleet footed braves quickly caught her, dragged her to the tepee and again Red Rock lashed her frail body with the whip. When he stopped lashing her body, she screamed: "Kill me! Oh God, please kill me."

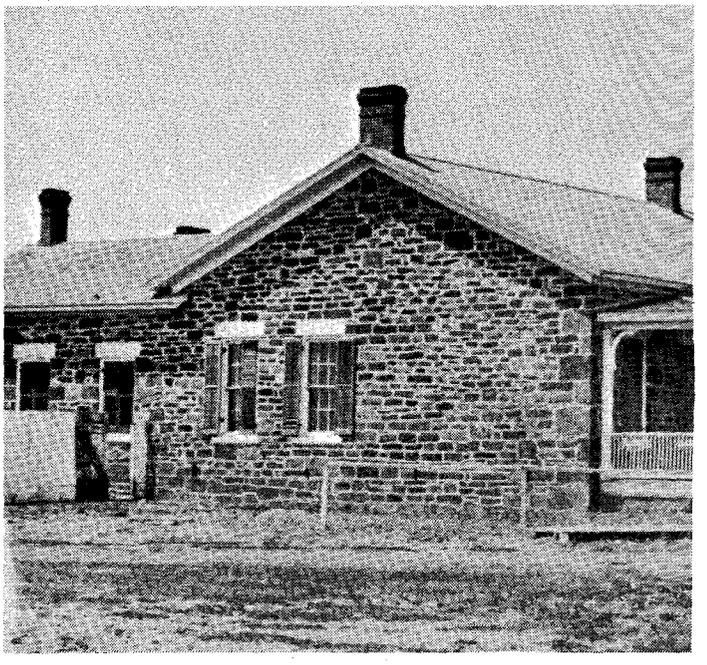
Red Rock grunted and laughed, lashed her body again with the whip, and walked out of the tepee. Little Mary pleaded with the squaws to kill her or let her kill herself. They barely understood her and they merely shrugged their shoulders and said nothing. Why the Indians refused to let her kill herself or why they didn't kill her as they did all captives who were annoying was a mystery to Mary Cook. Later writing about her ghastly experience she wrote, "I often thought that it was my anxiety for them to kill me that caused them not to do so."

BUT HOPE NEVER completely dies for a 14-year-old child. As the weeks passed, the numbness about what happened to Lizzie began to pass and little Mary began

Smithsonian Institution

Chief Little Raven was an honorable Indian.

Kansas State Historical Society



Fort Larned, where Mary Fletcher was given food;

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thinking about ways to escape. Mrs. Cook explained these feelings in these words: "After a time my sufferings and hunger became a sort of normal state and I began to have some hope that I might be rescued. I cannot tell why I felt that way, except that hope never dies completely in the breast of a child. I couldn't imagine how my rescue could be done, but day after day I kept repeating to myself I would either escape or be rescued. It was this hope that kept me alive."

When winter came, the Cheyennes noticed that Mary seemed much more reconciled to her lot. She was given an axe and sent out to care for a herd of ponies. She would climb trees to cut off branches for the ponies so that they could eat the bark when snow covered the ground. As the winter grew colder and there was sleet and snow, Mary's sufferings were almost unbearable. She had only strips of Buffalo skins to cover her body, and when she came in at night after working all day in snow and sleet and her buffalo strips were soaking wet, she had no dry clothes to put on and she had to sleep in the wet buffalo strips without a blanket or covering of any kind. Night after night she wouldn't be given any food and she had to try to sleep with the gnawing pangs of hunger.

But her mind never stopped trying to figure out plans for an escape. When she went out to care for the pony herds, several squaws were always near her, following close on her heels wherever she went, making any chance for a break impossible. Then one day Mary thought her chance had come. The snow was falling heavily and the two squaws with her were blinded by the snow. Mary had climbed a tree to cut limbs for the ponies to eat the bark. The two squaws were nowhere to be seen in the blinding snow. Mary leaped to the ground and ran into the blinding snow storm. She didn't know where she was going or how she might survive the storm, but to her it was a chance to escape.

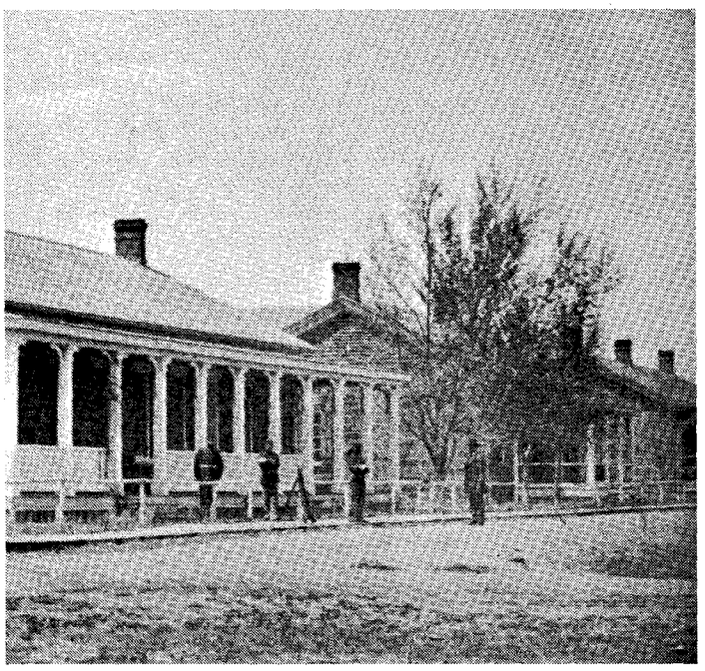
Fate and nature were against her, however. Hardly had she started to run when the snow stopped falling. Mary plowed on through the heavy snow, but now she left a clear track for the Indians to follow. They did and caught up with her a half a mile from the camp. She was brought back and again Red Rock lashed her body with the whip.

But Mary didn't give up hope of escaping. Three times she made a break. Three times she was caught and returned to the tepee where Red Rock was waiting with the whip. But nature has a strange way of adapting humans, especially children, to certain ways of life, no matter how hard and how brutal. Slowly Mary began to fall into the way of life with the Indians and began to accept it. Spring came with warm weather and warm rains. The Cheyennes moved south to a point below the Arkansas River in Southwestern Kansas where they were to collect their annuities from Fort Zarah.

And it was these annuities that in a strange way were to be instrumental in the rescue of Mary Fletcher.

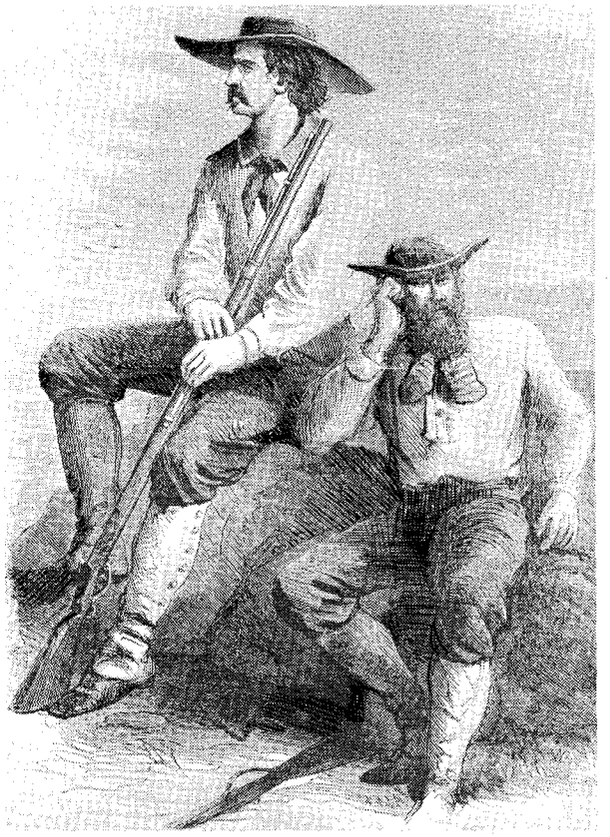
One day, soon after they had set up camp, Mary was ordered to stop working and go into a lodge. Soon she heard bustling activity in the camp, horses arriving, much conversation. Food for a feast was brought into the lodge and she was told to help the squaws prepare it. As she fried the bread cakes in bacon grease and helped roast the buffalo meat and make coffee, Mary tried to steal an occasional look outside.

(Continued on page 66)



where she regained some of her former personality.

Kansas State Historical Society



Col. E. W. Wynkoop (l.) and his interpreter.

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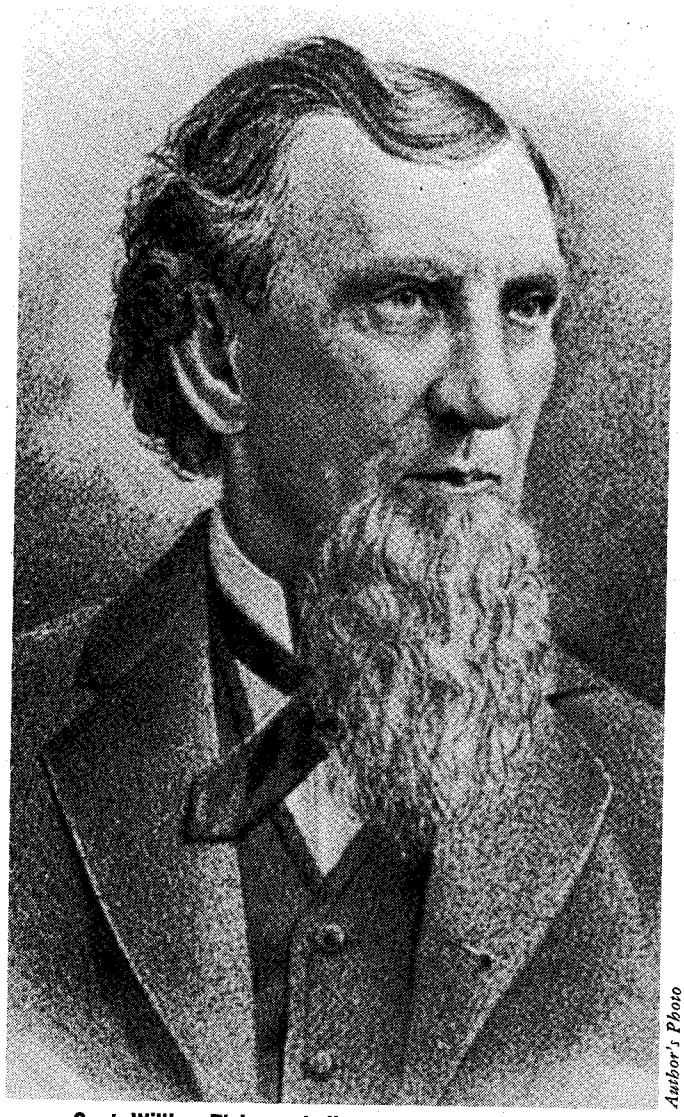


Author's Photo

Capt. William Tichenor believed he could land supplies.

SIEGE AT BATTLE ROCK

by Arlene Fitzgerald

Nine men with muskets and one cannon

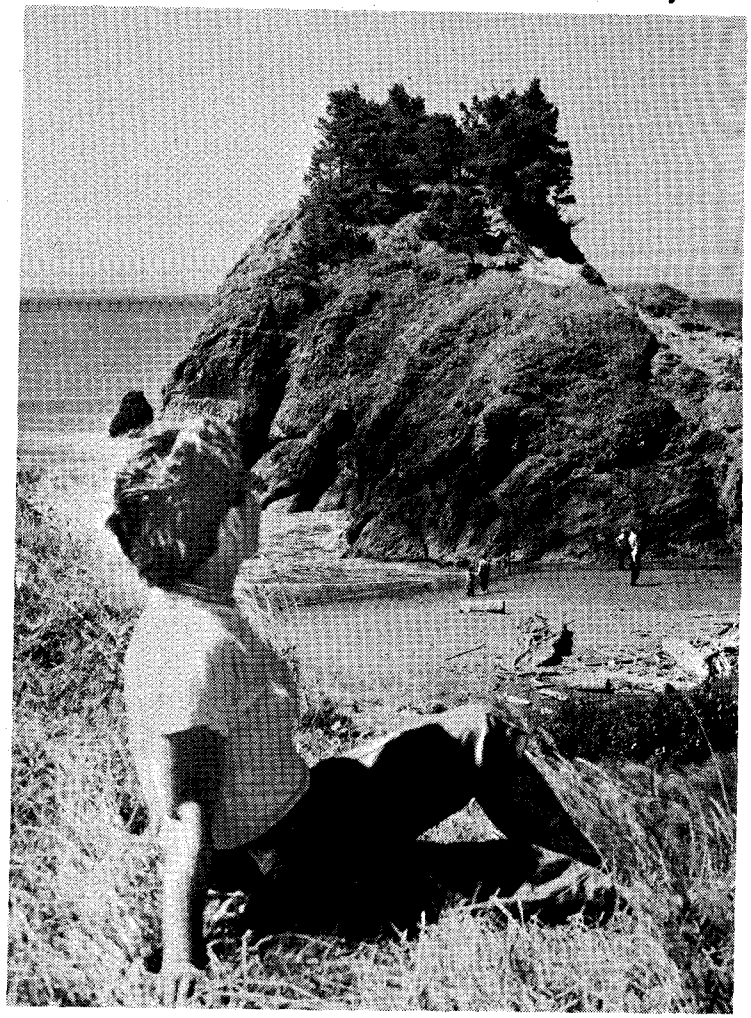
THE NINE WHITE MEN clung hard against the ocean side of the huge rock jutting out into the sea on the coast of southern Oregon, near the present town of Orford. 300 war-crazed Indians—Haida, Umqua, and Northern Shoshones—were screaming their war cries, sending clouds of arrows against the rock as they prepared for the final charge and the killing of the nine men.

This unequal battle took place on the morning of July 6th, 1851. This battle, which was to prove one of the more fantastic of Indian battles, would never have happened had it not been for the naïveté of William Tichenor. Tichenor was captain of the steamship *The Seagull.*

The most serious problem in Oregon in the early 1850's was getting supplies into the interior which was being rapidly settled by farmers. The lure of gold was also bringing in thousands more.

The valleys of the Rogue and Klamath Rivers, amazingly fertile farm lands, could be reached inland only via narrow and treacherous roads from the Willamette Valley to the north, or crossing the rugged, almost impassable Siskiyou Mountains to the south. So the best solution was a seaport along the coast where supplies could be landed and carried to these valleys with little trouble.

Battle Rock received its name after a bloody



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against 300 Indians made this one of the famous battles of the Old West

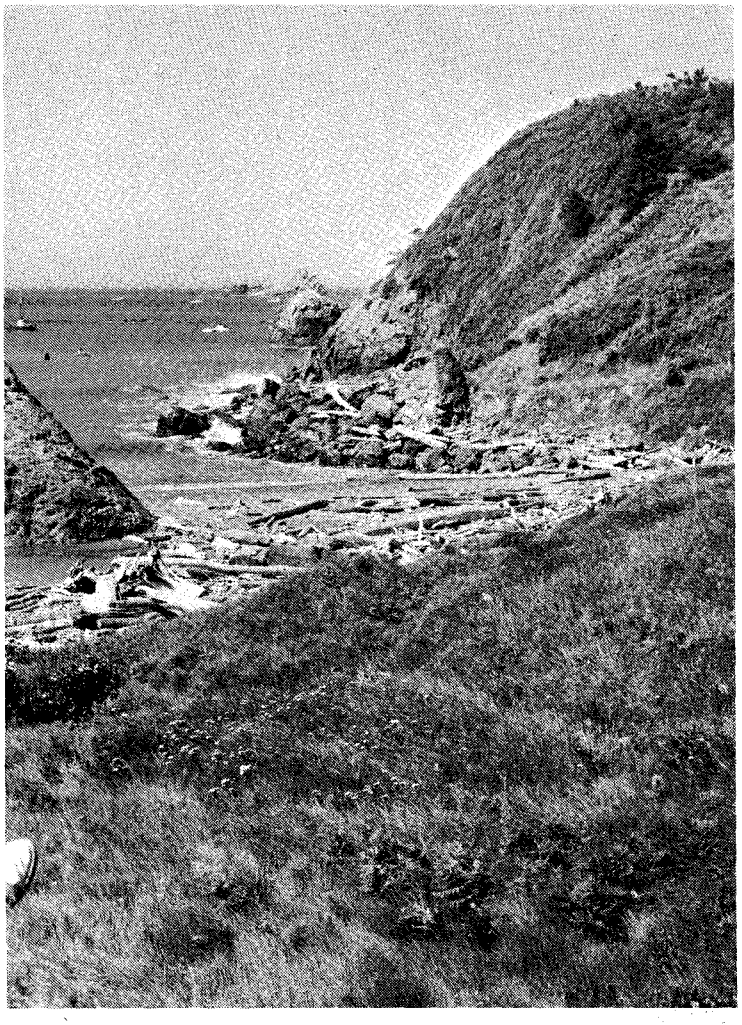
Captain Tichenor had found the small indentation in the coast near the large rock and figured it would be an ideal spot to land supplies. It was near the mines, and the captain felt certain that an easy and clear trail could be made through the coastal range. The Indians were also a factor that had to be taken into consideration in those days, although they seemed friendly. He set out to interest other people in his plan to establish a settlement.

Traveling in the *Seagull*, to Portland, Oregon, he met a man by the name of J. M. Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick, an experienced frontiersman, possessed all of the qualities necessary for the adventure. Captain Tichenor tried, at once, to interest him in the project by offering him a partnership. Kirkpatrick's one objection was Indians.

The miners had been having trouble with the Rogue River tribes in southern Oregon. The site Captain Tichenor proposed wasn't too far removed from that area. Nevertheless, Kirkpatrick became infatuated with Tichenor's proposal.

"Captain Tichenor painted the enterprise in glowing colors," Kirkpatrick said, later, in an account of his adventures. "He told me that there was not a particle of danger from the Indians; that he had been ashore among them many, many times. They were perfectly friendly."

encounter there between settlers and Indians.



Oregon State Highway Dept. Photo

Apparently Kirkpatrick wasn't quite convinced by the captain's confident dismissal of the coastal tribes. He insisted that Tichenor furnish ammunition, in addition to the necessary supplies, before he would agree to accompany him to the proposed town site. Captain Tichenor agreed, assuring him that ammunition would be included.

Taking the captain at his word, Kirkpatrick quit his job as a carpenter and set about organizing a party to accompany himself and Captain Tichenor south on the *Seagull*. He found eight men, eager for adventure: J. H. Eagan, John T. Slater, George Rideout, T. D. Palmer, Cyrus M. Hedden, James Carrigan, Erastus Summers and Joseph Hussey.

On June 4th, 1851, the *Seagull* sailed out of Portland harbor, with the party of nine aboard. On the basis of his previous experiences, as a frontiersman, Kirkpatrick had been chosen by the group to serve as captain of the expedition. Still concerned for their safety from the Indians once the site for the new port was reached, he went to Captain Tichenor, when they arrived in Astoria on June 5th, and demanded to see the ammunition he had been promised.

"I want to be sure we're well prepared to defend ourselves, in case we have to fight," Kirkpatrick said.

"I assure you there is no possible danger from the Indians," Captain Tichenor again told him.

"This party refuses to go any farther, unless we are furnished with arms to defend ourselves," Kirkpatrick told him, reminding him, in the next breath, of his promise.

Captain Tichenor, seeing that the men meant what they said, reluctantly went ashore, and, in Kirkpatrick's words: "bought at a junkshop, three old flintlock muskets, one old rusty sword, a few pounds of lead, and three or four pounds of powder."

"You've certainly brought us a hard looking outfit of arms for defense against the Indians," Kirkpatrick told him.

"You will never need them," Captain Tichenor insisted. "But having them will throw fear into the Indians anyway."

A young officer from Fort George, who had overheard the conversation, stepped up and offered to sell Kirkpatrick a good United States rifle. Kirkpatrick decided that it was well worth the $20 the young officer was asking to be better prepared against the Indians he felt sure they would encounter. Kirkpatrick purchased ammunition for the rifle and took it aboard the *Seagull*.

The group's entire armament now consisted of the U.S. rifle; one six shooting rifle belonging to Carrigan; the three old flintlock muskets; one fine shooting revolver, .38-caliber; one pair of derringers that had been loaned to Kirkpatrick by a friend in Portland; the rusty sword; five pounds of rifle powder and ten pounds of bar lead.

ON the 6th of June, the *Seagull* sailed out of Astoria, bound for the small harbor on the southern Oregon coast. On the morning of June 9th, the crew and party of nine men landed on the beach just below what is now known as Battle Rock.

There were a few Indians scattered along the beach. The name of the tribe wasn't recorded, but they no doubt belonged to one of the coastal tribes, the Umqua, Coos, or Coquille. The Indians looked friendly enough, and seemed to want to trade with the members of the *Seagull's* crew and the nine men who were to set up their camp somewhere in the area, while Captain Tichenor continued south to San Francisco. But Kirkpatrick, who knew Indians, could see that they didn't like having the white men there, in spite of their friendly demeanor.

"I don't like the looks of them," he told Tichenor. "They mean trouble. There's one more thing we want, before you leave. It's the old cannon you have aboard the *Seagull*."

Captain Tichenor laughed off *(Continued on page 60)*

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TALES OF PARADISE, ARIZONA

Anecdotes about some fabulous people and events... in a hopefully-named place where improbable history was made... where jailbirds fiddled... and the preacher danced with Satan's daughters...

by Nelle Merwin

THE MAJORITY of people think of Paradise as a Celestial domain ruled by heaven-appointed kings; an Elysium in which the inhabitants enjoy the comforts and luxuries denied them on earth; that to get to Paradise one must travel the straight and narrow path until death frees the soul from its earth-bound body and escorts it to its heavenly home.

However incredible, it is true that Paradise on earth exists and man doesn't have to bargain with death to get there, nor do heaven appointed kings question him upon his arrival.

To reach Paradise you have your choice of three roads—the great Celestial highway which leads heavenward, or the twenty-five mile stretch of rough, winding country road which branches southward from San Simon, Arizona; or if you enter from the opposite direction you'll travel one of the world's narrowest, crookedest thoroughfares and cross Onion saddle, the hump of the Chiricahuas.

If one looks out the windows

Where the Chiricahuas angle due south and form the foot of a perfect boot, a long narrow canyon extends from heel to toe. Here in the niche of the boot heel, deep in the wilds, shaded by gnarled old trees and fanned by the cool breezes of evening, the tiny ghost town of Paradise, Arizona reposes.

Roughly parallel to the narrow gravel road peacefully flows East Turkey Creek, along either side of which stretches the town site. Here, back in 1904, more than a hundred structures filled the canyon. The business district occupied the main street which extended north and south. Scattered at random were the homes of the better element of Paradise's population—the more adventuresome having taken up residence in the area across the Creek.

Paradise is situated just one short mile south of the abandoned site of Galeyville which, during 1880-82 was the most notorious mining camp in the Southwest, famous as the rendezvous of Curly Bill and his gang of rustlers and killers who terrorized San Simon Valley until their eventual

Sagging gate clings tenaciously to fence enclosing old house.

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of Hastings' home at the back yard, the reward is this lush view, a part of Coronado Forest. Author's Photos.

eradication, Galeyville after two exciting years folded up and her populace moved on.

It was 22 years later that Paradise was founded, following the discovery of copper in the Chiricahuas and the moving in of the Chiricahua Development Company, which was the first to introduce modern mining equipment to Arizona.

Miners, gamblers and business men swarmed into Paradise, as did many former Galeyites who drifted back to share the prosperity of the boom. Within a few months Paradise had a population of more than one thousand.

With copper bringing 25¢ per pound, the Chiricahua Development Company prematurely counted its millions and visioned endless prosperity for Paradise.

Paradise edged in with the beginning of civilization in the Southwest, almost a quarter-century too late to compete with Galeyville, Charleston and Tombstone and other notorious mining camps in rustlings and hangings. However, she kept tradition in all other respects.

The first house built in Paradise was a one-room log cabin. It still stands but its history is rather vague. The second building, a frame, was put up by Grandpa Walker who opened a store in the front and reserved the rear rooms for living quarters.

Most famous of Paradise's mercantile establishments included the Walker and Brown general store; Chamberlain and Hawkins general store including liquor; Rock and Christian's dry goods—formerly Tombstone merchants; Mr. Morrow's meat market; Mr. Kidder's general store.

Also there was a blacksmith shop owned and operated by Mr. Baker; several small cafes including Mrs. Diana Saunders' tent cafe which, despite the name, wasn't a tent but a horse stable which had been remodeled and conveniently equipped to serve its purpose until a better building could be erected. In the rear of the old stable the Saunders had pitched a tent which served as their home until a house could be built. Thus the presence of the tent figured in identifying the cafe. Besides Mrs. Saunders' cafe there were two or more boarding houses.

Other enterprises consisted of a public corral, a wagon yard, a school house which served in two capacities—one as a school, the other as a church. Last but not least were the saloons. Fourteen saloons on one street! Few mining camps with a population of one thousand can top that record. And they called the town Paradise.

Just why Grandpa Walker, who is reputed to have named the town, chose such a paradoxical name is hard to understand, for there was nothing saintly about its original inhabitants. It may be that Grandpa Walker considered the scenery, the cool breezes and the bountiful supply of shade and water along East Turkey Creek—blessings of a heavenly nature rarely found in Arizona.

The pattern of life in all mining towns of the early days was much the same, and Paradise was no exception to the rule. Her people were for the most part uncouth, illiterate and brawny and given to the seven vices. All colors, races, creeds and kinds comprised her population. However, she boasted an upper and lower set—the elite and the red-light.

A short sandy street branching eastward from the main thoroughfare, in the vicinity of the post office, crossed East Turkey Creek and intersected another

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street slightly remote from the business section, yet conveniently near it to encourage the patronage of its neighbors.

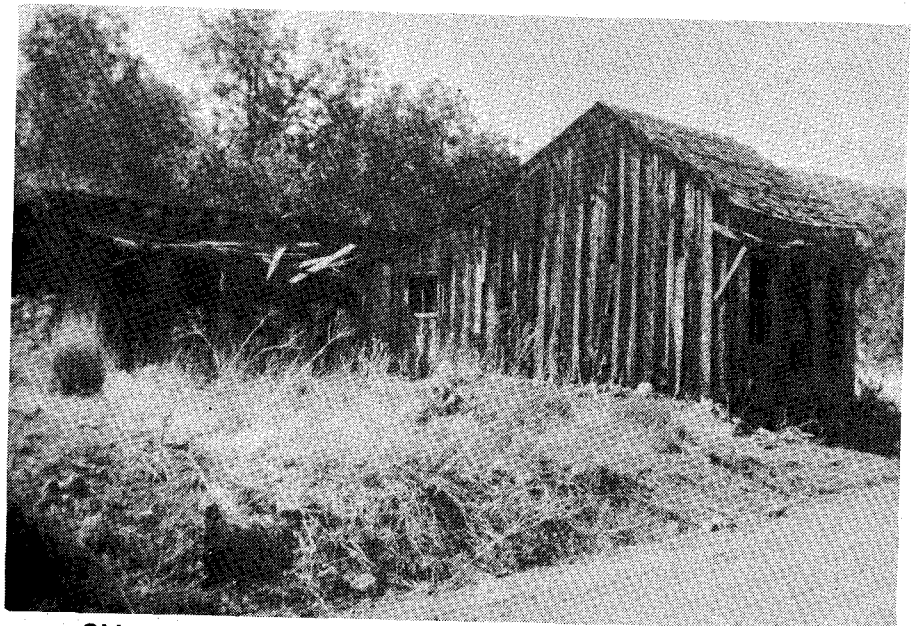
Lining this street was a score or more of small homes, the abodes of the anti-social element. At the north end of the street stood the jail and the blacksmith shop.

One of Paradise's outstanding characters was Old Dorsey. Old Dorsey topped the list of hard drinkers, having a capacity for hard liquor almost equal to his insatiable thirst. When Dorsey's foot wasn't glued to the rail of some bar, it usually could be found attached to one end of a chain, the other end of which was secured to a tree. Here Dorsey spent intervals sobering up at the request of the law. It has been said that Old Dorsey has a monopoly on the "jail tree."

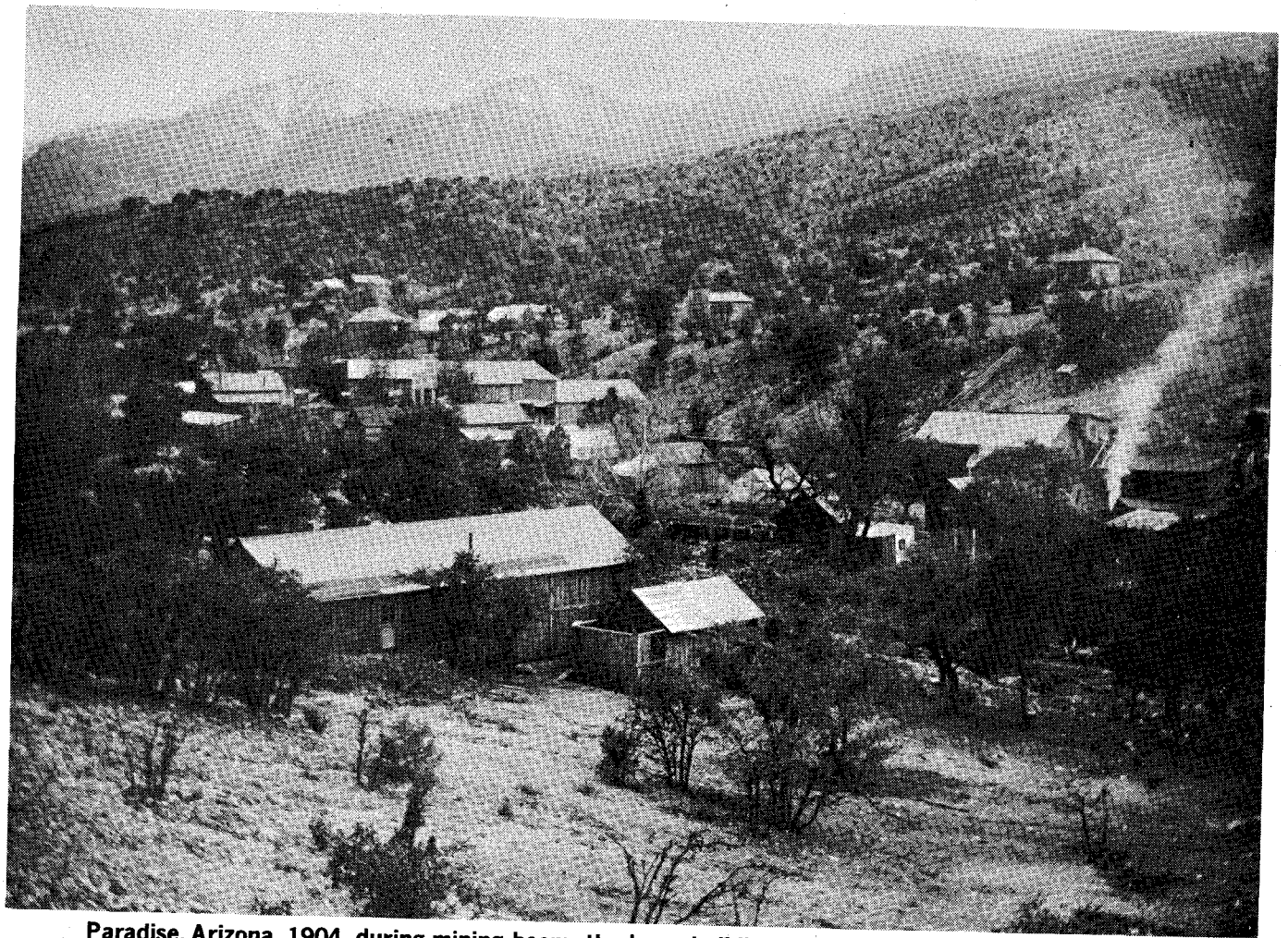
Todd Katy, a cow-poke, vied with Dorsey for popularity. Todd had a mania for creating a disturbance when over-full. When Todd went on a spree, he amused himself by shooting up the town. The lights in the dance hall, the French heels of a dancer, or a bottle of wine on a bar were interesting targets for Todd, who, drunk or sober, was an expert with his six-shooter.

Upon one occasion when Todd was possessed of one of his impetuous moods, he stopped at Mrs. Saunders' tent cafe to get a cup of coffee and to enjoy light repartee with her female employees. At the sight of Todd sliding from his saddle, the ladies dashed to the kitchen and escaped by a rear door. Todd staggered into the dining-room, found it vacant, then proceeded to the kitchen which was likewise deserted at the moment. He fired his six-shooter at a couple of utensils to announce his arrival and his desire for immediate service. Finding himself alone he amused himself by shooting dishes from the shelves. His last target was the coffee boiler on the stove. He punctured it and after practically wrecking Mrs. Saunders' kitchen, he

Author's Photos.



Old post office, recently razed by owner, was artists' favorite.



Paradise, Arizona, 1904, during mining boom; the large building in foreground is the old dance hall.

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strode out, straddled his horse and headed for the bunk house

It was customary in Paradise to celebrate the completion of a new building by holding a dance in it. One night Todd arrived, preparatory to attending such an event, heeled with his six shooter and bubbling over with cheap whiskey. The crowd immediately smelled trouble.

Several rough and tough miners decided to corral Todd before he got started on his customary rampage. They closed in on him, giving him the bum's rush, and disarmed him, then roped and tied him securely and carried him to the wagon yard where they placed him, none too gently, in a wagon to spend the duration of the dance. They left Todd yelling murderous threats which he swore he'd carry out when he was free again.

Paradise had her crimes along with other happenings. The most heinous crime was the killing of Jim Caldwell, better known as "Banta" Caldwell. Caldwell's killer was a man named John Gould.

Gould was a man of many moods; he was arrogant, egotistical and often overbearing. He was most susceptible to feminine charms. He frequently forced his attentions on such women as took his fancy, ignoring the fact that occasionally his victim was a married woman.

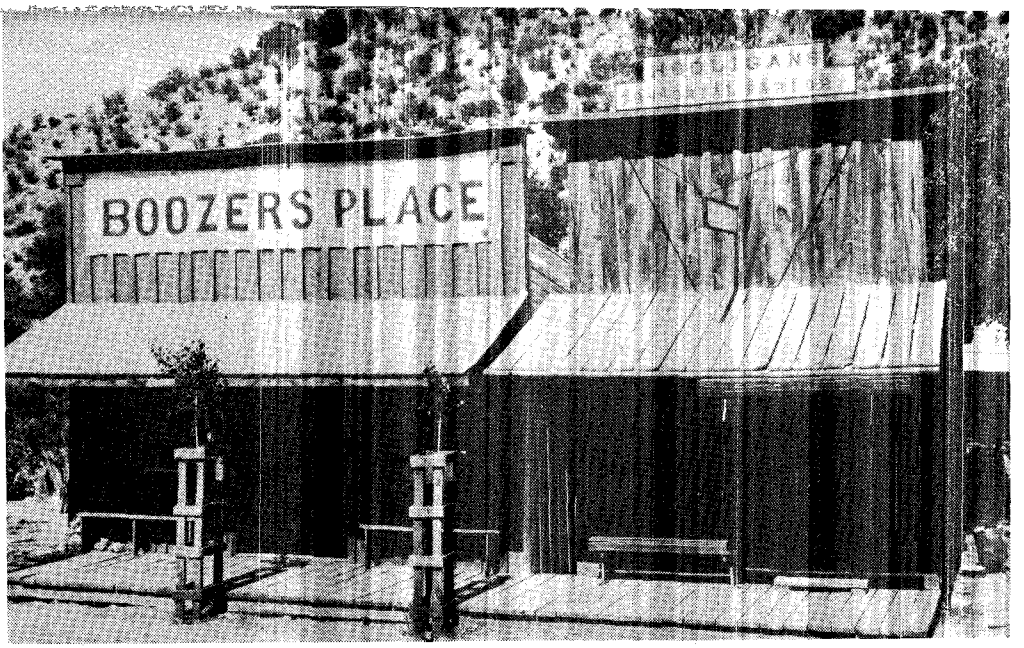
In appearance Gould was most repulsive. From old records recently discovered among papers once the property of the Old Yuma prison, the following description is given: John Gould. Five feet eleven; weight 145; walrus mustache; only one arm. Resembles a snake more than he does a human being.

Banta Caldwell was Gould's opposite in every way. Caldwell was a man of good moral character and pleasing personality. He had a way with women, yet he never was known to overstep the bounds of propriety. He was a welcome guest in every Paradise home.

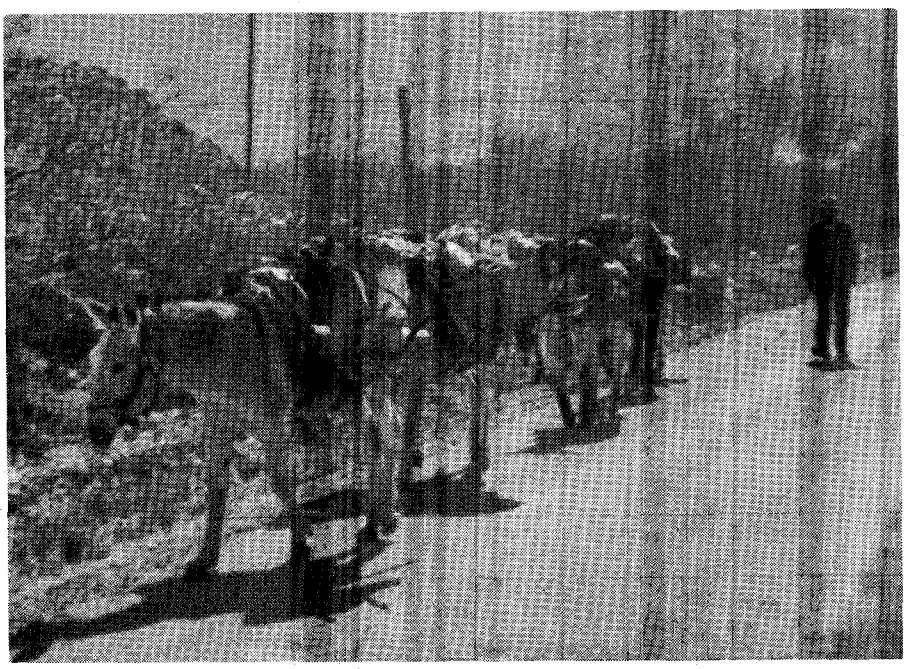
Frequently, both Caldwell and Jim Gould visited the home of a brother miner named McComas, whose vivacious, attractive wife, Janie, unwittingly aroused the carnal desires of Gould. Although Janie McComas showed no partiality, Gould resented her friendly repartee with Caldwell and became possessed of the idea that Caldwell harbored an ulterior motive under the pretense of mutual friendship.

Gould, burning with jealousy, believing Caldwell a dangerous rival, warned Caldwell to stop his visits at the McComas home or he'd kill him. Caldwell laughed. He considered the threat idle words spoken in anger.

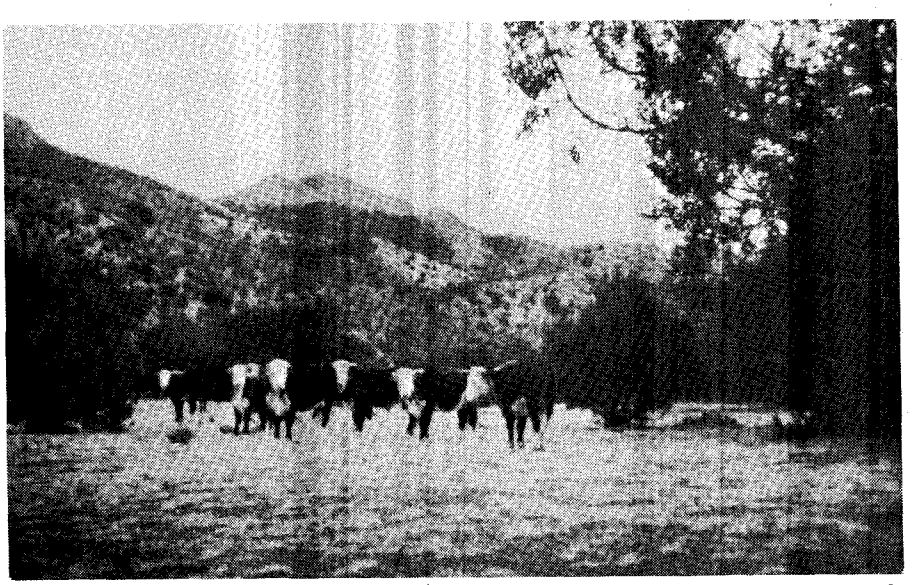
It was later that Gould, smarting from Caldwell's refusal to heed the order to stay away from the McComas home, decided to eliminate his rival. He rode out to a lonely, over-grown and secluded spot along the roadside, and waited in ambush



Boozer's Place was one of the old saloons; barbershop is adjacent.



Old Mexican-Indian wood-chopper follows laden donkeys on road to Paradise.



White areas on hills mark old mining sites—East Turkey Creek in foreground.

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for Caldwell, who would shortly pass that way.

After a lengthy wait, Gould saw his victim approaching. Caldwell, unarmed and unaware of danger, was alone. Gould stepped from the concealing roadside growth and opened fire, shooting Caldwell in the head. Caldwell pitched from his saddle, dead.

Upon searching Caldwell's body and finding no weapon, Gould turned his own gun upon himself, inflicting a slight flesh wound. Then he placed the gun in Caldwell's dead hand and rode back to town where he reported the crime, explaining that he had shot Caldwell in self defense. As it was generally known that the two men were not friendly, Gould's story was believed and he was allowed freedom on bond until the customary hearing required by law could be held.

On the morning of the trial, Gould, wearing his best western regalia including a brace of six-shooters, boldly entered the courtroom, confident of acquittal. When the case was called, Gould took the stand and repeated his story of self defense. Then the prosecuting attorney tossed a bomb that rocked the court house. He produced two witnesses to the crime—Ulrich Rider and a companion. Each witness told a like story:

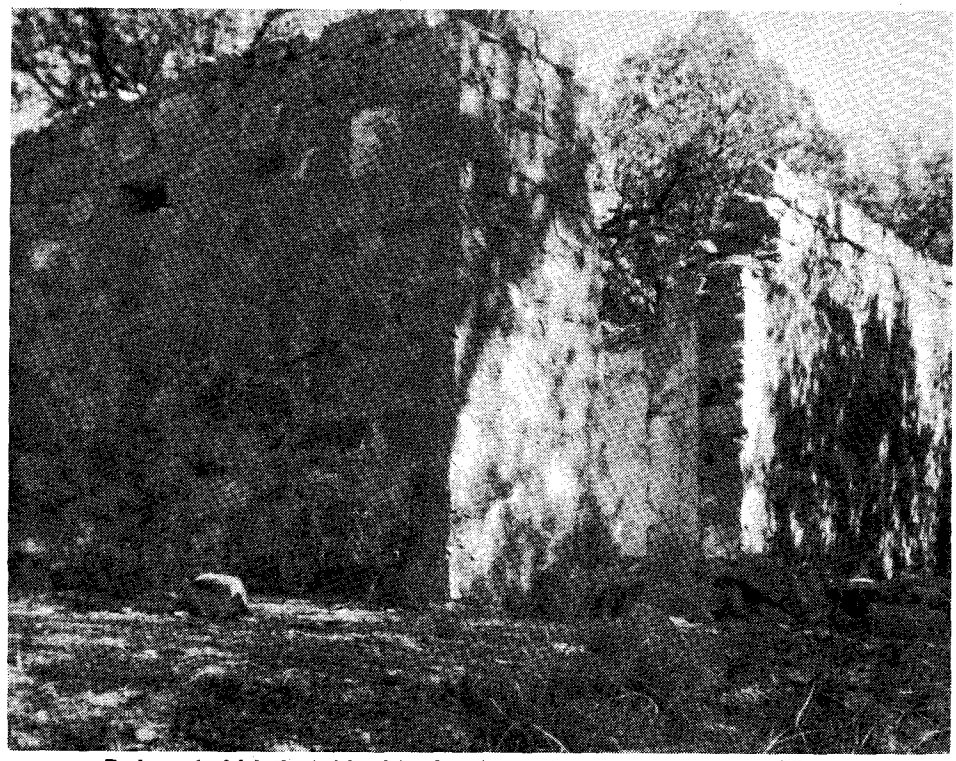
"We were out riding, prospecting a bit that morning, and had stopped to rest in the shade of some junipers on that knoll overlooking the trail. As we sat there we heard a hoss coming. John Gould was riding that hoss. He pulled up behind some bushes beside the trail. We guessed he was waiting for someone. About a half-hour later Caldwell came along. Gould stepped from behind the bushes and fired. Caldwell pitched from his saddle. Gould walked over and searched the body. Caldwell wasn't armed. Then Gould turned his own gun upon himself and inflicted a flesh wound. Then he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the pistol and put it in Caldwell's dead hand. Then he fired his other pistol and rode off."

Gould was sentenced to ninety-nine years in Yuma prison. The judge upon passing the sentence remarked, "If you had two arms, I'd sentence you to be hanged."

Gould served only a few years of his sentence. Due to the fact that the judge had specified Yuma prison, Gould could not legally be held elsewhere. Thus his sentence automatically was terminated when the Yuma prison was abandoned.

Caldwell was buried beside the trail just a pace or two from the scene of his death, as was customary in those days. Today his unmarked grave has lost its identity. Only a few people know the exact spot where his remains rest. Erosion has wiped out all evidence of what was once a mound of rocks.

Paradise spent little time mourning for her dead. She lived for today, forgot yesterdays and was hopeful of the morrow. Sometimes small grievances were settled amicably, as the following anecdote proves. Despite his humble status, the cowpoke possesses a certain degree of pride. One cowpoke may poke fun at another and get by with it, but it isn't advisable for the man-about-town to indulge in such a pastime.



Ruins of old jail, dubbed by local wits "Mort Moore's Hotel."

One saloonkeeper in Paradise named his saloon, "The Cowboy." He elaborated upon the idea by erecting a life-sized facsimile of a cowpoke attired in full dress—big hat, chaps, spurs, fancy boots, plaid shirt, blue jeans, red neckerchief and lariat, not to mention bow legs and facial features which bore a likeness to an Indian in war paint.

Expertly fashioned from a wide plank and flaunting every color of a gorgeous rainbow, this masterpiece of art nailed to the shedporch roof of the saloon could be seen the distance of a town block. Just below it on the hosizontal board were the words, "The Cowboy."

The sign having been duly erected, the Cowboy saloon opened with a bang. The bar was lined with first-come first-served patrons who enjoyed a round of drinks on the house.

Ulrich Rider, cowhand for the Coronado spread, riding into Paradise to participate in the opening day festivities, wasn't prepared for a shock. He pushed his best western hat back on his head and stared hard at the thing on the porch roof.

The immobile image stared right back at him as if challenging him. Ulrich said to his bronc, "Well Ginger, that may be a cowboy, but to me it looks like the east end of a hoss going west. I have been accused of looking like everything but that."

With his eyes still focused on the gaudy sign, Ulrich rode past the saloon. He turned and rode back to view it from the opposite side. After riding back and forth a few times, intently studying the sign, he rode to Boozer's Place and drank a beer to cool off. Next he ordered a double shot. Still, he had that bad taste in his mouth. He ordered a glass of sweet wine. A few minutes and a few drinks later, Ulrich clip-clopped from Boozer's place and straddled Ginger. That sign, he decided, was an affront to any self-respecting cowboy.

Now Ulrich headed for the Cowboy saloon, idly twirling his lariat. By the time he arrived at The Cowboy, his lariat had acquired just the proper momentum. Like a great hoop it rose and rotated over the sign, then settled true to form. Ulrich sank his spurs into Ginger's flanks. A terrific squeak, a clatter, the thud of hooves accompanied by a veritable war-whoop, sounded simultaneously.

A crowd dashed from the saloon just in time to see the masterpiece of art make a nose dive and land in the street. From his saddle, Ulrich delivered his ultimatum. He dared any blankety-blank, so-and-so to rehoist that sign. No one did.

The sign was carried aside and placed in a horizontal position against the side wall of the saloon. It was still there when Paradise folded up; it was there when the old saloon was razed; it was still there a few years ago, lying broadside on the ground, minus its colorful paint. It bore no resemblance to the thing it once represented. Today it is all that remains of the Cowboy Saloon. Old-timers laugh and relate the story of its short-lived glory.

Another favorite of old-timers of Para-

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Paradise residents celebrate a neighbor's birthday party.

dise concerns a gambler named Slivers. Slivers was known to possess both a clever mind and ingenious fingers, especially when a big pot was boiling. Frequently, too frequently for the comfort of his opponents, Slivers left the gaming table with their money.

One night following a winning streak, Slivers started homeward with his roll. It was black dark that night, and alongside the trail was a lonely stretch of desert rife with mesquite. Slivers trudged along with his hands in his pockets. As he was passing the stretch of mesquite, two men stepped from the bushes and ordered him to "Stick 'em up." Slivers obeyed. With both hands high over his head, he stood stiff as a stick while the bandits searched him.

Failing to find more than a few loose coins and believing Slivers had left his roll with the saloon keeper, the men, empty handed, ducked into the bushes and disappeared in the darkness.

Slivers had recognized the voices of the men.

The following evening Slivers appeared at the gaming table as usual and laughingly related his experience. "It was dark as a stack of black cats down by them mesquites. You couldn't see your hands before your eyes. When them hombres ordered me to "stick 'em up" I didn't argue. I had my hands in my pockets and my fingers around my roll, and when I put my hands up, I jist naturally took my roll up, too. I knowed the blankety-blank fools couldn't see it in the dark. Now if they'd have called my hand, according to Hoyle, I'd have had to showed."

A dull evening in Paradise was a rare occasion. The bars catered to boisterous crowds. Red wine and amber beer sparkled in crystal goblets on every bar and the rattle of coins was audible from every gaming table. A bit of gun play on the side was always welcomed by the rough and tough miners.

Day and night were much the same in Paradise, with a few exceptions. The populace beyond East Turkey creek slumbered through the long hours of day and roused to activity with the coming of night. Red lights glowed in the windows of every brothel and laughter and mountain music alternating with discordant voices echoed from sunset till sunrise.

Over in the business section the routine seldom varied. As one crew left the mines another replaced it; so it was with the saloons—one crowd departed as another arrived—the revelry was continuous. The swinging doors were ever in motion.

If there was, by chance, an interlude of peace and quiet in the honky-tonks, it was a sure sign that excitement prevailed elsewhere. In all probability, the crowds had migrated across East Turkey creek to witness an unscheduled event such as a bout between two popular and lustful females who were settling a matter pertaining to their own little trade union; or to watch a slugging match of two irate males who vied for favor of a two-timing siren of the underworld.

Drunken brawls and heathenish orgies were common to either side of the creek and they never failed to attract an appreciative crowd.

Religious services which were held in the school house were too dull for the majority of the town's residents. A preacher arriving in Paradise realized at first sight that Satan had him bested. Such an evil community was no place for a pious man. Moving mountains would be easier than converting the sinners of Paradise.

However, the Reverend Chenonith, an old frontiersman who had made a round trip from coast to coast during the gold rush of the 49ers, accepted the parish and loyally served the good people. He was familiar with the lives of the Fourth estate which demanded his Hell's Fire and Brimstone sermons.

However, for a season a youngish minister occupied the pulpit. He used diplomacy along with his sermons. He cultivated the friendship of both sinners and saints and won their good will. Quoting Ed Epley who operated the dancehall in—or about—1903.

"It was soon after I arrived in Paradise that the young preacher arrived. He conducted services early in the evening before the dance started, then after services he would come down to my place and dance all night. There never was any trouble if the preacher was there."

The first law official in Paradise was Luke Short. Luke's term ended abruptly when he overstepped authority and shot a man—unofficially, that is. He took French leave during the night and never returned. Mart Moore, a veteran stage coach driver, replaced Luke.

Mart was a large hulk of a man and as tough as they made 'em. He wasn't the cannibalistic type who eats a man every morning for breakfast. Mart dieted on lead pellets and trigger soup, as they say in Paradise.

He had a keen eye, a long trigger finger and a walrus moustache that twitched when his temper was roused. More than one tough guy found himself as clay in Mart's hands when Mart started molding him into shape.

Before Paradise jail was built, Mart was forced to use primitive methods when handling miscreants. He didn't send them to Tombstone to play hide-and-seek with the jailer there. He was capable of running his own show.

If a man was sentenced for an offence, he was simply chained to a tree for the duration of said sentence. The same tree was a threat for a worse fate if the crime demanded it. However, it escaped the title "the hangman's tree."

After the jail was built, prisoners enjoyed the comfort of a cell. If a hard-boiled hombre was taken in custody, Mart had special accomodations for him. Bolted to the floor was a strong iron ring to which the unruly character was chained. There were no jail breaks in Paradise. When Mart jugged a prisoner, he stayed jugged.

However, Mart preferred variety to regular week-end lodgers. It irked him to play host to such characters as Todd Katy and Old Man Dorsey. He especially resented catering to Billy Bowlegs and Shorty Drew who too frequently imposed upon his hos-

(Continued on page 48)

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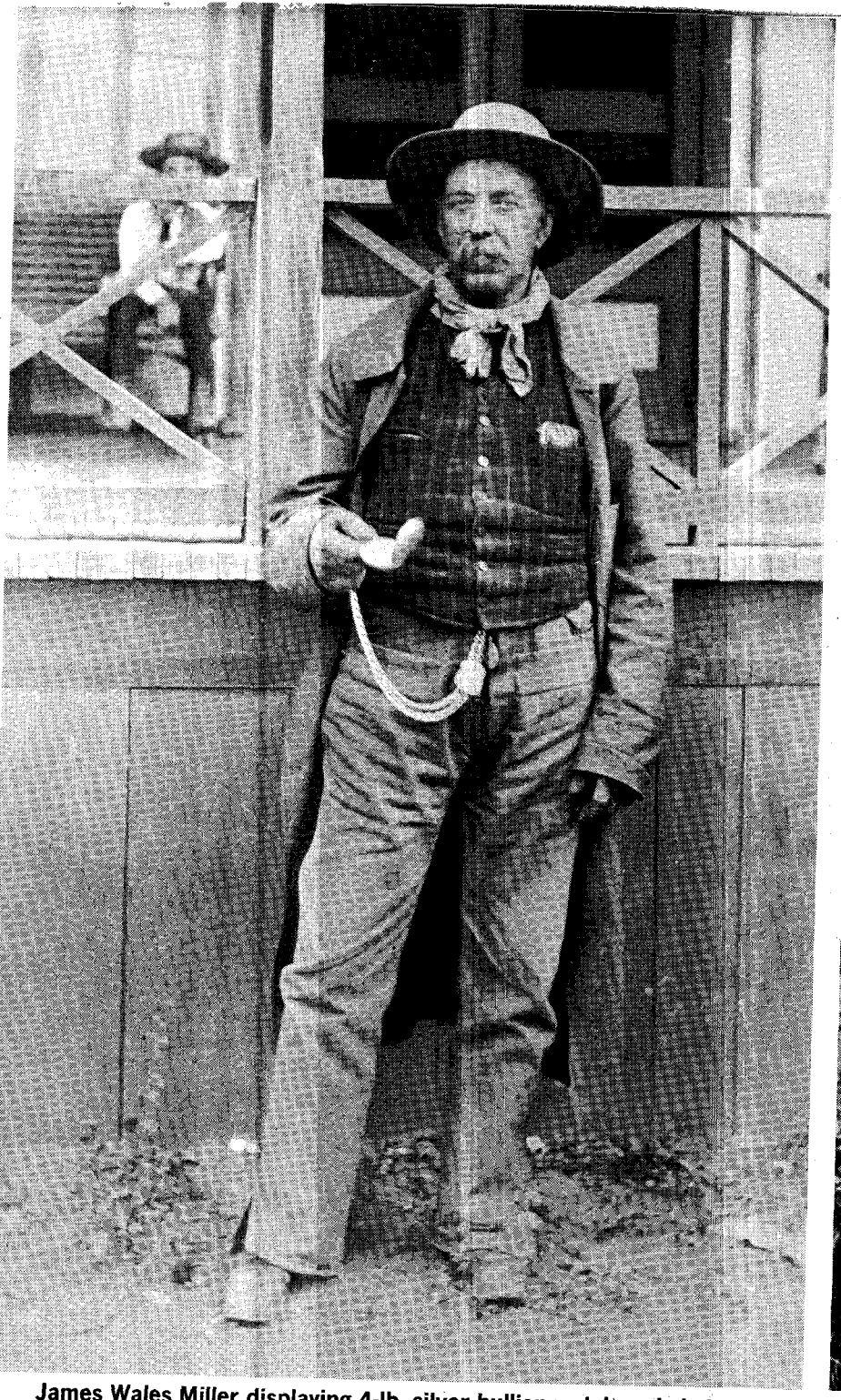
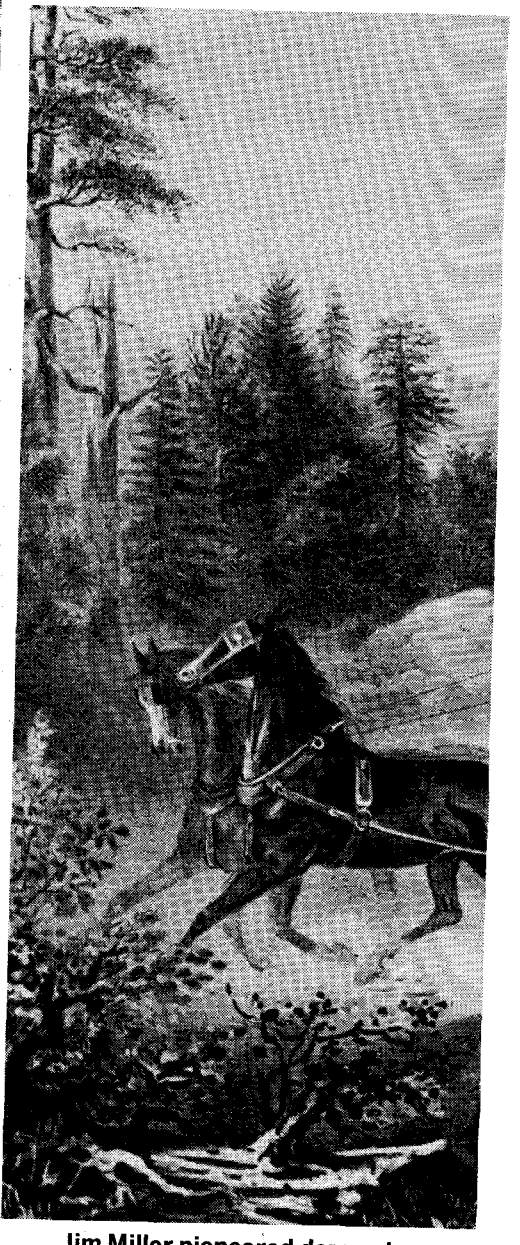


Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank Hist. Room.

James Wales Miller displaying 4-lb. silver bullion watch and chain.



Jim Miller pioneered dozen stage

For over 40 years James Wales Miller drove stage coaches over and through some of the wildest, most precipitous terrain in the world. He was the target of murderous holdup men and experienced other hair-raising adventures, but he never tipped a coach or injured a passenger...

by Ed Earl Repp

THE EMIGRANT RAVINE ROAD spinning down from the towering scarps of the Sierra Nevadas to Hangtown during California's gold rush days was no place for the chicken-hearted, either afoot, in the saddle or anywhere, for that matter! It was, and still is, a land of perpendiculars. Steep precipices and awesome abysses into which a man or animal might tumble in a fit of light headedness with never a chance of survival. Only a mountain goat or a fly could be at home on any of a hundred frontier trails skirting the perilous High Sierras.

The Emigrant Ravine Road, referred to frequently as the Placerville Road (Hangtown of old) was probably the worst of the network of emigrant trails carved from solid granite by daring pioneers in search of gold, land, freedom and independence. Strong men trembled when they encoun-

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OF THE JERKLINES

Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank Hist. Room.

coach lines in the Sacramento Valley and Sierra Nevadas; he was one of first over terrifying Hangdown Road.

tered it with their pack animals. Indians avoided it like poison and took a longer trail over the Sierra humps and saddlebacks. Yet, Hangtown was a golden magnet for the '49ers and Hell's Highway offered the only established route into it, winding like a snake along the almost sheer Echo Summit.

Far below the American River slithered through the canyon like a silver thread —two to three thousand feet almost straight down. A wagon's wheel hubs scraped the perpendicular bank on one side while the tire irons cleared the shoulder of the abyss beyond by less than an inch on many stretches, never more than a foot at most. Trail hardened mules snorted and balked when confronted with a sudden departure from a wooded meadow onto the narrow, awesome road.

If the packers failed to realize one misstep on a loose rock meant death, the animals were well aware of it. They had to be choused forward by brute force. Once on the terrible trail many of them balked and in dumping their loads lost their footing, spiraling over the cliff to eternity, not infrequently taking a drover or two with them.

From Echo Summit it was often said that the town of Hangtown looked so small a Jehu could spit on it and drown the whole population!

It was a spine-cracking journey to go by Concord coach from Sacramento to Hangtown, an experience akin to flying through space to the moon for the hardy miners eager to reach the gold diggings in the quickest possible time.

There is no record available of the first stage driver to take a coach over the dread road. But it held no terrors for him who might have been the first knight of the leather ribbons to negotiate it—James Wales Miller. For more than forty years he drove stage throughout the Sierra Nevadas up and down and across from the Sacramento Valley garden of Eden to the sunbaked desertlands of the Humboldt and Carson Sinks, in Nevada.

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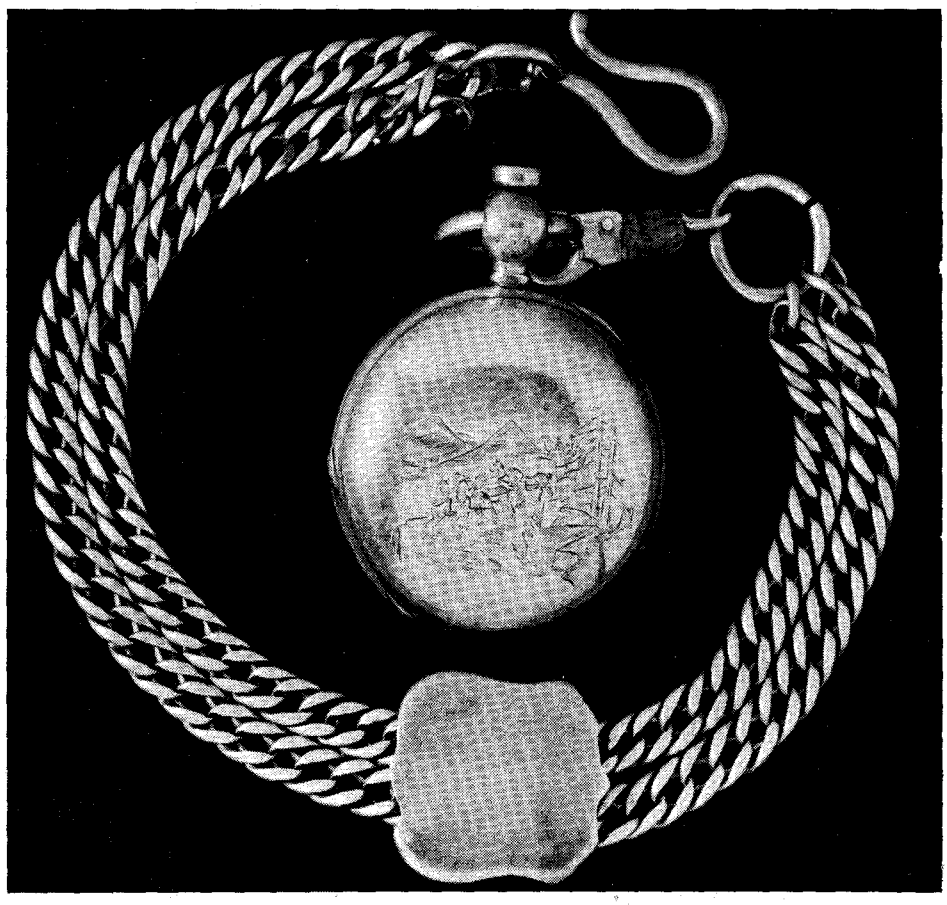
Photo: Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank Hist. Room.



Close-up of huge silver watch and chain presented by Wells Fargo Co.

Barring none, Jim Miller was considered the most intrepid expert of jerkline travel long before ribbons of steel were laid in the West to place the leather variety on the retirement list. It was a distinct pleasure to locate his complete history on record in the Wells Fargo History Room in San Francisco. A remarkable history indeed, glittering with many facets of frontier life, its codes and its ambitions, tragedies and hard-won accomplishments. He holds a most prominent display section in the famous Room of Early American History in the West, so high in regard is he held by Wells Fargo and all who knew him prior to his death, October 5th, 1908, in San Francisco.

A man without fear—a man with nerves of steel and dedicated to duty. Jim Miller, during his stage driving career, encountered some of the worst road agents and outlaws engaged in the alleged art of plundering wherever gold was to be had for the taking. Stage coaches in those days, transporting golden wealth from the mines to the mints, were the constant targets of such as Joaquin Murietta, Dr. Thomas J. Hodges (alias Tom Bell, who staged "The Boldest Robbery Ever Chronicled"), John Sontag, Chris Evans, Charles E. Bolton (alias Black Bart), Jim Weber, Charley Jack and scores of lesser characters of the Owlhoot fraternity.

Jim Miller was associated most actively with one of the toughest, most precarious occupations which accompanied the building of the West, that of transportation around which centered more romance and adventure than in any other branch of American development and national life. His was a career of hair-raising and flesh-creeping experiences while handling the reins, or building an empire with a virtual network of stage lines.

When he tooled his Concord onto the Hangtown Road for the first time, a sudden silence hit the six passengers in the coach and the four seated on top. The shotgun guard seated next to Jim Miller swallowed his chaw of Bullwhacker's Twist, gulped a couple of times and pulled his floppy black hat down over his eyes to hide the awful 3000-foot drop staring him in the face. A man riding the roof abruptly vomited—into the wind—and was cursed a blue streak by those near him for his thoughtlessness.

Passenger eyes bugged at the abyss below. Stomachs crawled. One man, according to Miller's tales told later to loungers around the Wells Fargo office on Montgomery Street in old San Francisco, fell to his knees and prayed for deliverance from certain death while the coach lurched around a hairpin turn and its rear wheels slid dangerously over the edge of the precipice. He then drained a quart bottle of Busthead Whiskey and completely passed out with a look of serenity masking his face, or, as some thought, a look of a man who had made his Final Peace. (Jim was unaware of it then, but the man was later identified as Deacon "Deke" Morris, a pimp and prostitution promotor enroute to Hangtown to establish a string of bawdy houses for a San Francisco madame. Deke was to be hanged in Hangtown, along with scores of other undesirables, giving the town its name.)

To Jim Miller the great heights, the sheerness of the canyon drop, the narrowness of the road, the steep dips and spine-jerking rises, all were in the day's work. If he had any fear at all there was no hint of it in his half-smiling face. He was the living image of perfect self control as he expertly tooled the plunging coach at a fast clip toward his destination—Hangtown.

With one booted foot riding the brake shaft locked tightly in its steel stirrup, his strong fingers cleaving expertly to the leather ribbons between them, he masterfully guided the teamed equines, racing ahead as if they were puppets on a string.

Several times a lead horse shook his head and glanced back at him. He noted the whites of the animal's bulging eyes and knew there was fear in the powerful horse's great heart. In a soft voice that could scarcely be heard above the clatter of chains and tire irons, the drum of pounding hooves, and the dull thump of the coach bouncing upon leather springs beneath, he reassured the horses. When their ears swept back on the approach of a sharp turn, he understood they more than ever sensed danger. Again he would speak softly and his foot would lay a bit heavier on the brakes. His only concern was the possibility of a mule train on the road ahead, hidden by some tortuous turn.

He knew that sounds carried far in these mountains. The muleteers would hear the approach of the stage coach long before it bore down upon them. If there was the slightest room for passage, they would take it, hugging the steep mountain, or inner, side of the road—away from the canyon!

Then it happened! It happened with a suddenness that turned every passenger's stomach in the coach, and did not omit that of the shotgun rider. The coach hit Ghost Hill Curve and there dead ahead was a string of forty mules, each laden down with three hundred pounds of provisions and other freight for the Hangtown miners. Shotgun guard Slim Yaeger let out a bellow and grabbed for a handhold. His sawed-off fell into the well. One hammer struck the whiffle and blew off a charge of buckshot that almost severed one of Jim Miller's leather reins, so close to his hand that the slugs burned him slightly. There was a jolt as the teams leaped ahead, snapping the necks of the frightened passengers.

Jim Miller said nothing. There were no recriminations. It had been accidental and he knew anything could happen on a road like this one. Before the severed ribbon could part completely he set the brake up a notch, stood erect and leaned

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Photo: Courtesy Bancroft Libr. Univ. of Calif.

Is this for real? Jim faced many road agents, remained unscathed.

forward. With a sweep of his arm he gathered in the tattered leather ribbon and held it in a firm grip. A shower of small stones arose from the sliding hooves of the teams. The rear wheels slid to the edge of the precipice. A chorus of terrified yells went up from the stage coach. Jim was already releasing the brake. The coach straightened out with the gentleness of a rubber-tired hearse. The muleteers stood frozen in their tracks up ahead. Miller knew mules. He saw them hug the high slope. But there was little need, for his firm hands on the reins brought the teams to a plunging halt.

Jim Miller tipped his hat to the muleteers and guided his rig past the mules at a jogging gait, the off wheels of the coach clinging almost by the spokes to the canyon edge. Not a mule was lost, not a pack bucked off. The bright red Concord suffered not a single scratch. The passengers were aware at that moment they were in expert hands. They also knew that Jim Miller had a schedule to meet. And he was meeting it with punctuality and in full command of every emergency. One thing certain, all aboard were aware that they had had the ride of a lifetime when they reached Hangtown. The trip was the topic of conversation for months thereafter, and the fame of Jim Miller as a competent stage driver became as firmly rooted as the mountains he conquered.

Today the Hangtown Road is known as Highway 50, winding down to Placerville (Hangtown) much as it did in the early 1850's. Citizens of the central gold mining regions pinned hopes on a State Wagon Road authorized by Congress. It was thought by the authorities as being too tough to tackle. When Colonel Jared B. Crandall, operator of the Pioneer Stage Line to Hangtown learned of this he invited the commissioners to a free ride for inspection. He loaded a six-horse Concord with politicians who looked upon the Wagon Road with jaundiced eyes and headed up the Placerville Road on June 11, 1857.

There was a glitter of delight in the colonel's eyes when he watched Jim Miller take the driver's seat. He walked up close to Jim and simply said: "Don't spare the horses, Jim!" His sly wink was all that Miller needed to show the commissioners how desperately a wider, safer road was needed.

History fails to record the condition of the visiting dignitaries when they arrived at Folsom, their destination. But Miller, with a laugh, tipped off the loungers at the stage station there when he said:

"It was a long time after we got off the Hangtown Road that any of 'em was able to speak."

For politicians to be struck dumb and speechless was somewhat of a miracle.

The Hangtown Road still remained a spine-cracking trail. The "Whip" as Miller was often called, pioneered a similar, if not worse, "road"—the Beckwourth Pass route (now Highway 70) from Oroville to Rich Bar, so vividly described in Dame Shirley's Letters as the most dangerous, death-defying trail on earth, where only a mosquito or a fly could cling with any measure of safety.

(The writer can give some choicer, more graphic words to describe the route, for he lives almost alongside of it, but none of them would be of a complimentary nature).

One would believe that Jim Miller had already used up a lot of his luck, but it seemed he had plenty to spare. His job was certainly one to separate the men from the boys. Few history buffs today

(Continued on page 56)

Photo: Courtesy Harolds Club, Reno.

Old Hangtown strung up a man every morning before breakfast.

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CHOCTAW BILL ROBINSON

(Continued from page 6)

took up residence in Rusk County. A few years afterward he was ordained in the Baptist ministry and added the rigors of frontier missionary junkets to his activities as family man, farmer, stockman, and business man. Six more children born in Texas swelled the Robinson brood to 14.

As soon as an area began to be settled, Bill Robinson longed for the unsettled regions beyond. Texas was big enough to satisfy his need and he left his mark across the state.

He preached the first sermon in many communities and organized numerous churches. During the Civil War he furnished the Confederate Army with beef at Fort Belknap. Among Robinson's firsts was the raising of the first crop of corn by a white man in the Paluxy Valley and serving as the first postmaster in the community of Paluxy. He assisted in organizing Johnson and Erath Counties and operated a sawmill in Comanche County, where he was reputed to be the only one of Hazel Dell's first 10 citizens not to die with his boots on!

An incisive picture of Rev. Robinson's activities is provided by the following letter he wrote to the association for old ministers during his declining years. The appeal for aid indicates the prosperity of his earlier years had somehow diminished in the course of years of traveling and preaching without renumeration. Church historians confirm that he did not receive any salary for his missionary work.

> "I am 81 years old, and from North Carolina. I have been preaching forty-one years and have baptized thousands of persons, and many come in by letter, and many churches and Sunday Schools organized. I have preached in other states, but mainly in Texas, all the way from Red River to the Rio Grande, speaking over twenty-odd counties, keeping mainly along the frontiers. I have preached often with two six-shooters belted around me, and on my travels the Indians have killed people before me and behind me and all around me; but yet the Lord has always been with me and blest my labors. Now I am old and very feeble and no finances, and no home. I live in camps and under a tent near by a poor son. Most all my work has been done along the frontier at my own expense. Help me what you can."

In areas distant from organized churches frontiersmen depended on the itinerant preacher to meet their spiritual needs and to perform baptismal, marriage, and funeral rights. In order to serve, Robinson traveled the hazardous frontiers of Texas by mule and by cowpony, armed with the Scriptures, two pistols, a rifle, and a lariat. No trail was too arduous, no cabin too remote. Scattered settlers, encamped cowboys, soldiers, and Indians—these were his congregations.

A state historical marker commemorates the spot where "Choctaw" Bill Robinson often preached his rousing sermons. He often propped up his rifle in the crook of the forked oak tree behind the historical marker.

Bill Robinson was a natural for his calling—a man of tremendous vitality, tall, dark, bearded, and highly articulate in the vernacular of the frontier. His language was salted with homely figures of speech drawn from life around him, and his caustic comments could squelch the hardiest adversary who disagreed with his views. He was a man of uncompromising convictions, immense faith, and simple courage.

The length of Brother Robinson's ser-

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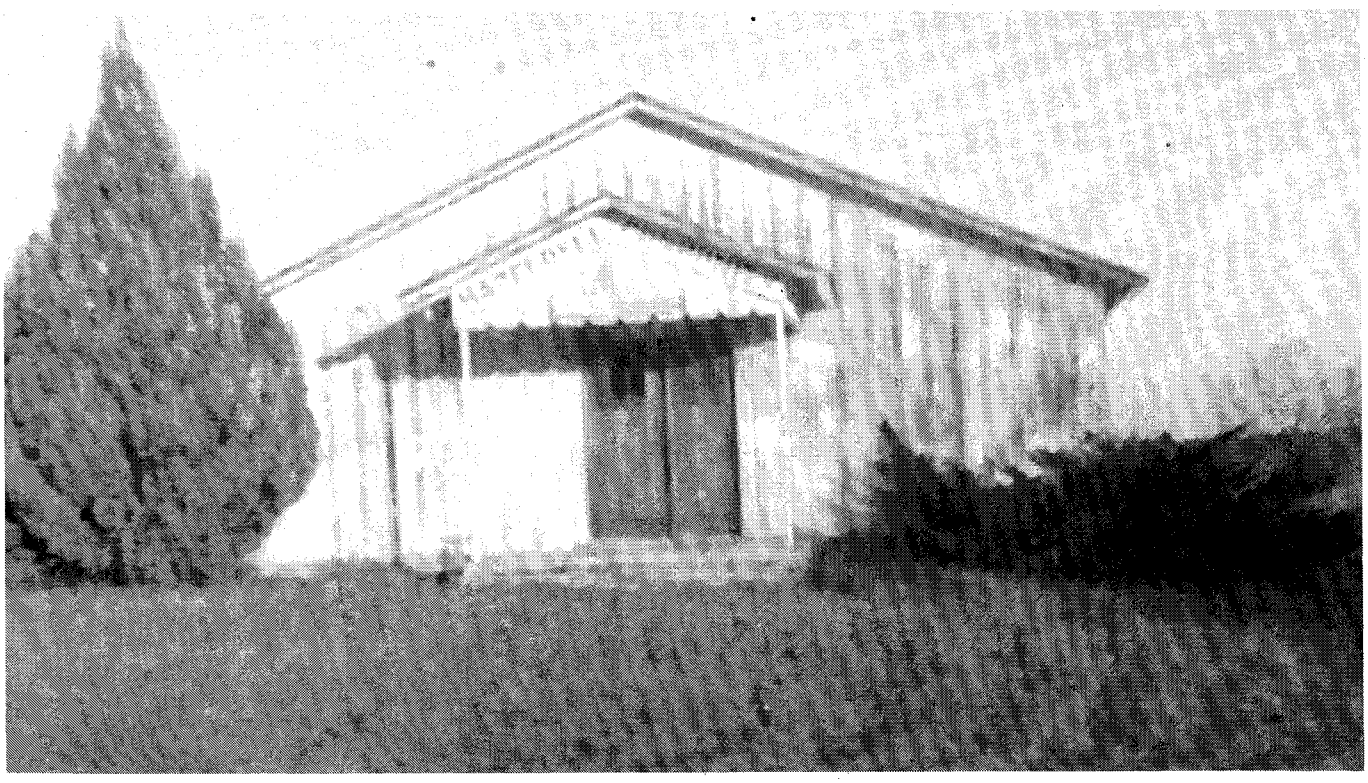

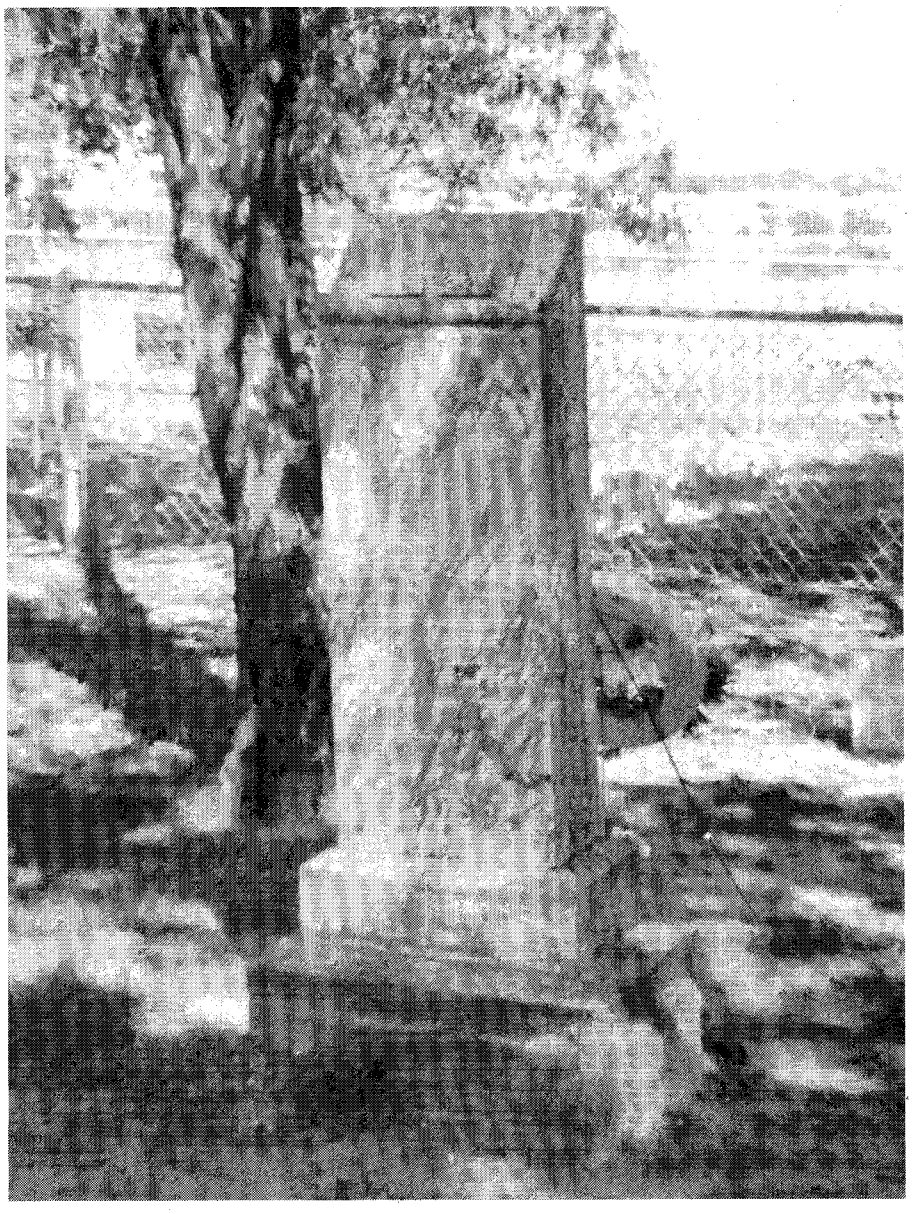

Only a community center facing an isolated farm road (above) remains today in Hazel Dell. Robinson's remains rest in Baggett Cemetery (right), but it is difficult to think of the rip-roaring servant of the Lord as being at rest.

mons was notorious. It was not unusual for him to preach for three or four hours once he had an audience. One of these lengthy sermons resulted in the nickname by which he was familiarly known.

The incident occurred while he was preaching to soldiers at Camp Colorado in Coleman County. Included in the congregation was a band of Choctaw Indians camped nearby. Long before the preacher concluded, the Indians rose and filed out one by one. Upon being asked the following day what he thought of the service, the chief commented, "Ugh! White man lie! Him talk too long!" From then on Robinson was "Choctaw Bill."

The following incident illustrates Robinson's character well.

One day he rode into a tough settlement where he was unknown and announced a religious service. A group of hecklers in the community had made it a point to break up all previous attempts to hold a service, so an audience gathered in the expectation of seeing the stranger run out of town as usual. They had not reckoned on the persuasiveness and determination of Bill Robinson. Propping his rifle against a jerry-rigged pulpit and placing a loaded six-shooter on either side of his open Bible, this

(Continued on page 46)

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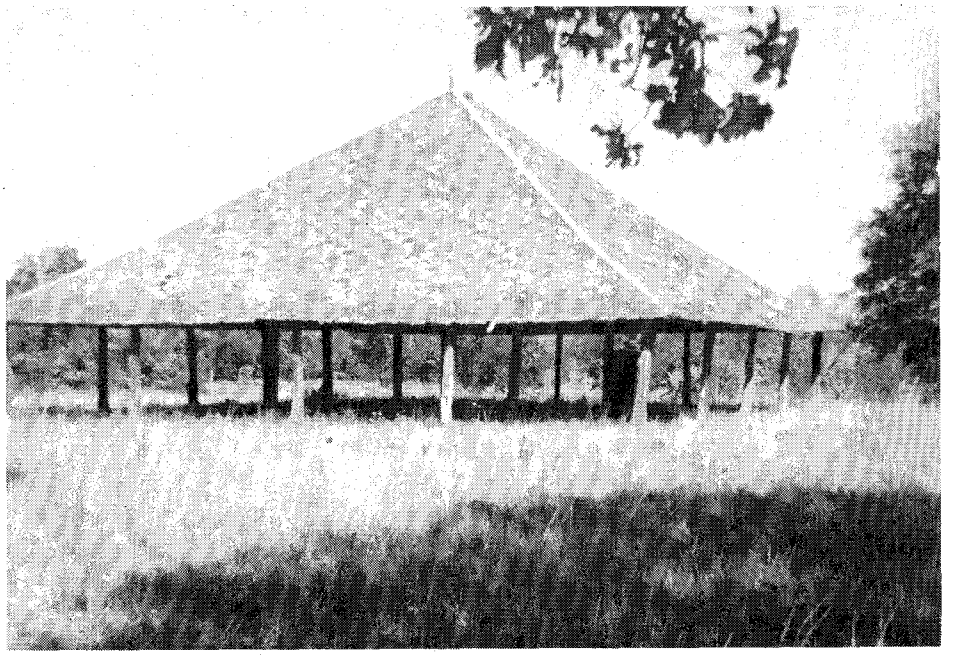
"CHOCTAW" BILL ROBINSON

(Continued from page 45)



An annual Bill Robinson reunion is held on the grounds of the Baggett County Church in Comanche County.

towering soldier of Gospel warfare stared down the crowd and announced that he was there to preach by the grace of God and his trusty rifle. He then proceeded to deliver his sermon.

Choctaw Bill never passed up an opportunity to sharpen his tongue against members of other denominations, or for that matter, against anyone who was not in agreement with his brand of religion. Asked once why he always kept so many hound dogs around him, he replied, "I keep 'em to tree Campbellites so I can preach to them!"

He once dressed down a congregation as "tender-toed coyotes" and another time brushed off a challenge to debate doctrine with a controversialist by saying, "Humph! I am engaged in a bear hunt and have no time for skunks."

Taking advantage of the presence in the same community of a Methodist preacher named Peter Gravis, Robinson whetted his adversary's curiosity by announcing he would preach the devil's funeral. When he spotted Gravis in the audience, Robinson referred to his promise to preach the devil's funeral. Then pointing to the Methodist, he added, "Since he is not dead and is present today, I will wait until a later date!"

Probably the best known Robinson anecdote is the branding iron story.

The preacher stopped at the well of a Methodist neighbor and baited her by sprinkling his horse's head with a handful of water while they chatted. When she asked why he was doing that, Robinson replied that he had as much scriptural authority to sprinkle horses as Methodists had to sprinkle babies. Defensively, the Methodist lady cited a doctrinal argument that the swiftness and steep banks of the Jordan would have made it impossible for John to immerse Jesus.

Choctaw Bill allowed that there was one thing he wanted to know.

"How long was the gourd handle John used to dip the water to sprinkle Jesus with?"

"Just about as long as the handle of the branding iron you branded my bull yearling with!" the neighbor exploded.

Without a comeback for once, cattleman Robinson laughed and rode on.

When the time came for Choctaw Bill to retire from the strenuous demands of missionary preaching, he chose to settle in Comanche County in Hazel Dell, the community noted for a citizenry which died with its boots on. In the toughest settlement in central Texas he continued to preach, choosing a shady site opposite the saloon, post office, and store.

No vestige of Hazel Dell remains today except a community center facing an isolated farm road, but the Choctaw Robinson Tree still thrives. A state historical marker commemorates the spot where he often preached, and visitors can close their eyes and imagine the rifle he was wont to prop in the crotch of the forked live oak.

Other memorials to Robinson also survive. One is a small peak in Coleman County that bears his name because on

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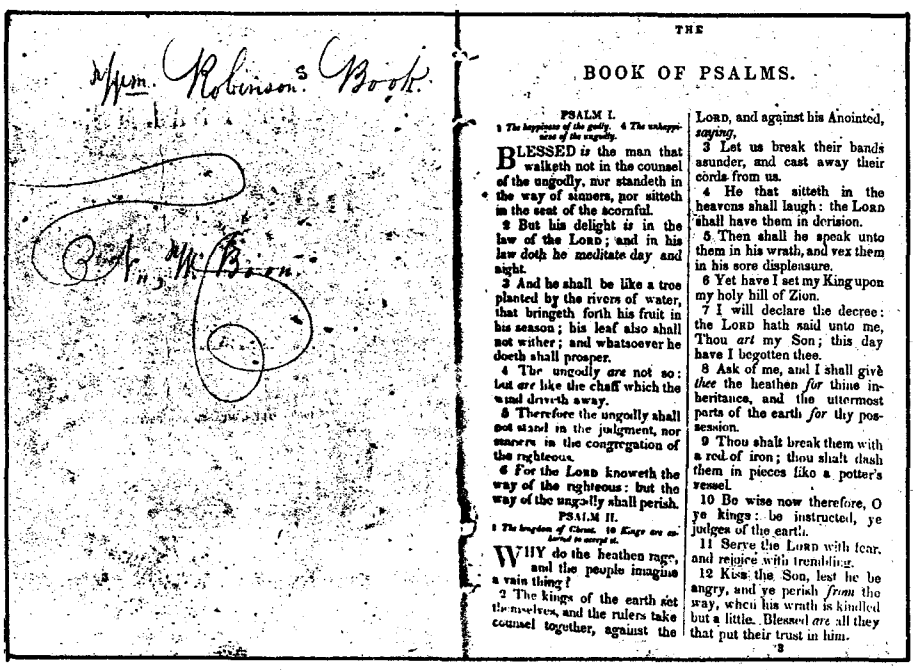

Wm. Robinson's Book.

THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM I.

1 The happiness of the godly. 4 The unhappiness of the ungodly.

BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight *is* in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly *are* not so: but *are* like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM II.

1 The kingdom of Christ. 10 Kings are admonished to accept it.

WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his Anointed, *saying*,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the LORD shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the LORD with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish *from* the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed *are* all they that put their trust in him.

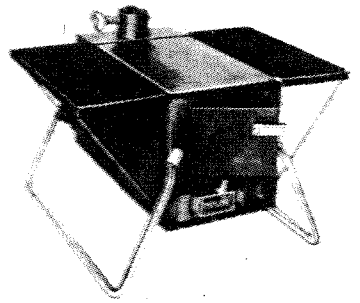
3

The Book of Psalms that belonged to Robinson is housed in the rare books room at Howard Payne College. On the flyleaf (above) is the experimental signature of his youngest child. Below: The Robinson tree still stands.

its summit he once shot a bear. Robinson's old deerskin-covered New Testament and Book of Psalms are housed in the Rare Books Room of the Walker Memorial Library, Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Texas. The Book of Psalms bears the notation in fancy script, "Wm. Robinsons Book." On the flyleaf is the experimental signature of the youngest Robinson child. Annually descendents gather at Baggett Creek Church, originally organized by Robinson, to hold the "Choctaw Bill Robinson Reunion."

A man of tireless energy and eloquent persuasion, Choctaw Bill Robinson fought and won many battles for the Master. He devoted his life to organizing churches to serve the expanding community of settlers, helping with community organization of public affairs, founding a line of substantial citizens, and contributing to the frontier economy. Such is the role of those who built the West. ●

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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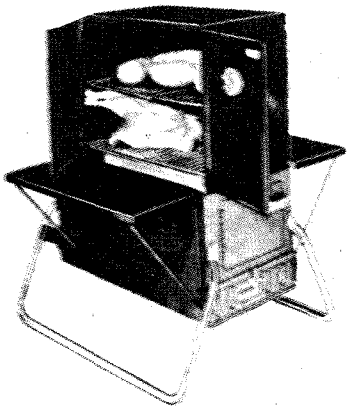

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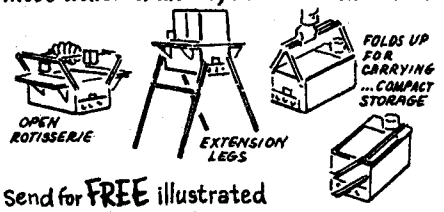

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TALES OF PARADISE

(Continued from page 39)

pitality. Once when Shorty and Billy requested a special favor, Mart vehemently announced that he *wan't running a hotel.*

Billy and Shorty, two "bureaucrats" with unsatiable appetites for hard liquor were almost inseparable pals when sober, but after a few too many drinks they invariably became violent and engaged in fighting, each determined to exterminate tne other. Mart, always on hand to quell trouble before it reached the dangerous stage, would interfere and drag the pugilists off to the cooler to sober up.

Billy and Shorty, who were barroom jesters, argued that the word "jail" was not complimentary to a small town bearing such an Utopian name as Paradise. It should, they thought, be changed to something more dignified. They suggested renaming the jail, "Mart Moore's Hotel."

Dances were held regularly over the weekend in Paradise. Upon one occasion the musicians failed to show up. Just when it seemed that the dance would have to be called off, someone recalled that Shorty and Billy were musicians of a sort—one could play a guitar and the other was handy with a fiddle. But Shorty and Billy were in the lockup just then and not available.

Several fellows put their heads together and decided upon an idea. They elected two of the crowd to hunt up Mart and proposition him.

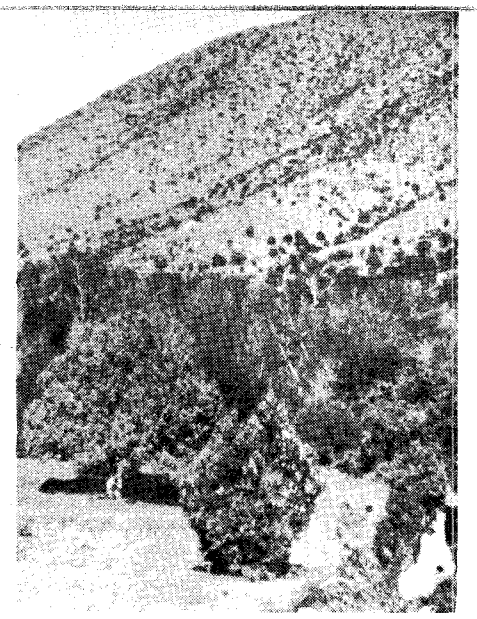
Finding Mart in an amicable mood the spokesman began persuasively, "Well, now, see here, Jedge. The dance hall is packed and the folks want to dance, but we ain't got any music. We allowed, seeing that Shorty and Billy ain't doin' anything particular tonight, we might be able to borrow them to play for the dance. We'll take full responsibility, and after the dance we'll return them to your custody."

For once Mart varied from his rigid routine and lent his prisoners. It was broad daylight when the dance ended. Both Billy and Shorty were now plumb sober. However, their custodians were duty bound to return them to Mart. At the same time they felt that Billy and Shorty deserved remuneration for services rendered. If Mart was still in a good mood, maybe they could inveigle him into paroling the prisoners.

"Mornin' Jedge," each of the men, including Billy and Shorty, greeted with unusual politeness.

Then the spokesman braced Mart Moore. "Wal, Jedge, according to our previous agreement, we have returned your prisoners. But seeing as Shorty and Billy are plumb sober and peaceful we thought maybe you'd consider suspending their sentences. They done a whackin' good job playing for the dance and we feel we owe them something."

Mart's leg cut a half circle in the air and his number elevens hit the floor with a bang. He threw his cigar at the wall and spat after it. Then his walrus moustache began to twitch and he bared his fangs.



This trail winds along Turkey Creek; note rugged country.

"I said ten days in jail and when I say ten days I mean just that." He tossed in some strong cuss words for emphasis and continued, "First you ask me to loan you my prisoners; now you have the gall to ask me to turn them free. Where do you think you are—in Tombstone where they jail a man one day and turn him out the next? No sir, this is Paradise. And these soaks are going to serve their time. I ain't deductin' a minute because they played for your danged old dance." With that Mart shoved Billy and Shorty into a cell, turned the key and strode out.

After Mart had gone Shorty said to Billy, "So this is Paradise! Well, it's the first time I ever knew that St. Peter had a walrus moustache."

W. K. Morrow was among the first settlers of Paradise. He arrived there Nov., 1903, leaving his family to come later. He built a lumber house and lived in the rear rooms. In the front he opened a butcher shop. Later, when his family joined him and his business had expanded, he built a spacious adobe structure for his shop. However, after a few torrential rains the adobes began to melt. One day, without warning, the walls entirely collapsed, completely ruining his stock.

Mr. Morrow then built his third shop. This time he used pressed steel and insulated it on three sides with sawdust. A sturdy plate glass show window occupied the frontage. In his new shop he added a variety of merchandise, including fruits, produce, newspapers and magazines. Real town-like.

Another structure worthy of mention which met with an untimely end was the Paradise printing shop. Paradise proudly published a paper that was rated best in the State of Arizona. The building wasn't a pretentious structure, nor was it befitting the reputation of the *Paradise Press*. It was a make-shift affair of sandpaper and clapboards, with a shed porch that shaded the sandy sidewalk. It wasn't a bad place to lounge in the heat of the day.

It loyally served its purpose until one day a cowboy rode into town and hitched his horse to a corner porch post and went up the street. Shortly a brawl started in one of the saloons near by and ended in a shooting match in the street. Bullets whizzed uncomfortably close to the cowboy's horse, which, frightened, reared and plunged until the porch post yielded to force. Horse, porch post and a portion of the roof vanished in the bushes. The printing shop folded up, never again to rise.

The printing equipment was eventually sold to realtors in San Simon and a shop there published a paper known as the *Artesian* Belt. Later this publication was discontinued and the equipment was sold to a Bowie concern which operated a job printing establishment. Later the equipment was sold to Mr. Beverly, who published the *Range News*, a Willcox weekly. The old presses and other parts eventually found a permanent home.

Paradise in her heyday saw fires, fights and floods. If Old Frank Barfield were living today, he'd relate an experience that nearly cost him his life.

Frank, a pioneer freighter, had lived many years before Paradise appeared on the map. Aged, decrepit, badly crippled with rheumatism, his fingers bent and stiff, his knees like mesquite knots, Frank hobbled about with a cane. Despite disabilities he managed to make a living hauling freight between Paradise and Rodeo. During his leisure time he sat on the stoop of his cabin sunning himself and dozing fitfully.

Frank's cabin was located close to the banks of East Turkey Creek. Just a short walk from the rear door of his cabin was his corral in which he kept his two plugs, Skeeter and Old Roan. Old Roan was Frank's favorite. Like Frank he had seen better days. Thus, while Frank sat on his doorstep, Old Roan drowsed in the corral.

This eventful day, it had stormed in the mountains, but Paradise had received only a shower. Suddenly a terrific burst of thunder shook the hills. Frank noticed the mountains were shrouded in mist, then his ears quickened at a roaring sound. The mist was rolling down the mountainside. Mist! It wasn't mist, it was a huge roller of water.

Frank grabbed his cane and started to flee. In a few minutes Turkey Creek would be a veritable rough sea and in all probability his shack would be riding the roller.

Frank glanced over his shoulder and saw his two faithful horses in the corral. He couldn't leave them trapped. Not Old Roan. He turned back, and despite his stiff joints he reached the corral. Already it was flooded.

He clung to a post with one hand and managed to open the corral gate with the

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other. Skeeter plunged out, splashing through water knee deep. Old Roan followed a few steps behind. Just as Old Roan passed through the gate another roller arrived, knocking Frank down. Frank grabbed Old Roan's tail. With his gnarled fingers entangled in the brush of Old Roan's tail, Frank hung on. The water was now belly-deep to the horses. Old Roan started swimming. Quoting Frank, "I wouldn't swear Old Roan was swimming, but he was keeping afloat. He towed me to high land and all the time I was shouting. 'Thata boy, Roan; thata boy.'"

There are few Arizonians who haven't heard of Rube Hadden. For more than twenty years Rube was next door neighbor to Paradise, which hadn't as yet made its appearance. Rube was the first to settle in Galeyville and the last to leave it. When Paradise came into being he moved into a cabin at the edge of the new mining camp.

Rube was the local weather prophet, but more often than not not his predictions failed to materialize. However, he always managed to wriggle out of a pinch by taking a wide berth.

Once when Dan Mosely called Rube's attention to a miscalculation of rain, Rube replied, "It ain't no tellin' when the rains will come, Dan. According to the signs, we are edging into another twenty-year drought. This isn't the first one I've seen. They come in cycles. We've had several during the past couple centuries."

That evening Dan relayed the news to the crowd in the Cockatoo saloon. "Rube says we are edging into a twenty-year drought. Seems he's seen three or four such droughts during the past two centuries." The ensuing laughter was unusually gentle for that crowd.

Rube, just on the sunny side of ninety, had lived through the reign of Curly Bill, and he'd survived more Indian skirmishes and more hardships than the majority of frontiersmen. There was no doubt he had lived through a few short droughts.

L. H. Scanland was another outstanding resident of Paradise. His name still lives on, as Scanland Spring was named for him.

After all it seems Paradise did possess some heavenly virtues.

The end of prosperity came to Paradise with the panic of 1907, when the price of copper dropped from twenty-five cents to nine cents per pound. It was high noon one day when the mine whistle sounded the death knell. The Chiricahua Development Company had closed down. Immediately it pulled up stakes and left Paradise to shift for itself.

When the mines closed down, all business establishments closed their doors, the miners moved on. One by one the residents drifted away, and soon Paradise became a ghost town with less than a score of families, including the Epleys, the Potters, John Hancock, Carson and Ralph (Mutt) Morrow and Rube Haddon.

Carson and "Mutt" Morrow moved a few miles deeper in the hills. Carson took the job of U.S. Border patrolman while Ralph (Mutt) served as game warden.

The population of Paradise had dropped to two when I. Issacson, of Portal, a neighboring hamlet, moved over to Paradise and bought the old jail property. Ike remodeled the old jail and today it has become a lovely home. Slowly newcomers began to drift into Paradise and the population rose to nine permanent residents. Part-time residents have bought homes and spend their summer vacations in Paradise. Where once stood Mr. Epley's dancehall, today is a small picnic ground conveniently equipped for trailerites. During the summer it teems with campers.

Among the newcomers who have built lovely homes are Mr. and Mrs. Walker, scientists. Mrs. Walker is a native of London, England and Mr. Walker hails from Ohio. They are engaged in catching snakes which they ship to laboratories in various parts of the world.

With new homes being erected, and old cottages undergoing remodeling, Paradise again has a bright and hopeful future. It still has far to go to bear any resemblance to a town, rising as it does amid many deteriorating cottages and old foundations scattered at random on the rugged terrain. However, the spectacular scenery makes up for all its shortcomings.

Today if one should cross East Turkey Creek and follow the little path through a jungle of mesquite and catclaw, and lesser growth, and climb the rugged slope, he would eventually arrive at "Mart Moore's Hotel" which now is a lovely residence—the home of I. Isaacson.

Surrounded by lofty mountains and shaded by wide spreading branches of gnarled old trees, Paradise peacefully reposes in her little canyon.

At dawn one may see a lovely doe and a tiny fawn tripping down the trail to the riffles of East Turkey Creek, or a handsome antlered monarch and several of his species grazing on the hillside behind the old postoffice. Like shadows they move about in the growth; like mirages they vanish at one's approach. The old hills teem with wildlife.

Comes sunset, the hour of enchantment; silence reigns and the world seems to stand still. As night edges in the nocturnal creatures steal from their lairs to search for food or romance in the moonlight. Then our feathered and furred creatures render their nightly serenade. The bray of a wandering burro, the howls of meandering coyotes, the hoot of the old owl who nests in the big trees on the picnic grounds and the scream of a night hawk provide variety. Here, blest by nature, Paradise peacefully slumbers, and in her dreams she relives the good old days. ●

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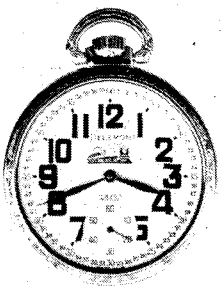

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SAGA OF THE OREGON TRAIL

(Continued from page 27)

lively, beguiling strains of "Oh Susannah."

Through the magic of words the venerable pioneer presented the epochal significance of the old trail and his listeners had no trouble visualizing the long winding wagon trains moving slowly toward destiny, always keeping pace with the majestic stride of a nation.

Ezra Meeker was born in Ohio. When he grew up he married Eliza Jane Summer, a farmer's daughter in his community. He determined to take his bride and establish a home in the West. In 1851, he and Eliza drove to Iowa in an ox-drawn covered wagon. On reaching that state they found that most of the good farming land had been taken. But Ezra Meeker held on to his dream of a home in the West and when spring clothed the hillsides and valleys in new, green growth he and his wife and baby son set forth again in a covered wagon headed West. They joined an immigrant wagon train starting out from Independence, Missouri.

The journey into the then little known territory was agonizingly slow and danger and hardship were ever present. But to Ezra Meeker, it was a pleasant adventure. He loved every toilsome mile of the trek, even though the wagon train was on the road until autumn. Twice he guided the big cumbersome vehicle through the tricky and dangerous waters of the Snake River. He cherished the memories of the trip long after it was ended and often recalled the incidents of his long overland journey.

When at last the wagon train reached the end of the trail, Ezra Meeker established a home on McNeil Island in Puget Sound. Sometime later he moved to Puyallup in Washington Territory. He built the first log cabin in the new settlement. And he settled down to farming, raising grain and hops. He prospered in his chosen state some 50 years.

But through these busy years as the Northwest built up and the frontiers bowed before the march of civilization, Ezra Meeker's love for the old trail never diminished nor did the memory of his trip dim. He studiously delved into old records and books pertaining to the trail and his interest grew to such an extent that he determined to use the remaining years of his life in marking and perpetuating the historical pioneer trail.

At 75 he conceived the idea of backtracking the Oregon Trail. He rigged up a replica of the covered wagon which had brought his family to their new home over half a century before. He purchased unbroken oxen from the Tacoma stockyards.

When he reached Independence, Missouri, the original starting point of his first journey westward, he didn't stop

President Theodore Roosevelt met Meeker in Washington D.C. and he gave his crusade his endorsement.

but pushed on eastward toward his goal, the nation's capital, where he planned to present his idea for reviving interest in the old trail to President Theodore Roosevelt and Congress. As he guided the oxen and the wagon toward Washington, great crowds lined the road to see him and cheer him. In New York City he was photographed with his team and wagon in Wall Street. The big prairie schooner went on until Ezra Meeker drove it proudly down the streets of Washington, D.C. Eventually he shook hands with President Theodore Roosevelt, who made him welcome and gave his crusade a hearty indorsement.

Ezra Meeker's mission was a success. The country was Oregon Trail conscious. Fame had come to rest upon his shoulders but he was far from finished. He had just begun. In 1910 he made another journey east by covered wagon. In 1916 he backtracked the Oregon Trail once more, this time in a more modern vehicle, an automobile, but with a covered wagon top.

Nine years later during an aviation meet in Dayton, Ohio, a small plane zoomed down out of the west to land before the grandstand. When one of the two figures in the cockpit removed his helmet, he was instantly recognized as Ezra Meeker, 94 years old. He had made his last trip over his beloved old trail through the clouds. A few months later he passed away in his home in Washington. His mission was accomplished, for the Oregon Trail, largely through his efforts, had taken its place among the empire landmarks in the hearts of a nation. Ezra Meeker had become a legend as an overland pioneer. ●

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SATANTA

(Continued from page 19)

quarters and several guards posted around outside. All officers in charge were given careful instructions as to the actions of their men when the bugle sounded...every avenue of escape must be blocked at once in case the Indians tried to flee from the fort.

Soon it resembled a deserted post...no women or children on the streets, only a few officers pacing about.

Defiantly, Satanta repeated his statement about the wagon train to Sherman, when the conference began on the Grierson porch. However, when Satanta was told he, Satank and Big Tree would have to stand trial in Texas for the murder of the teamsters and that the Kiowas would have to reimburse Henry Warren for the mules he had lost, Satanta began to change his story.

About this time, Tonk-gooey-ah and Tsain-go-hau-gy, two Kiowa squaws, wandered aimlessly into the rear entrance of the Grierson home and found the house filled with armed soldiers. Screaming at the top of their lungs, the women tried to rush out, smashing a window in their mad haste. Everything became confusion.

Sherman was insisting the chiefs would have to go to Texas as prisoners and stand trial. Satanta jerked back his blanket and grasped a leg gun. He cried out, "I'd rather be shot!"

On orders from Sherman, the window shutters flew back and soldiers stood in the large porch windows with carbines pointed at the chiefs. A gasp went up from the surprised Kiowas.

At Sherman's signal, a bugle sounded and the huge gates of the high corral walls swung open pouring out mounted cavalry rushing to their assigned positions. Company D galloped to the east of Grierson's quarters and blocked off the road; H blocked off the road on the west; while two squads from another company swung into line in front of the white picket fence facing the veranda.

Getting over the initial shock, Kicking Bird jumped to his feet protesting. "You want to kill these chiefs. But they are Kiowas and I will not let you take them!" Staring straight at Sherman..."You and I are going to die right here."

Suddenly, Lone Wolf came riding up. Ignoring the soldiers, he slid off his pony and carried two carbines over to the veranda, tossing one of them to one chief and his pistol to another.

"Make them smoke," he asserted loudly in Kiowa, "if anything happens." Cocking his own carbine, he stared insolently at Sherman.

One of the officers present snapped an order. All of the cavalrymen raised their carbines to firing position, drawing their hammers. There was a long, tense moment of expectancy.

Satanta dropped his gun and raised his arms. He sobbed, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" There would be too many Kiowas shedding their blood if this situation was not stopped. It would settle nothing for his people.

The three chiefs—Satanta, Satank and Big Tree—were led away and fastened in chains beneath one of the barracks. The rest of the Kiowas at the post returned to their camp ...filled with anger and bitterness.

Old Satank had lost his son in an earlier raid in Texas and had taken his son's bones everywhere he went. Now the army took the bones and had them buried on the post. Receding into his shell, Satank became more gloomy and refused to eat.

"Oh sun, you remain forever, but we Kaitsenko must die," old Satank wailed. "Oh Earth, you remain forever, but we Kaitsenko must die."

It was June 8 and the three chiefs were being loaded into wagons for the long trek to Fort Richardson, in Texas. Handcuffed and leg-ironed, Satank was placed in a wagon by himself.

Lt. George K. Thurston led the cavalry escort and wagons down the hill from Fort Sill and swung out onto the road toward Texas. A Caddo named George Washington came riding alongside Satank's wagon and the old chief called out to him.

"Caddo George, tell my people I am dead...my bones will be lying beside the road. I wish them to gather them and take them home."

A few miles further, he turned his back to the guards and shucked the wrists irons, stripping flesh from his hands in the process. Jerking a knife concealed in his blanket, Satank stabbed one guard. The other one dived over the tailgate. Seizing a carbine, Satank tried to work the lever with his bloody hands. But before he could shoot, Sergeant J.B. Charlton shot him twice...the last time fatally.

The soldiers tossed old Satank into the ditch and went on their way.

At the courthouse in Jacksboro, Texas, a jury of ranchers and cowboys found Satanta and Big Tree guilty in July of 1871, and the judge promptly sentenced them to be hanged. However, the Texas governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment at Huntsville Penitentiary because of a fear of Kiowa reprisal if the chiefs were executed.

For the next two years, every entreaty toward the Kiowas by the government was met with a loud cry of "Give us back Satanta and Big Tree!" Finally, the Kiowas won out. Satanta and Big Tree were paroled, dependent on the Kiowas' good behavior. Agent Tatum protested to anyone who would listen, without effect.

He warned, "...the effect on the Kiowas of the release of Satanta—a daring and treacherous chief—was like a dark rolling cloud on the western horizon."

Tatum resigned on March 31, 1873, and Satanta walked out of Huntsville on October 6, a different man. At 43, Satanta was an old man with a surly, defiant disposition. At first he remained close to the agency. But early the next spring Lone Wolf and Quanah Parker led the Kiowas and Comanches on the warpath. They spread death and horror over five states. Satanta joined them.

There was no positive proof of Satanta's guilt, but he still had violated his parole by leaving the reservation, so he was sent back to Huntsville to finish serving out his life sentence. This time, when Satanta walked into the prison with his head bowed, he knew he would never leave there alive. The months dragged by, then a year, two, three...

Then on October 11, 1878, Satanta appeared at the dispensary and said, "Need medicine. My heart bad."

They took the tall, thin Kiowa and placed him in a ward on the second story of the hospital. Not long afterward the attendants and patients were electrified by the eerie wailing of Satanta, reciting his Kiowa death song. Outside, the guards looked up and saw Satanta poised at the window. He calmly folded his arms and plunged downward...to be dashed to death on the stony ground.

At least, no white man could place his Indian soul in a cage. It would soar with eagles over his beloved plains. ●

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MARY HARRIS

(Continued from page 25)

the war parties were killing farmers and their families, miners, travelers, teamsters—anyone in their path of vengeance. Which brings us to the story of Mrs. Mary Harris and her encounter with one of these war parties. Truly it was a nightmare experience and a classic example of the heroic fortitude of many of the frontier women.

About 9 o'clock on the following Tuesday morning, the Harris family, unaware of the massacre of the Indians two days before and the subsequent danger, was caught in the middle of the Rogue uprising of 1855, at their isolated cabin some 35 miles northwest of Jacksonville.

George W. Harris had left his farm house for a nearby wooded area, planning to split some logs into fence railings. His wife Mary was in the front yard of their log cabin preparing to do the family washing. Their 9-year-old son David had been sent to the garden some distance off to dig a bucket of potatoes. Their pretty 11-year-old daughter, Ann Sophia, was busying herself inside the cabin.

Mr. Harris suddenly became aware of a number of Indians surreptitiously slipping through the bushes towards the house. This furtive approach of the Indians alarmed him and he quickly turned and ran for the house. Just as he reached the door a shot rang out, and he fell with a rifle ball in his chest, mortally wounded.

His wife rushed to help her wounded husband into the cabin; after dragging him across the threshold she closed and quickly barred the door.

The wounded man knew he was dying, but his last concern was for his family. He told his wife to get all their guns together as quickly as possible and prepare to fight off the attacking Indians. He instructed her in the use of the firearms, for she was unfortunately, inexperienced in the use of guns. They had a plentiful supply of powder and lead and several guns, including a muzzle-loading rifle, a double barreled muzzle-loading shotgun, an Allen revolver (this was probably a pepperbox) and a single shot pistol, all of which were quickly loaded.

After making her husband as comfortable as possible on the bed, the woman climbed the ladder to the attic, where holes in the mud chinking between the logs allowed see-through spots on all four sides of the cabin. She began firing the weapons through the cracks, not particularly taking time to aim at anything but just firing as fast as she could to create an impression that there were a number of people in the cabin, and all thoroughly prepared to defend it.

Shortly after the attack began, a bullet through the muslin covered window struck young Ann Sophia in the arm, breaking the bone and creating a bloody and painful, although not extremely serious wound. Following her mother's instructions, the wounded girl continued to work with one hand, melting lead bars and molding bullets for the four guns.

Mrs. Harris would fire the rifle, then reload it, rush to the other side of the room and fire one barrel of the shotgun and reload, then fire the pistol, then the revolver, reloading each time she fired. She seemed to be on an endless merry-go-round as she raced and fired, raced and fired, around and around the room. George Harris lay dying on the bed in the room below, moaning in agony, and Mary Harris could do nothing to help him. There was no time even to try and ease his pain. The fumes from the black powder filled the attic with choking clouds of smoke. Her smoke-blackened face became streaked with tears and perspiration.

Many times she merely stuck the barrel of a gun through a crack and fired in the general direction of the Indians in a desperate effort to convince the attackers that the alert people in the little cabin were determined to defend it.

After a time, Mr. Harris' moans ceased when his agony was mercifully relieved by death, leaving the woman and her daughter to carry on their resolute battle.

In addition to the death of her husband and the immediate danger of losing her life and the life of her daughter, there was another terrible grief hammering at the poor woman's senses. Her nine-year-old son David had left the house to get some potatoes from the garden before the arrival of the Indians and she didn't know what was happening to him.

Tragically, she never did learn his fate, although it is most likely that he was killed about the time the Indians first attacked. However, his body was never found. For years, Mrs. Harris had the lingering hope that he might have been kidnapped by the Indians and would eventually be found. But there was never any information at all to ease a mother's aching memories of her young son.

She was probably also wondering what was happening to Frank A. Reed, the local school teacher who lived with them and worked part time on the farm as a hired man. Reed had been working in a field

Ann Sophia Harris survived to become beautiful girl.

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some distance from the cabin and was also slain. This, however, was not known for certain until about a year later when a skeleton was found and it was identified as that of Reed.

Peering through the chinks between shots she could see the Indians leading the horses from the stables, then to the other farm buildings. She watched the flames shooting up into the autumn air, destroying the results of so much of their hard work and effort. She even recognized one of the dresses worn by a squaw in the attacking party as one she herself had given to her earlier in the year.

Hour after hour the stout-hearted woman continued to load her guns and fire through the cracks between the logs. The Indians kept trying to set fire to the cabin. They would crawl along the ground with a burning stick of wood, trying to get close enough to toss it on the cabin roof where the dry shakes would easily ignite. From her second floor vantage she could readily see them, and would scare them off with a shot or two, whereupon they would retreat to a safe point, yelling and making obscene gestures at the cabin's unseen occupants.

Ann Sophia continued to melt lead and mold bullets, hardly feeling the pain of her wounded arm, trying not to think what her fate would be if her mother weakened or the Indians succeeded in firing the house. She was an unusual child, and a beautiful one, as the picture of her as a young woman attests. She had also inherited the gift of courage from both of her brave parents.

It is doubtful if Mrs. Harris actually killed any Indians, but they did finally begin to weary of the battle. They also probably figured the prolonged firing might eventually bring assistance from other white people. Late in the afternoon the Indians finally stopped shooting at the cabin and drew away to a small creek where they began building fires to prepare food. This gave the tired woman a chance to scurry to the well for some water to wash and dress her daughter's wound, in itself an heroic act.

At that point, Mrs. Harris decided it might be safer if she and her daughter left the cabin and concealed themselves in the nearby timber. Fearing the Indians would burn the cabin as soon as they found the occupants gone, she was reluctant to leave her husband's body there. She wrapped it in a piece of canvas which she then bound with ropes. Manuevering the wrapped, limp body to the floor, she grasped the ropes and pulled the body, dragging it on the ground behind her.

Tugging and pulling, she got the body across the floor, through the yard and into the timber where she concealed it as best she could.

After a short, furtive, and futile search for young David, they hid in a heavy thicket of willows alongside the road some distance from the cabin from whence they could still see the house while waiting and watching—and praying—for help.

During the night they were terrified at the fearsome howling of the wolves, attracted to the vicinity by the scent of the blood. They could hear the wolves all around devouring the body of the dead Mr. Harris, lying in the nearby woods.

All night long they crouched down in the willows, waiting, praying and hoping for rescue. Mrs. Harris likely shed many a tear that long night, thinking of her dead husband lying alone in the woods, possibly being torn to bits by the wolves. And

Mary Harris lay crouched in the woods and heard the sounds made by the wolves as they devoured the body of her dead husband.

how could she banish the thoughts and fears for her son David? There was nothing that could be done though, except to try to save Ann Sophia and herself.

As daylight broke, several Indians passed but she and her daughter just held their breath and crouched lower in their hiding place. They were not discovered.

In the meantime, news of the bloody uprising was sweeping the area and families were pouring into Jacksonville for safety. Regular soldiers from nearby army posts and volunteers from Jacksonville frantically scoured the outlying areas in an effort to rescue any survivors of the vicious attacks.

Late in the morning, a small group of U.S. Dragoons from Fort Lane, under command of Major E.N. Fitzgerald, along with some twenty volunteers from Jacksonville, came down the road. All through the area they could see spirals of smoke rising, markers for burned down buildings and lifeless bodies.

From her hiding place Mrs. Harris could see the riders as they neared the cabin but she wasn't sure if they were Indians or whites. However, as the men moved down the road towards her, she recognized them, and crying out, she rushed from the willows towards them.

The sudden appearance of the woman with her smoke streaked face, wild-flowing hair and blood stained clothing, startled the soldiers. One of the more nervous threw up his rifle to shoot, but before he could pull the trigger, another soldier struck up the gun, recognizing her to be a white woman.

After hearing the story of the ordeal the woman and her daughter had endured, Major Fitzgerald detailed four of the volunteers to stay with her while the rest of the detachment hurried after the fleeing Indians.

Neither of the two had eaten since the previous morning, so they returned to the cabin to get some food. While they were eating and refreshing themselves to some degree, the men dug a grave in the dirt floor at the center of the room and the canvas-wrapped body of the dead Mr. Harris was brought in from the woods—unharmed by the wolves—and placed in it.

Picking up only a meager few of the possessions which she could carry, including the family Bible and a little Testament which had been given to her son by the missing school teacher Frank Reed, she left the cabin.

Following her instructions, one of the men set fire to the cabin, and all else belonging to the unfortunate family went up in flames. There were no extra horses for the two to ride, but the gentle hands of the men placed the wounded Ann Sophia on the saddle in front of George McKay and the exhausted Mrs. Harris was lifted onto a mule behind James Burnett. In this manner the brave and bereaved mother and daughter rode with the four men until they reached the Rogue River, which they crossed. The weary woman and the wounded girl were then placed in a wagon and taken to the protection and care of the people in Jacksonville.

Mrs. Harris and her daughter spent the balance of their lives near Jacksonville, where some of their descendants still live. Mrs. Harris returned to the site of her nightmare experience only one more time. In 1871 she accompanied a group who went to the location of the burned down Harris cabin to dig up her husband's body for re-burying in the Jacksonville Cemetery.

Mary Harris later remarried but when she died on February 17, 1882, she, too, was buried in the Jacksonville Cemetery, alongside the husband who was with her at the little log cabin and died while she was desperately fighting off the Indians so many years before.

The beautiful and courageous Ann Sophia married and gave birth to three children, but fate cast a somber shadow her way—she died in her early twenties during an epidemic in Jacksonville. ●

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GUTS, GOLD AND ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 13)

the land he sought, land for the production of food the miners yearned for.

All the greens available were Indian onions and miners' lettuce, a wild plant succulent in lettuce flavor, but scarce.

Herman bought 160 acres of the land and went to work with brawn and plowshare. High prices brought him an excellent return on his investment. But he had opposition.

The Wintun and Modoc Indians were troublesome. Herman had to battle them in order to survive, yet he took pride in "never killing an Indian child or squaw." And when possible to keep the peace, he fed them if they were friendly, which was not often. They resented the intrusion of the palefaces. The Wintuns might have been friendly were it not for the urgings of the hateful, marauding Modocs.

Herman Ross farmed his 160 acres until 1865 when the freighting bug took him. The business of freighting supplies to Idaho, Nevada and Silver City was profitable. The miners in those localities were eager to pay any price for fresh farm produce, and prices were high. Three dollars for a dozen eggs! Slab bacon, $2.00 per pound. Flour, ground in his own mill, brought Herman $100.00 per barrel! Gold in them thar hills? Herman had it in 160 acres of good land and six-up in a freight wagon harness. On the return trips he brought back gold and silver shipments bound for the San Francisco Mint and delivered to steamers on the Sacramento River at Red Bluff.

In 1865 he had acquired a half interest in the mill at Millville. His partner was H. N. Wilkinson. The business of milling proved a great success for many years.

The Ross-Wilkinson mill served several blossoming counties with flour. When the railroad seemed suddenly to become a reality in 1865, business at the mill sloughed off and eventually became idle, as it has remained for some years.

Even after 1865 the Indians were troublesome. They stole farm horses and everything else not nailed down. Lone wayfarers were killed and scalped. The Ross-Wilkinson Mill was raided many times of grain for the squaws to grind in their *metates.* The settlers at Millville maintained guards at all times, yet were stealthily picked off by the marauders. Then the wild game of the country decreased, and the guns of the pioneers became too deadly for the roving war parties to face. The Indians moved out to more productive hunting grounds. Frontier living began to tame down, enjoying a state of comparative freedom from fear.

In 1859, at age 36, Herman F. Ross married Miss Margaret Hunt, a native of Missouri. They had two sons who were born at Oak Run. They were Albert F. Ross, and Harold Ross, who remained on the old home place at Millville. Albert was to become one of Redding's most active and beloved sheriffs. To him, among other things, was left a legacy of tragedy. The mother of the two boys lived only until 1864. When Herman felt the family needed a woman's tender concern, he married Miss Clarissa Powers of Iowa in 1869. She passed away in 1887.

Suddenly the colorful, adventuresome career of Herman Fredrick Ross came to an abrupt end. The *Redding Record* in 1901 carried the following graphic story along with an extensive account of Herman's life:

> "H.F. Ross, of Millville, met a tragic death last Tuesday morning on his way to Anderson to visit his eldest son, Albert F. Ross. The old gentleman was driving a single horse. When descending the Cow Creek Grade near Wm. Hawes' farm house, something caused the animal to run away. Mr. Ross was unable to manage the frightened horse and it rushed down the grade and across the Cow Creek Bridge, and in a short distance beyond the bridge collided with a stump, and the horse broke loose from the vehicle. Leander Freudig and F. J. Johnson were nearby and saw the accident. They secured the help of Wm. Hawes and Charles Allison, and went to Mr. Ross' assistance and found him badly injured. The old gentleman was lying partly in the buggy and partly over a front wheel. One arm was broken and his head badly injured. They conveyed the injured man to Mr. Hawes' house, where he was put in a spring wagon on as comfortable bed as could be hastily improvised, and was taken back to Millville, but he died from his injuries on the road. Mr. Ross was 77 years old and was one of the noblest of men and was loved and respected by the people of Millville and surrounding country. His funeral takes place today under the auspices of the Masonic Lodge of Millville..."

The courage of the Ross family did not die out with the death of the Patriarch of Shasta County. Herman left behind him a legacy of guts, gold—and a grave. The grave was for Albert F. Ross, the elder son.

Harold preceded Albert in death in 1910, leaving a wife and four children, who moved to Sacramento. Albert Ross yearned for a college education and attended Napa (California) College. Some of Herman's adventuresome spirit found its way into Albert's veins, for he headed for Tombstone, Arizona, in 1882, to handle the books for a prominent Mercantile company. Among his friends and acquaintances were Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, the Lowerys and the Clantons. If he chose any side in their bitter feuds, no record of it remains today. But it is known that his policy as a member of the firm was to remain neutral.

If Albert at that time had ambitions for a political career it is not known. Although his father, Herman, had been active in many circles and societies in Shasta, his only political adventure had been as a Justice of the Peace. However, when Albert returned to Shasta he threw his hat into the ring, and consequently served two terms as Shasta County Clerk and Auditor, consolidated at that time. It was different in 1894—he failed to be re-elected.

He went on to serve one term as Sheriff and Tax Collector, and returned to the business world. He was on the campaign trail once more. This time he won hands down in 1914 to become Sheriff of Shasta County again. By then one would believe that the lawless element of the surrounding gold diggings would have been under control of law and order. Quite the contrary; the hills and valleys, canyons and towering scarps of the Trinity Alps still contained a gold-crazy, gun-toting population that included one unpredictable and unsavory character known as Peter Paris.

The volcanic slopes of Mount Lassen frowning down upon Redding from a lofty, snow-cloaked, cratered summit still held many men grubbing for gold. Big Pete Paris had drifted from one gold camp to another all the way northward from Sonora to Old Shasta. And wherever he went he raised hell.

Now he was giving Redding some of his brand of amusement just after the turn of the century. Along his fantastic trail of trouble making he left broken homes, cracked bones and crushed skulls. A huge man of unpredictable temperament, he weighed better than 250 pounds and stood a good six-three sans miners' boots. His maniacal strength was legend, muscles hardened to whang leather and steel by pick and shovel in the gold camps and by canthook and peavey and bucksaw in the realm of the lumberjack, from the giant redwoods along the coast to the tall Douglas firs and Ponderosa pines inland.

Some folks who recall him declare he was a lunatic, and if there was anything he really loved most, it was to demonstrate his great strength by cracking human skulls. He could bend the barrel of a Hawken rifle over his knee and loop it around a man's neck like a steel collar.

Big Pete Paris was called the Paul Bunyan of the mining camps. The only fat on his slab-muscled, barrel-like body was in his head. In a fight he had the cunning of a badger, the ferret eyes never missing an opening, the reflexes to follow it up with a sledge-hammer fist. His massive jaw thrust forward belligerently like a snowplow, and he was mean. No man, as far as is known, ever whipped Paris in a stand-up fight. But he had been clobbered with

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a pick handle from behind. The prevailing scar made him look as if scalped. His booming, challenging laughter sounded throughout the area of Redding when Sheriff Albert F. Ross, Sr., found it necessary to call upon him at a corner fleshpot oasis down at Cottonwood, a few miles to the south.

Big Pete was well-stoned when Ross and several deputies barged in on him. Familiar with the man's reputation the sheriff was taking no chances. A big man himself, schooled in self defense in the rough and tumble mining camps of Shasta City and Tombstone, he was eager to take on Paris. But his badge forebade such pleasant amusement. He was strictly law and order. They cornered the big miner-lumberjack before he could get underway with his huge fists. He barely began bellowing his challenges before he found himself in irons. He fought frenziedly to break the manacles, screaming curses like a man insane. Some say he was insane, but an Oregon Boot has tamed many a man. Big Pete Paris was taken to the Redding jail by Johnny Lynch on January 20, 1919.

It was thought by Sheriff Ross the man would sleep off his jag by morning. Instead Paris was strangely irrational throughout the night, according to Jailor George Albro, whose experience with prisoners of all kinds consumed a record eighty years of his long life, in Shasta County. During the night Big Pete created an uproar in the jail. He tore off his clothing, burned himself on the wood stove (kept alive at night during the winter cold) and performed other irresponsible acts. At times the other prisoners managed to quiet him some, but his conduct worsened as the night wore on. The prisoners called for a trusty, and requested he call the jailor.

Jailor Albro communicated with Sheriff Ross at his home. The sheriff dressed hastily and arrived at the jail about 7 a.m. It was still dark on a brisk, chilly January morning, and Redding can get as cold in winter as it becomes hot in summer. The only light in the jail was one lamp at the outer door.

Thinking only to quiet the man, believing he simply had an attack of delirium tremens from alcohol, Sheriff Ross boldly walked into the cell. Immediately Peter Paris leaped at him and clamped his apelike arms about his body, pinning his arms to his sides. To free himself the sheriff planted a knee in the man's groin and closed in on him. But permit Jailor George Albro, as questioned by District Attorney Jesse W. Carter while testifying before a Coroner's jury, to tell in his own words what happened.

"About six o'clock in the morning when I came downstairs," Albro testified, "I heard a rapping on the door to the jail corridor. I asked them (the trusties) what they wanted. They said there was a crazy man in there tearing everything to pieces and that he was going to hurt some one. They asked me to call the Sheriff, quick. 'Look out for a knife,' they said. 'Don't come in. He is going to hit you. Don't come in! Don't come in without help.'

"I called the sheriff, so he came at about 20 minutes past 7 and asked me to stand at the door, lock him in (the jail) and stay there. Then a voice yelled: 'He has killed the sheriff!' I went in (to the cell block) to get him. The sheriff was lying on the floor. The crazy man was ten feet from me, striking the sheriff in the face with a big stick. Two prisoners were standing astraddle over him trying to protect him from the blows. I ran in and went to the sheriff. I saw him lying there, and I saw the other men fighting Paris away from the body. Then I went out to get help. I called Drs. Reed and Richardson."

Where did Paris get the "big stick?" Well, the jail was heated, as noted, by the wood stove. A few sticks of wood had been left by a trusty near the cells, within reach of Paris!

The undersheriff and other officers quickly arrived and a doctor came into the jail and found the sheriff had suffered a fractured skull. First aid was administered and the sheriff was hurried to the St. Caroline Hospital. He died 48 hours later, on January 23rd, his birthday; he was 58.

Paris was charged with murder, but after a court hearing he was committed to the Napa State Hospital for the Insane. After about a year he was paroled to live with some friends.

Justice was indeed lenient with Pete Paris. Nothing was heard from or of him for several years. Then he wrote from Argentina asking the return of some money he had on his person at the time of his arrest.

The leniency and total integrity of the Redding authorities was evidenced when the money, a sum of several hundred dollars, was drawn from the trust fund in the County Treasurer's office and promptly sent to the convicted killer.

At the time of his father's murder, Albert F. Ross, Jr. was in the U.S. Army in France, and returned home to Redding on April 26, 1919. The sheriff's other son, Gerald, passed away in 1955, in San Francisco. He, too, had served in World War One.

Albert, Jr., followed in his father's footsteps as a public servant, and even topped him. He became a Superior Court Judge and served as such for a lengthy 29 years. He retired in 1962 to his Spanish style home on a hill overlooking the town his grandfather, Herman Fredrick Ross, pioneered one hundred and ten years earlier.

Did he harbor bitterness in his heart against the killer of Sheriff Ross?

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KING OF THE JERKLINES

(Continued from page 43)

are more aware of that than Irene Simpson, director of the Wells Fargo History Room, at whose fingertips lie the most comprehensive records and accounts of those intrepid jerkliners in existence. Under her protective wing is a complete historical record of James Wales Miller, generously opened for all.

Miller is far from being alone, of course. There are many others, none of them unhonored or unsung for their deeds of bravery as Knights of the Whip.

Jim Miller was born September 24, 1828, in Bucks Harbor, Washington County, Maine, of staid New Englanders James and Apphia Miller. From his father young Miller inherited a keen sense of business and economics in milling, lumbering and merchandising. But his youth in Maine was uneventful until reports of gold discovery in California trickled in, firing his imagination and imbuing him with an overpowering desire to participate in the adventure "out West."

He did not tarry once his mind was made up. (That did not take long!) Nor did he delay making a beeline for Machiasport, from where he sailed for New York. There he booked passage for a voyage around Cape Horn on the windjammer, *Agate*, an adventure in itself. One hundred and forty-two days on deep blue water passed before the *Agate* dropped her mudhook in the Golden Gate on April 11, 1850.

San Francisco Bay was already a sea of masted ships, deserted by their crews for the gold diggings. Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) was little but a spit of headland projecting out into the bay, and containing a few scattered shacks. But already it was humming with developmental activity.

Miller wasted no time taking in the sights of the Barbary Coast. He headed without delay to the North Fork of the American River where men were sluicing raw gold from what were to become the streets and thoroughfares of old Hangtown. He set up his long tom at once, learning from the others as he went along. For a year he hardscrabbled for gold—and won his spurs as a successful miner. With his dust pokes bulging with yellow wealth, he sold his claim profitably. With uncanny New England acumen he realized the gold would not last forever, what with thousands of miners pouring in upon the diggings.

He was cognizant of the fact that wealth, and a generally successful life, was to be had in other fields of endeavor. Recognizing the dire need for transportation in an undeveloped region where leg power and stamina were the existing means of travel, he invested some of his gold in the establishment of the first stage line between old Auburn and Sacramento, a distance of 35 miles. He took in a

An early Butterfield Stage enroute across the plains from St. Louis to San Francisco. Passengers had to pay $200 for the one way coach passage.

partner, David Barton, also a man of ambition, and the two extended the line to Grass Valley in Nevada County, developing an Indian trail through Rough and Ready, a town so proud of its independence it seceded from the United States.

The Miller-Barton road became part of today's State Highway 20. The ruts of the old stage trail can still be seen where it skirts the steep mountain sides. Over it tons of gold from the great Empire and other mines of the area were transported by stage to San Francisco.

Jim Miller, with all his success as a stage line operator, was never above taking the reins himself with four to six-up in the traces. He knew horses and he knew men, dealing with the worst and the best of both. His sixty-five miles of stage line was fraught with danger—the soaring mountain roads, the road agents and the crazed men suffering the dread disease—gold fever. So successful was the Miller-Barton line that the California Stage Company wanted it and obtained it—at Miller's price. He had a knack for developing a business and selling out at a profit, opening the Grass Valley merchandising firm of Miller & Kent and disposing of it after three successful years of wall-busting business. He saddle-whacked down to Marysville, looked the bustling supply town over carefully and opened the Bull's Head Stables. Gold seekers were by now heading wildly for the Feather River country and the old town of Ophir (now Oroville) where he opened a second stable and inaugurated a stage line between the two bustling frontier communities which were thirty miles apart.

When he sold out his inventory consisted of four score horses, a dozen freight wagons and as many Concord stages. Then he went in for bigger game in San Francisco where, at the corner of Kearny and Pine Streets, he opened another successful stable, and still another at Market and Third under the name of Miller and Hopkins. Then he bought out the old Sam Wells theatre and converted it into a stable.

The need for transportation was great and Jim Miller knew it, and he was to be identified with that very important phase of early western life as long as he lived, which was a full 80 years.

He was the first to transport migrating circuses and theatrical troupes into the gold camps, towns and far-out regions where a man's entertainment consisted mainly of a bottle of whiskey and a Saturday night dance—man with man. At a fee of $2,500 per month, Jim carried Joe Pender's New York circus throughout California and Oregon. Many lonely towns were better off in more ways than one, thanks to Jim Miller. He fed many communities, livened and entertained others, brought out their gold successfully and returned their profits to them, risking his own life all too often when it came time to outsmart the bandits and the road agents.

Finally disposing of his freighting business, he went over to Virginia City in Nevada where he fitted up a stage line under the name of the Overland Stage Company, a route encompassing 180 miles. Now he became engaged in transporting for the Wells Fargo Express Company. He took up the leather ribbons once more out of sheer love for driving the half wild horses secured from the Murphy ranch at San Jose and trained by himself into reliable teams. His route ran between Battle Mountain and Austin, Storey County, and from Eli to White Pine. Here a spectacular incident endeared him to the hearts of Henry Wells and William G. Fargo.

Miller rolled out of Eli at noon one day in the early 1860's, with six-up in the traces of the Concord, five passengers in the coach and—$30,000 in the express box of the Wells Fargo & Company. The big coach lumbered along its route peacefully during a mild, delightful western afternoon. The exact date is somewhat hazy and partly unverified. Twilight fell slowly, and with it came the dangers that multiplied in the shadows of nightfall in those desperate and lawless days.

Miller remembered distinctly that it

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was one o'clock when he drove into a narrow, desolate defile between Eli and White Pine. He slowed down to avoid brushing the rocky sides of the natural enclosure, thinking to himself that it was a perfect location for a holdup. He might have gripped the reins a bit more tightly out of expectancy, but assured himself no one knew of the $30,000 but himself and the shipping agent.

Instinctively he took up his rawhide whip with which he could flick a fly off a lead horse's ear at will, without touching the gallant animal's flesh! He was as skillfull at that art as a fast-draw artist with a side gun. One thing for sure, he had anticipated the day when he would be confronted with outlaws he might not be able to handle in any way but his own way.

He was not completely surprised, then, when two masked men suddenly confronted him with gun sights trained at his head. Alertness during this lonely drive was natural to him. In fact, he was more awake and alert at this crucial moment than ever before. A crisp, desperate and muffled order to stop, from behind one of the masks, failed to dampen his desire to protect his cargo and his passengers. Nor did the guns aimed at his skull cow him. The moon was huge and full overhead and the defile was almost as bright as day. The invigorating fragrance of desert sage still lingered from the day's heat on the balmy morning air. The gun muzzles looked cavernous as he approached the waiting bandits, but in a split second he sized them up. Both were the same height and they stood close together just at the driver's side of the road. On this run, Miller had no shotgun rider—for no other reason than to avoid notifying all and sundry that a big shipment of gold was aboard the Concord.

Jim Miller gripped the stock of his rawhide whip in his right hand, all reins grouped skillfully in his left. But the snake-like rawhide was lying back across the roof of the coach, a .44 lead slug braided close to the fringed tip of the cracker, giving just enough weight when whipped foreward to crack it out like a bullet. In that quick size-up of the outlaws, Jim knew with full confidence that he would have to *take them before they realized his intentions.*

Wordlessly he kept his teams moving slowly forward as if in compliance to the outlaw's command. Fifty feet separated them. Then twenty-five. At twenty, the length of his lash, he whipped the stock forward. With deadly accuracy he flipped a complete turn around one outlaw's neck while the leaded rawhide cracker-tip nailed the other man squarely between the eyes. With a howl of pain and amazement the road agents grabbed for eyes and throat. Now off-balance, they were completely helpless.

Jim Miller might have taken them then and there with his rifle or side gun, but he simply shouted at his teams and lunged ahead at full speed. The lash still encircling one outlaw's throat, he threw the man off his feet and into the dust, flipping the rawhide in a turn about the whip socket. He dragged the culprit behind the coach like a balky steer at the end of a riata snubbed down to a saddle nubbin. The other outlaw was struggling to clear his eyes of his own blood.

Fifty yards away Jim Miller deftly flipped his whip again and released his human catch—a much more wiser road agent than he had been before. But as Miller thundered along the road the outlaw cut loose with his pistol at the rear of the coach, awakening the shocked passengers for the first time. Not a passenger was injured or even scratched and they were not the only ones to offer Jim Miller gratitude and appreciation for his courage.

Wells Fargo later called him into their main office in San Francisco and asked him to name his own reward. At first he declined, but Hank Wells and Bill Fargo were not to be denied the pleasure of rewarding him. It was characteristic of them as displayed in many other instances. Finally they brought from Miller his one desire—to own "One of those damn big silver bullion watches and chain all the big tycoons wore across their vests."

Jim Miller could have afforded such a watch many times over, but his New England instinct for thrift had barred him from spending needlessly. Hank Wells and Bill Fargo filled this gap for him.

They sent to the mines for a four pound bar of bullion—pure silver—and sent it over to J.W. Tucker with an order to make Jim Miller a bullion watch and chain. It was made—number 1005—bearing a hand engraved depiction of the daring attempted holdup, and the name of Jim Miller "...with appreciation by Wells Fargo & Co." The watch weighed two pounds, as did the silver chain. All Jim Miller could do when it was presented to him was to swallow hard, look admiringly at the face and solid silver case and mumble, "Well, I'll be horn-swaggled!"

When Hank Wells informed him there was a bounty of $1,000 on each of the outlaws' heads, Jim merely grinned. "Shucks, Henry," he said laconically, "everything's overpriced these days!"

An entire volume would be rquired to tell Jim Miller's complete life story. There is probably not a man in the U.S. who passed through so much danger and hair-raising episodes. A man less well endowed with plain guts and fortitude, an even temperament and a steady hand, would have collapsed under the strain. Following his death in San Francisco October 5, 1908, the great silver watch found its way back to Wells Fargo. Miller's niece, Nell Sedgley of Cloverdale, loaned it to The History Room for an admiring world to view. ●

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YEAR THE KLONDIKE ALMOST STARVED

(Continued from page 24)

where gold is waiting by the ton, miscalculates American energy."

Miller was later forced to leave Dawson because of illness, an illness due to faulty diet. The writer, like many others, was unable to believe that gold could not buy food even though there was no food to buy. It is said that the most common item abounding in Dawson that winter was gold with nothing to spend it on but whiskey, cards, and women.

THERE were five steamers headed up the Yukon with supplies for Dawson that summer of 1897. No one knew whether they would arrive before freeze-up. Both the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Transportion Company had boats on the river.

The Alaska Commercial Company sent Capt. J. E. Hansen down the river by canoe to see if he could find any trace of the riverboats. He did, some five hundred miles down stream, near Ft. Yukon, marooned on sand bars by low water. Capt. Hansen took one look and believed that there was no chance for them to reach Dawson before freeze-up.

Capt. Hansen jumped in his canoe, manned by two Indians from Moosehide, and hurried to Dawson to bring them the awful news. It looked as though the city faced a winter of starvation for sure.

There were hundreds of people lining the waterfront of Dawson (a lookout spread the news of their coming) when Hansen and his Indians paddled into town. At first they cheered his coming and then, as they realized the awful portent of his news, they sadly left the waterfront with a deep feeling of doom. What could they do? Where would they get food?

"The only thing to do," Hansen told anyone who would listen, "is to leave Dawson just as soon as you can. Make a dash for the outside, if you don't want to starve here this winter."

The citizens of Dawson were in a quandary. What should they do? Stay? Take a chance that they would pull through the long cold winter? Or should they leave before freeze-up forced them to stay? Partners who were working mines couldn't decide who would stay and who would go. They drew straws to see who would be the lucky ones to leave for the outside.

Fifty small boats left for Ft. Yukon soon after Capt. Hansen's return to Dawson. Many others were all packed and ready to leave by the river. Still others were getting ready to go overland through the passes to Dyea and Skagway.

One of the strange paradoxes (one of many, it seems) of the gold rush was this stampede in reverse. For instance, one group of miners left Dawson headed up the Yukon on the little steamer *Kienchik* for distant Lynn Canal where they could get passage aboard a steamer bound for Seattle. Their steamboat ran aground some thirty-five miles above Dawson and the passengers abandoned her for canoes, proceeding on their journey. After weeks of grueling work they finally arrived at Skagway. They booked passage on the *City of Seattle* and went aboard her almost immediately. Other men, just as feverishly, were disembarking from the vessel to eagerly begin their trek to the distant Dawson.

The marooned river steamers, the *Portus B. Weare* and the tiny *Bella*, were captained by determined men. Rather than just sit there, they ordered the passengers to throw anything not needed overboard or they would. This was done and the lightened riverboats negotiated the sand bars of the Yukon Flats only to steam toward a new kind of threat up-river.

At Circle City some eighty miners, disgruntled over the Klondike prospects, had returned to the once abandoned town. There was little in the way of food supplies in the tiny Yukon settlement. The miners of Circle City were angered when steamers passed them up, headed for Dawson, earlier in the summer, as though they had the smallpox.

They were ready, however, when the *Portus B. Weare* stopped on September 20th. The miners, in the tradition of the Old West, had appointed a committee of six men to meet the steamer. Purpose: to purchase food supplies for the coming winter.

The traders aboard the vessel refused to sell them any supplies. "We intend to stock our warehouses at Dawson City," they told the committee.

The committee of six, rugged prospectors who lived under the code of the miner, thought differently. "We intend to buy some of your supplies," they told the traders and left the steamer with a determined air.

In a matter of minutes the committee was back on board the *Portus B. Weare* bristling with rifles and six-guns. There was no negotiating this time, the miners simply helped themselves to the supplies aboard the steamer. They paid for all supplies taken, however. The next day when the steamer left Circle City she was some thirty tons lighter.

When the *Bella* steamed into Circle City on September 25th she met the same fate as the earlier steamer. Again the miners helped themselves to the supplies paying a reasonable price to the traders for everything taken. A sort of pay as you go piracy.

ON BOARD the *Bella* was a captain in the 8th Infantry, U.S. Army, on his way to Dawson City to investigate the rumors that Americans faced starvation. Captain Patrick Henry Ray protested vigorously to the miners. He told them that what they were doing was against the law even if they did pay for the goods taken from the ship. "This is an act of piracy, gentlemen," he told them. "According to the law you are all pirates."

"Law! Law, Captain?" one of the miners asked, "the only law is miner's law. Has the government sent a marshal to enforce the law? Where are the judges to interpret the law? There are none! Until there are, the miners of Circle City must make their own law. This we have done!"

When Capt. Ray pondered the situation he could see that the miners had a right to act the way they did. They were faced with the prospect of a bleak winter without food supplies and they acted to change this situation. No law was broken; there was no law.

In a later report to the government Capt. Ray wrote, "The feature that was most prominent when the *Bella* was held up was the cheerfulness with which the employees of the company, from the agent down, facilitated the work of the miners—and their expressions of approval."

Just as the Yukon was beginning to freeze along its shores the *Weare* steamed into Dawson. The townspeople lined the waterfront by the hundreds. As the steamer pulled into the shore a cheer went up from the crowd to echo back from the bleak hills above town. The *Weare* answered with a series of whistle blasts. The people thought that there would now be enough food. They wouldn't have to leave the Klondike after all.

But their good spirits turned to black despair when the cargo aboard the *Weare* was unloaded. Nearly all of the tons of supplies carried north by the steamboat was mining equipment and whiskey. There was little food aboard her.

This same sad story was repeated with the arrival of the *Bella*. She, too, carried tons of mining equipment and case after case of whiskey, but very little food. The populace of Dawson City was faced with a winter of austerity as far as eating was concerned; but it looked like there would be enough to drink for a year or two.

Commissioner Constantine felt a deep responsibility for the welfare of the Dawsonites. He immediately set plans in motion to relieve the number of people in town. He wanted at least a thousand people to leave before the freeze-up marooned them in Dawson until the following spring.

When the *Bella* and the *Weare* left Dawson for St. Michael they were loaded to over capacity with passengers fleeing the spectre of a winter of starvation. But even with this exodus of the would-be gold seekers, Constantine was still worried over the situation. He felt that at the best there would be starvation as well as scurvy, that grim spectre accompanying the shortage of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Scurvy, caused by the lack of vitamin C, often looked like leprosy; in fact, during the Middle Ages, it was often mistaken for this dreadful disease. A miner afflicted with it became lax, lazy; his blood thinned out, the body appeared bruised. The heart beat faster, sometimes skipping beats and breathing became difficult.

As the disease advanced the gums became tender and bled, the teeth loosened and dropped out (Jack London suffered from scurvy in Dawson and was forced to leave the Yukon), the breath became putrid, the skin of the face became yellow. The victim got thinner and thinner until he was a walking skeleton. Sometimes he died.

Earlier, in the summer of 1897, Commissioner Constantine had issued a directive that no miner would be allowed to come to the Klondike without bringing with him a year's supply of food and the clothing and equipment he would need in the North. This meant that the stampeder would need to bring to the Klondike a ton of supplies. He would have to carry two thousand pounds over the passes. This slowed the advance of the multitudes seeking the gold filled streams of the fabulous North.

The Northwest Mounted Police set up check points on the trails over the passes as well as on the Yukon River. Any person who was without his ton of supplies was turned back at the border. These tons of food supplies, in the pipeline of the trails to Dawson, would augment the food shortage on the Yukon if arriving before freeze-up. Very few stampeders, with their food, reached the Yukon before freeze-up

Our government felt a moral obligation to relieve the plight of the miners because most of them were Americans. There were debates in Congress as to the best method of sending help. The report of Capt. Ray stirred much interest in government circles, but as usual the red tape was too thick for a solution to the problem.

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AS EARLY as 1891, Dr. Seldon Jackson, the general agent of education for Alaska, had successfully brought reindeer in from Siberia in the hopes of establishing domesticated reindeer herds for the Indians and Eskimos of Arctic Alaska.

He now proposed a new plan: why not purchase reindeer, not breeding stock, but geldings broken to harness, to use as pack animals over the difficult terrain in Alaska and the Yukon to Dawson City? Certainly reindeer used to a cold climate as well as having the ability to survive under very adverse conditions would make them ideal for packing supplies.

The plan was debated at length in Congress and then finally, in December of 1897, a bill was approved and passed appropriating $200,000 for the purpose of purchasing reindeer along with the needed harness, sleds and the supplies for Dawson's relief.

Dr. Jackson was commissioned to go to Norway and Sweden (Lappland) to purchase a herd of reindeer as well as harness and sleds. The project was to be called the "Klondyke (sic) Relief Expedition." He was also to negotiate for the services of drivers and herders to take care of the reindeer on their long trek over the Alaska terrain. There were to be Lapp herdsmen and their families. They would be hired to stay with the herd from the time they left Norway until they reached their destination at Dawson City.

Dr. Jackson reached Basekop, Lappland, in January, 1898. Here he purchased 526 trained reindeer as well as the harness and sleds to be used with them. On February 4th, Dr. Jackson was ready to sail to New York. Along with his herd of reindeer and 68 Lapp drivers, including their families, Dr. Jackson boarded a steamer at Trondhjeim harbor bound for the United States.

The reindeer were quartered in open pens on the deck where they would receive the full force of the midwinter Atlantic storms. The steamer hit heavy weather, with seas running like mountains, for much of the Atlantic crossing. Despite the stormy weather and the open pens, which received the full force of the stormy seas, the reindeer survived the crossing remarkably well. Only one animal died on the voyage to New York.

At New York the reindeer herd was placed in special trains and with the Lapp families rushed across the continent to the Pacific Coast, the second phase of their journey terminating at Seattle.

In Seattle the reindeer were taken from the cars and herded to the Woodland Park where they would have plenty of room to wait for a steamer to take them to Alaska. Curious crowds gathered about the herd, with the Lapps, in their quaint and colorful clothing, drawing as much interest as the splayfooted reindeer.

Hundreds of sacks of dried reindeer moss had been sent with the herd, but the supply was soon exhausted. The reindeer didn't take to the Woodland Park grass, much preferring the reindeer moss or lichen. This shortage of their natural food was to become a problem to the expedition in the months ahead.

It was virtually impossible to find a steamer that would transport the reindeer herd and supplies to Alaska. The steamship companies were all booked ahead with passengers rushing to the gold fields.

Finally in May of 1898, the Klondyke Relief Expedition reached Haines Mission on the Lynn Canal some twenty miles south of Skagway. As the expedition was being organized under the leadership of Hedley E. Redmyer, the Norwegian American trail boss, new delays were to plague them. The government had made no provisions for supplying the herd with more reindeer moss and the animals were already suffering from lack of food. Many of them were to die even before the expedition had made its start.

The expedition would follow the Dalton Trail. The year before, Jack Dalton, the intrepid cattleman from central Oregon, had hacked a trail from Pyramid Harbor along the Chilkat River, through low mountain passes to Fort Selkirk on the Stewart River in the Yukon Territory. From Fort Selkirk the route to Dawson was by water. Dalton had successfully herded several hundred head of cattle over the trail, selling the beef in Dawson at an enormous profit.

The Dalton Trail did not traverse high mountain passes such as the Dyea (Chilkoot) Trail and the White Pass Trail. It was a much easier trail to run cattle on and was one of the best routes to the Yukon country, but one mostly overlooked by the stampeders who seemed to think that the other routes, being more direct, were better.

Redmyer believed that this route would bring the expedition to their destination much faster than any other. He knew that Dalton had accomplished his cattle drive with very few losses, and in a matter of months. He felt that reindeer would be more adaptable to the country than the Oregon cattle. In this assumption he was as wrong as Dalton was right.

There was no lichen growing in the mountainous section of the trail for the reindeer. There would be none until much later in the trek. Then too, much of the browse had been eaten by the cattle that had preceded them the year before. Also, the reindeer, living off the country as they traveled north as well as being burdened by packs, would be traveling at a much slower pace than Dalton's cattle.

FROM the start of the expedition the hardships seemed to grow from day to day. This was far different country for the Lapp herders. They were used to open tundra country and now the hills and mountains seemed to press in on them from all sides. It was hot and the flies bothered both men and animals until conditions seemed unbearable.

The reindeer, encumbered with bulky harness and packs, would repeatedly fall along the trail. Sometimes their harness became entangled in a tree or rock in their fall and before a driver could come to the aid of the unfortunate reindeer it died of strangulation. Other reindeer, weakened by near starvation, became easy prey for the wolves that followed the herd like grey ghosts day after day. As many reindeer died the remaining animals had their own supplies plus those of the dead reindeers to pack.

The Lapp herders were finding it equally tough. Their food supplies were running dangerously low. Long before they were half way to their goal they realized that they would need to live off the land as much as possible. The Lapps were excellent hunters, but there must be game to hunt. Hunters were sent out ahead of the slowly moving herd. The larger animals, such as moose and bear, seemed to elude them, however. Sometimes the hunters killed a porcupine or grouse; and there were geese on the river flats. As often as not the Lapps went hungry.

Once, when Redmyer was talking to his men, Japhet Lindeberg, one of the Lapp drivers, asked him, "Could there be any hell worse than this?"

Redmyer looked wearily at the Lapp who had suffered so much. "No," he said. "I think this is all the hell I want."

As hungry as they were, the members of the expedition felt that they could not use the supplies they were taking to Dawson. Although they could not know it, the need for food had passed in Dawson and they could have used all of the supplies. They decided to use only enough to keep them alive.

Once they found a campsite left by some stampeders on the trail ahead of them. "We found this campsite," Redmyer recalled years later, "where some stampeder had made a meal of bacon and beans. They must have made too many 'cause they threw a whole pot full into the fire when they broke camp. You should have seen us beat the dogs from those charred beans! We salvaged every little bean from the ashes of that old campfire. That's how hungry we were on that awful trek to Dawson."

By the time the expedition reached the Yukon that river was frozen over. So, unlike Dalton's cattle drive, who used scows to transport his herd from Ft. Selkirk to Dawson, the Lapps had to push their herd through drifting snows. It was even more difficult for the reindeer to find food enough to sustain them.

Finally on January 27, 1899, nine months from the time they left Haines Mission, the remnants of the reindeer herd straggled into Dawson on the Yukon. The Lapps and their families were near the point of exhaustion, starving, half sick, they were now joyful that their awful trek was at an end. Two thirds of the reindeer herd had succumed along the trail. And now the expedition was at long last in Dawson. But where were the starving people? The very people the Klondyke Relief Expediton had travelled so far to "relieve" were now in a position to help the starving members of the expedition.

And Dawson City was very able to give relief. The shortages of food, so dreaded in the winter of 1897-98, had never really materialized. To be sure there was hunger and some scurvy, but not to the extent that Commissioner Constantine had feared. Now in the winter of 1899 a Dawsonite could virtually buy anything his wealthy heart desired, from fresh oranges to lobster Newberg. Dawson was now called the Paris of the North.

So the Klondyke Relief Expedition came to an end. The reindeer were disposed of and the Lapp herders with their families were free to leave the North for their homes in far away Norway. Many of them did leave, their expenses paid by the government, but some of them stayed in the North to take jobs as herders in Alaska where the reindeer herds introduced from Siberia needed herders and drivers. Still others became prospectors. One, Japhet Lindeberg, became rich and famous as one of the partners who discovered gold on Anvil Creek near Nome, Alaska, precipitating the new gold rush to Nome.

The suffering of the Lapp herdsmen was soon forgotten in the mad business of extracting millions in gold from the muck of the Klondike streams—Bonanza, Eldorado, Sulpher. But the terrible irony of their suffering for nothing became a humorous story to be repeated about campfires as a sourdough laughingly told some cheechauko about it. We smile, too, at this bit of history in that bigger moment when that mad, zany, crazy, lustful stampede to the fabulous Klondike was in full swing. ●

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SIEGE AT BATTLE ROCK

(Continued from page 33)

Kirkpatrick's fears, pointing out the apparent friendliness of the Indians on shore.

"We won't stay here without it," Kirkpatrick told him, his blue eyes flashing. "These men have put me in charge of their lives and I won't risk having them killed at the hands of savages."

Reluctantly, Captain Tichenor sent his mate, with J. H. Eagan, who, according to Kirkpatrick, was an experienced fighter, back to the ship to get the cannon. For ammunition, they brought back a copper magazine, containing three cartridges, each holding two pounds of powder.

When the cannon was unloaded, Captain Tichenor bade the group farewell and set off for San Francisco, promising to return in 14 days with fresh supplies, more arms, and additional men to assist in the enterprise.

The nine men wasted no time in making camp, after the *Seagull* had pulled out. The large rock, protruding from the water, just off of the beach, seemed to offer refuge from the Indians, so they pulled the cannon up its steep face, to the top, where it commanded the narrow ridge that the Indians would have to climb, if they tried to attack the group. When the gun was in place, Eagan and Kirkpatrick loaded it, in preparation for the fight that Kirkpatrick felt sure was coming.

They put a two-pound sack of powder into the muzzle, and stuffed half of an old cotton shirt in on top of it. On top of that, Kirkpatrick placed as much bar lead, cut up into small pieces, as he could hold in his hands. The old newspapers went into place on top of the bar lead, and the gun was primed with fine, rifle powder, and aimed to rake the ridge.

All of the arms in the small company's possession were then thoroughly cleaned and loaded.

The small steamer had no sooner pulled away from the area when the Indians began to show their true feelings toward the white men huddled at the top of the rock. They gestured for the nine men to leave and made signs that they would kill them if they refused to go. Their threat made, they left for their camps down the beach, no doubt to give the white men a chance to climb down off their rock and scurry away.

Kirkpatrick and his men stayed since, with the *Seagull* gone, there was nowhere for them to go. That night the Indians performed a war dance on the beach.

The following morning, June 10th, the Indians reappeared, this time in large and threatening numbers. While they were still some distance down the beach, they raised their bows, and pelted the rock with arrows. A large canoe appeared down the coast, coming from the direction of Rogue River. It contained nine warriors, all of them primed for war.

A tall, red-shirted man in the bow of the canoe seemed to be their leader. When they had grounded the canoe on the sandy beach, he leaped out brandishing a long knife over his head, and let out a blood-curdling yell. He wasted no time in grouping together 100 braves and rushed, with them close on his heels, toward the rock. Kirkpatrick ordered his men into position, and took his place beside the cannon, holding a piece of tar rope, one end of it in the fire, ready to fire the gun, when the Indians came into close range, on the ridge of the rock.

"The air was full of arrows," Kirkpatrick said, later, describing the fight. "James Carrigan had picked up a pine board, and held it in front of us both. Thirty-seven arrows hit the board, and at least half of them penetrated its nearly two-inch thickness."

TWO of the nine men on top of the rock were disabled by the flying arrows. An arrow penetrated T. D. Palmer's neck, making a ghastly, bleeding wound, and George Rideout received an arrow in the chest, the head sticking into his breastbone, the shaft quivering. John Slater, who had no stomach for battle, ran and hid himself in a cleft in the rock, behind the tent. This left six men to fight it out with the Indians, who were growing in numbers, and still coming.

The redskins crowded onto the ridge, with the red-shirted man still in the lead. The front line of them wasn't more than eight feet from the muzzle of the cannon when Kirkpatrick applied the piece of burning rope to the primer.

In Kirkpatrick's words: "The execution was fearful. At least 12 or 13 Indians were killed outright, and such a tumbling of scared Indians I never saw before or since."

The small cannon had been upset by the recoil. Kirkpatrick and Eagan rushed at the Indians with their rifles and knives and engaged in fierce hand-to-hand combat. An Indian brave rushed Kirkpatrick, who was to say, later of this particular band, that they were "tall and handsome, and had the best physiques I had ever seen." Carrigan shot the brave through the shoulder, but still he came on. Summers then shot him in the stomach. And even this didn't stop him. Kirkpatrick then managed to knock the Indian's knife from his hand and pulled one of the derringers from his own pocket. He shot the brave through the temple, "the ball going in one side and coming out the other." The brave stumbled 20 feet down the face of the rock, before he fell among the Indians who had been killed by the cannon.

A second brave went for Eagan, whose musket had misfired. Just as the Indian was in the act of fitting an arrow to his bow, Eagan hit him over the head with the barrel of the musket. The blow bent the barrel more than six inches, stunning the Indian, so that Eagan was able to spring on him and snatch away his bow. Eagan then gave him several blows with the butt of the musket, knocking him off of the rock into the ocean below.

When the battle ended, the men on the rock counted 17 dead Indians. This was the bloody baptism that gave the rock the name by which it is still known—Battle Rock.

The fight had been over for about an hour, when an Indian chief came out onto the beach, and indicated, with sign language, that he wanted to come to the white men's camp. Kirkpatrick climbed down off the rock, and met him on the beach. Still using sign language, the Indian chief asked for permission to come onto the rock and carry away the dead. Kirkpatrick granted him permission, making it known, through signs, that he could bring along one other Indian to assist him. The chief selected a partner, and the two carried the dead Indians down the trail to the beach. They made eight trips laying out the dead about 300 yards from the camp.

Altogether, there were 20 Indians dead, and 17 wounded. The white men had suffered four casualties, none of them fatal.

After the dead Indians had been carried away, Kirkpatrick came to an agreement with the chief. The Indians promised not to rush the rock again, if the white men would leave, when the *Seagull* returned, at the end of 14 days.

The white men settled down to care for their wounded, and to await the return of Captain Tichenor. When the injured had been cared for, the rest of the group set about constructing a breastwork of logs, in the event that the Indians did not hold to their agreement.

The 14th day came and went, and there was no sign of the *Seagull*. On the 15th day, the Indians again attacked the rock. There were many more in this fight than there had been in the first. They were urged on by their chief in tones that could be heard for half a mile. But the memory of the devastating little cannon was fresh in their memories, and they refused to rush the white men. They shot their arrows from too great a distance to do much damage, fortunately for Kirkpatrick and his party, for the ammunition they had arrived with was nearly depleted.

A conference was held by the group in the camp on the rock, and it was decided that, since Captain Tichenor had failed to return, the only alternative left to them was to slip off the rock, and take to the woods.

"We'll take our chances against them out there," Kirkpatrick made the final decision, pointing toward the dark forest that covered the area beyond the beach.

TOWARD the end of the day, most of the Indians left, leaving several guards to keep an eye on the white men, who went to work, as if to strengthen their breastwork. After a while the guards also left. This was the opportunity the nine white men had been waiting for. They lost no time in climbing down off the rock, and crossing the narrow beach, to escape into the woods, only taking their small arms, leaving the rest of the supplies in camp.

The group had traveled about five miles, when they met a party of 30 Indians, armed with bows and arrows, and knives. The white men rushed them, and the redskins ran off to hide in the timber.

Kirkpatrick and his men fought their way through the unbelievably dense coastal growth for days, eating salmon and berries to keep alive. On several occasions, they came upon large bands of Indians, and were forced to penetrate deeper into the dense forest. On the sixth day, they came out onto a beach, and prepared mussels, which sustained them. They lived on mussels for the remainder of their journey to the Coos River where they encountered a band of friendly Indians, who prepared a meal for them. However, the white men had to give the redskins just about everything they had, in order to persuade the Indians to ferry them across the broad river.

The group eventually made their way to Umqua City, a settlement consisting of one house built of sheet iron, and one tent, where the settlers gave them a warm welcome.

"I reached my old quarters in Portland on the 11th day of July, 1851, strong and rugged, and having had enough of adventure to do me for one time." Kirkpatrick wrote in his journal.

In the meantime, Captain Tichenor had returned to the camp on Battle Rock, missing Kirkpatrick's party by only one day. He was shocked to discover evidence of violence and bloodshed. There was no doubt in his mind that the nine unfortunate

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colonists he had brought from Portland to help him found Port Orford had been killed by the savages.

Tichenor returned to San Francisco, believing that the nine were dead. Newspapers of the day, upon receiving word of what had happened, printed bloody accounts of the "massacre at Battle Rock" giving the names of the victims.

Meanwhile, Captain Tichenor was busy recruiting a stronger force of men to return with him to Battle Rock, and assist him in his plan to establish a settlement at the site he had chosen. He had no difficulty finding adventurers enough among the discouraged miners in San Francisco. When the *Seagull* passed out through the Golden Gate, there were 65 volunteers aboard, plus six persons who had a financial interest in the venture, and several other agents and a few speculators.

There was also an assortment of arms on board, including a half-dozen field pieces, six pounders, and a number of small weapons. Captain Tichenor had reversed his former opinion of the Indians along the southern Oregon coast, and had prepared his party to wage an offensive, or defensive war, whichever the case might be.

Upon arrival at the site of Battle Rock, a fort was erected on the point, just above the rock. This fortification, called Fort Point, was surrounded by pickets, and two blockhouses of heavy logs were erected. Further difficulties with the local Indian tribes were soon resolved, and on May 9th, 1852, Captain Tichenor brought his wife and their three children to live in the new settlement.

A means to connect themselves with the interior mining districts became the first major concern of the new settlement. Due to the ruggedness of the coastal terrain and a general lack of mountaineering experience among the men delegated to carry out these missions, several expeditions set out, only to become hopelessly lost along the reaches of the many confusing mountain streams. A satisfactory trail was never opened between Port Orford and the inland places.

The harbor town was destined to sit quietly isolated until early 1854, when the small community sprang suddenly to life, becoming a boom town almost overnight. Gold had been discovered in nearby places, and in the dark sands of the lonely beaches above and below the town.

But the town's new glory was short-lived. By 1856, the gold had played out, and Port Orford went into a decline.

In 1868, the same year that Captain Tichenor left the sea, to settle down with his family, in his Port Orford home, a forest fire raged along the coast, destroying most of the town's buildings, and countless acres of valuable Port Orford cedar, surrounding it.

In 1880, Captain Tichenor plotted, and officially named the town after Sir Robert Walpole, the first Earl of Orford, for whom Captain George Vancouver had named Cape Orford in the late 1770's. Vancouver's name, Cape Orford, fell into disuse, in favor of the name, Cape Blanco. The name Port Orford, revived by Captain Tichenor, was also given to the roadstead where the city and Battle Rock stand.

Battle Rock is, today, one of Oregon's historical state parks, and is located within the city of Port Orford. Although the siege of Battle Rock took place well over a century ago, present day residents of the town re-enact the battle each June as part of a celebration commemorating their harbor city. ●

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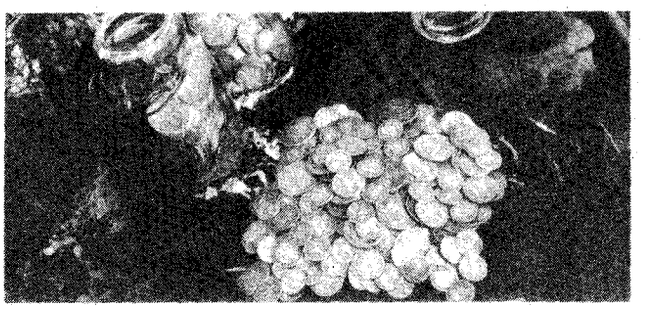

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FOUND HONOR IN DEATH

(Continued from page 21)

Meanwhile, American Horse had led police to the spot, several miles from the Agency, where Headchief had informed him Boyle's body lay. After some searching it was found.

The young killer appeared at his father's camp near present-day Ashland. Here he would pick up the war clothes, including a bonnet of eagle feathers, for his ordeal. First of all, though, he would have something to say to his father. After the evening meal he addressed the family, who were gathered in the tepee.

"My father," he began, "you have talked to me and told me I am not a man. Now I think I am man enough. I have killed a white man, and this has been reported. I am going to play a game with the soldiers next ration day. I will be man enough to die that way. You shall see!"

His father stared in silence. Then, gathering his war clothes, the son departed. He mounted his pony and headed for the new camp of his friend American Horse, pitched now in Alderson Gulch near the Agency. On the way, though, he took time out for a show of bravado.

His path led close to the military camp. Halting in some trees, the hero-to-be dismounted to put on his full war regalia with the flowing, white warbonnet. Then he rode out in full view of the soldiers. He defied them with war songs of the Elk Society, the clan he belonged to.

It was such bravado that had endeared him to Youngmule. Obviously, though, it jeopardized his grand design; he might have been captured. But somehow he was unrecognized and got away with his bluff.

At American Horse's camp he was carefully watched. The others all knew of his plans, approved them, and didn't want him seized before he could carry them out. It still lacked some three or four days till the appointed time.

Exactly how Headchief passed those days is not known. But at some point he was joined by Youngmule.

"You cannot go without me," said his young disciple. "What will I do when you are gone?"

The night before the fateful Friday he talked with Goa for the last time. For his sweetheart, it must have been a painful moment. If she pleaded with him to change his mind, though, it had no effect.

He apparently spent the rest of the night talking with friends. About an hour before dawn, with some fifteen of them including Youngmule, he rode to the top of Squaw Hill.

Talk continued for several hours. Meanwhile Youngmule, unfamiliar with his 45-70 carbine, got in some practice shots. Whatever the fate of his idol, he would share it. Then older men, who feared an eventual melee, ordered all but the two principals to retire.

Below, the valley was filling with people collecting their rations. Criers went among the throng, admonishing every one to be quiet and keep out of the coming act, or event. Some began gathering on nearby ridges to watch it.

Troop G under Lieutenant Samuel Robertson had just deployed along the road, half-way between Squaw Hill and the Agency. Half the 40-odd men were dismounted for more accurate shooting. The soldiers waited curiously: the proposed attack seemed too fantastic for belief. But the act was about to open.

Some time after three o'clock two riders were seen galloping headlong down the steep slope. One wore a long, sweeping warbonnet. Near the bottom, where a rocky bench jutted from the face, they broke into a frenzied circling, with shouts of defiance. In the Cheyenne code, the daring maneuver would count for many points. Headchief's claim to man's stature was in the making.

The pair finished their circling and started back up the slope. No bullets had touched them. Youngmule's horse, however, had been fatally struck and barely made it to the top.

Once more on the summit, the two Indians picked up their rifles. Youngmule's horse lay dying. On foot, they scurried to where they could see the troops, who had now advanced to the rocky bench. Again counting points, they exposed themselves long enough to get in some shots. They did this three times, dropping back only when the return fire got too hot. Headchief, the showman, was building up to the grand finale.

Troop G was now joined by Troop E, under Lieutenant Pitcher. From his lookout, Headchief watched the soldiers assemble. Men on foot began criss-crossing the grassy bottom, their officers directing them to positions covering the road. The men knelt with carbines ready.

Now, the young warrior told himself, the big moment had come. The players in this desperate game were all in place. The drama, in which he would earn high honors in Heaven, approached its thundering finale.

It was time to say good-bye. Tears welled in Youngmule's eyes as they embraced. Then Headchief, lips drawn tight and his dark face a mask, mounted his pony.

He sped across the flat summit, whipping his steed and hurtling over the eastern edge full gallop. His long, bright warbonnet trailed behind like a plume. Stumbling, recovering, horse and rider plunged headlong down the slope. Then wheeling southward, he flashed through Alderson Gulch, topped the rise, and addressed the waiting enemy in an all-out charge. Somehow, he got off a few wild shots.

"Man dies, the mighty buffalo dies!" he screamed. "Only the earth and mountains last forever!"

The horseman was heading for Troop E. For a minute or two, the men held fire. Then, at a range of some 200 yards, 50 carbines spoke out in a crashing volley. But if any bullets hit, they failed to stop him.

Miraculously, Headchief swept through the skirmish line and out the rear of Troop E. But not unscathed. Somewhere in the melee, several pistol balls found their mark in his body, and 100 yards or so behind the troop he fell from his horse. Two soldiers ran up and shot him in the head. Finally his wish had come true. He died a hero—one man against 90.

Meanwhile Youngmule, from his perch on the hill, had watched the fatal charge. His lips moved in tribute to his idol. Now it was Youngmule's turn to show his mettle.

All his people, he knew, were watching, waiting for him to make good his pledge to follow his friend in death. He would not fail.

He glanced quickly around, planning his own move. It would have to be on foot, of course. The southern slope, he decided, though very steep, would offer the most direct approach to a point where he could do some shooting. This would be a cutbank near the bottom, accessible through a rain-washed gully affording a measure of protection. With a little luck he'd make it. And when he died, he'd take some soldiers with him.

Picking his way cautiously, he ducked into the shelter of the gully. For the moment he was safe. At the bottom, though, a stretch of open space separated the cutbank, and here he would have to take his chances. Certainly the soldiers would be watching.

Clutching his rifle, the boy sped into the open, bounding like a frightened antelope. Suddenly, bullets were spattering on all sides. Moments later he had made it across Alderson Gulch and then flopped panting in the sheltering brush beneath the cutbank. Methodically, he rose to a kneeling position and began firing.

For some 15 minutes Youngmule blasted his fusillade. Meanwhile sharpshooters from Troop G who had circled onto surrounding high ground had zeroed him in. Troop E held fire in fear of hitting their comrades. Now for Youngmule, a boy of 13, the end had come. True to his word, he joined his friend in death.

Their bullets had harmed no soldiers. The military's only loss had been three wounded horses of Troop E.

The Cheyenne women keened a death song over the corpses. Respectfully, the troops withdrew. The dead heroes, carried by reverent warriors, were laid out beside American Horse's tepee. A white feather had dropped from Headchief's bonnet as he fell and, honoring Cheyenne custom, it was left in place. There it remained for years, held by a rock.

For Headchief, the brooding, resentful son, there had been no other course. Warfare was a thing of the past: counting coups in battle, the old way of gaining honor was possible no longer. ●

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OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 8)

take my .22 and go get a rabbit or sage chicken. This was one of my jobs around the homestead, to get one or two of these and possibly also some fish which Dad dearly loved.

When they arrived home with the buckboard I proceeded to put the team away while Dad unloaded the things out of the wagon.

Dad asked me at supper if I would like to work for one of the neighbors who lived about five miles from us. As things were kinda slack around home he deemed it would be okay.

"Sounds good," I said. "What does he pay?"

He said he thought a dollar a day if a fellow worked real good. "Boy! A whole dollar and food too."

Dad said, "Yes I understand his wife is a fancy cook. So you will probably be well spoiled to fancy food by the time you get back home."

"I don't care," I said, "so long as there's lots of it, cause boy I like to eat!"

Dad said I'd better take some extra clothes as they were pretty snooty people and he didn't want me feeling embarrassed around them. "I understand they both are college graduates," he added.

The next morning I put some clothes in a sack and, not waiting for breakfast, I headed out across country to this job.

I arrived rather late in the morning. When I knocked on the door I could see there was no food in sight—so no breakfast.

After some small talk he finally brought out a horse and saddle, a few fence staples, and told me to go over across the field and fix fence. I started to leave and he said, "Wait, your lunch."

So he went in the house and returned with a sandwich wrapped neatly in a white napkin, telling me, "Be careful with the napkin."

Well as soon as I was out of sight of the house I took care of that sandwich, which to tell you the truth sure did taste good along with some good cool water from a little stream near by.

I decided it would be a long day with no more food than this, but I'd show them what a good hand a boy can make. And I figured they'd understand if I'm a little wolfish at supper time.

I stayed with it till the sun went clear down. Then I rode in and took care of my horse. I meandered up to the house and tried not to act too anxious. When I came in they were sitting at the living room table reading and looked up. He said, "Yes, what is it?"

Well, this took me aback as I was kinda shy around strangers, especially learned people like that.

I blurted out, not very gracefully, I'm afraid, "Well I was thinking about some supper."

He said, "Oh yes. Well, you see this being Sunday we try to observe it as the Lord's day, you know, a day of rest. Consequently my wife doesn't cook on Sunday. Now if you're hungry you might find some bread in the kitchen and you will find some milk down in the Spring house. And try not to make a mess."

I said, "Okay, I'll go out to the bunkhouse and clean up and then take care of it."

So I went to the bunkhouse and got my sack with the few clothes I had brought with me and started out on the long trip home. And to tell you the truth, I was so hungry I was sick. Anyway, I arrived home and the folks were already in bed so I built a fire in the cook stove. Dad called and said, "What are you doing? I thought you were going to a job."

I told him it didn't work out as they were too fancy for me. He didn't ask for more details and I didn't offer any, as we did not communicate too well anyway.

I got out a skillet and cooked me up some potatoes, made some gravy, and a pot of coffee. And one small, very hungry boy sat down alone there in the kitchen and appeased his appetite.

Later on, Mother talked me into explaining what happened and I told her. So she told Dad.

"That's all right," Dad said. "When I see him again he may learn what it is to do without a meal or two while his mouth heals up!"

I heard later that the college man had come into the village looking as if he had tangled with a wildcat and told everyone he'd been thrown from a horse in a very brushy place.

I suppose that was the way it was, but Dad gave me a big silver dollar and told me he had met the man and he had settled for my day's work.

So I guess that's the way it really was, but it was a long, hard day for a dollar! ●

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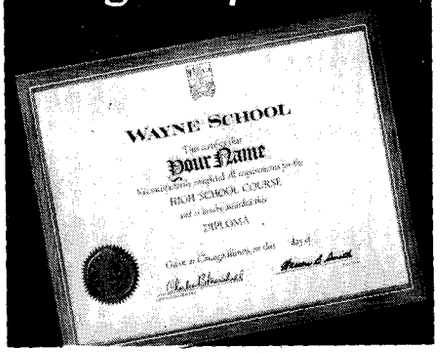

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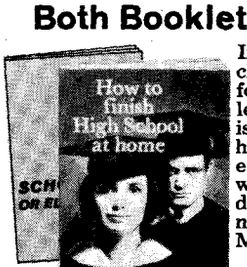

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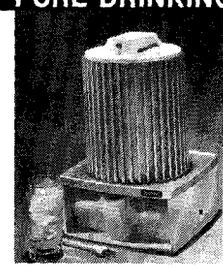

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TRAGIC MYSTERY OF LIZZIE FLETCHER

(Continued from page 31)

With a shock of recognition, Mary stopped her work. A white man stood among the familiar Indians of the camp. She pushed past the squaws and ran out where the man could see her. Their eyes met and he understood the appeal the girl was too frightened to call out to him. The squaws pulled her back into the lodge. But when the braves entered for their feast, bringing the white man with them, he immediately spoke to Mary in English.

"Tell me how you got here," he said. "They don't understand English, you can talk to me. My name is Charles Hanger. I'm a trader."

Mary told him briefly of her capture and the hardships of her life. "Please, can't you help me?" Mary pleaded. "I've tried to get away but they catch me and beat me, and they've been talking about selling me to the Kiowas."

Charles Hanger nodded, holding a finger to his lips to silence her. Then he sat down to talk and feast with the braves. They were irritated and embarrassed that the white trader had seen and talked with their captive. The atmosphere in the lodge grew tenser as Hanger negotiated with them, and Mary was in a state of emotional torture, experiencing real hope for the first time in her captivity, but resigning herself to the beating she would get if Charles Hanger left the camp without her.

Minutes dragged into hours as the feast and the conversation continued. Then the Cheyennes rose and left and Hanger took Mary to one side and explained to her that he had just learned the Kiowas had refused to buy her. These Cheyennes, Hanger explained, were renegades called "Cheyenne Dog Soldiers."

Because he (Hanger) had seen a white captive in their midst, they were afraid he would report this to the authorities; and these renegade Cheyennes would be refused their annuities because through the white captive the U.S. Army would know they were the Indians who had attacked the wagon train at Rock Creek Crossing in Wyoming. So they wanted to sell Mary as a slave to some other tribe and get her away before the Army could send men out to question them about her.

Hanger said that he was from Clinton, Illinois, and that he had traveled with the Arapahoes for a year, trading with them and other Indians. He had decided to visit a Kiowa Village not far from the Arapahoes when the Cheyennes holding Mary intercepted him and asked him to come to their camp for trading. Hanger knew they had no robes or pelts, but they did show him gold coins. He assumed they had gotten these off of the wagon trains they attacked, and while they had no use for this gold, they knew the white trader would give them much for it.

He accompanied them back to their camp, and always when a white trader entered an Indian camp for the purpose of trading, he would throw a big feast for the Indians, which was what Hanger was doing when Mary first saw him.

"I will bargain for you in the morning," Hanger said to Mary. "It won't be easy. If they suspect I won't pay them any goods and will go to the Army with the information about you, I won't get out of this camp alive. But don't worry. I will buy you and set you free if it takes all my goods."

EARLY THE next morning she was taken to the wagon of Chief Bull Bear, head of the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers. Hanger was there and with him was a half breed Indian interpreter and his wife. Hanger said to Mary, "I have traded for you. This interpreter and his wife will take you to the Arapahoes' camp where they will turn you over to Chief Little Raven. He is an honorable Indian and will take care of you."

Mary's frail knees buckled and she felt sick at her stomach. She couldn't believe what she heard and then she started to cry. Hanger grabbed her and said, "Hold yourself together. You are not away from this camp yet. Get out of here as fast as you can. The half breed and his wife will take you to Little Raven's camp."

Mary ran out of the tepee and a few minutes later she was on a pony following the half breed interpreter and his wife. They arrived at Little Raven's camp late that afternoon. Little Raven had his squaws give Mary clothes. She was also given something to eat, food that tasted like a royal feast to her.

Hanger came the next morning. He reported that he had effected the trade for Mary and that it had cost him all his goods valued at $1,665.00 The following day Hanger and Mary started for Fort Larned, arriving that night. Hanger turned Mary over to E. W. Wynkoop, the Special Indian Agent. He asked Mrs. Dryer, wife of Major Dryer, Commander at Fort Larned, to take charge of Mary. Mrs. Dryer and the officers' wives started work at once sewing dresses for Mary; and in a week Mary had new dresses and had regained some of her former personality.

She was taken to Atchison, Kansas, by Major Wynkoop and Mrs. Reuben Howard, wife of the agent at Fort Zarah. In Atchison John Murphy, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, took charge of her. At her request she was sent to English friends in Illinois. They were delighted, but it was like seeing a ghost as they had been informed that the Fletcher family had all been killed in the attack on the wagon train at Rock Creek Crossing. She went ot Davenport, Iowa, to live with the family of Judge William Cook.

The newspapers carried the story of her release from the Indians, and Mary was surprised and thrilled to get a letter from her father who was living in Salt Lake City. He told how he had been wounded and was in a ditch. When he regained consciousness she (Mary) and Lizzie were gone and it was believed both had been killed. Mary's brothers had been badly wounded; and all three were crippled for life. The father wanted to know about Lizzie and pleaded with Mary to come to Salt Lake City.

Mary answered and told about Lizzie. She said she was happy with Judge William Cook's family in Davenport, Iowa; and that the thought of traveling across the plains terrified her.

On December 31, 1867, she married William E. E. Cook, the eldest son of Judge Cook. After the marriage, she was so anxious to see her father that she and her husband traveled to Salt Lake City where she found Mr. Fletcher badly crippled and almost destitute financially. She and her husband remained with the father until his death. On September 6, 1886, Mary's husband died, leaving her with four children, one daughter Jessie, who later married Reverend William M. Purce, an Episcopal minister, and three sons, William L. Cook, Charles H. Cook, and Fred G. Cook.

All through the terrifying days of her captivity and through the years that followed, Mrs. Cook never forgot her baby sister, Lizzie. After the first shock of what the half breed had told her about Lizzie's death, Mary never fully accepted this story. From time to time while a captive of the Cheyennes, she would hear stories about baby white girls being held by this or that tribe. As soon as she was released, she asked Superintendent Murphy to start a search for Lizzie. This search was made, but no trace of Lizzie was found.

And now, thirty-five years later, Mary Fletcher Cook was staring at the news story from Casper, Wyoming, telling about a white woman married to an Indian and believed to be Lizzie Fletcher.

Mrs. Cook read on in the story: "blue eyes, blond-haired woman apparently speaks no English . . . about 35 . . . wa visiting Casper with her husband, John Brokenhorn, an Arapahoe of the Wind River Reservation . . ."

Mrs. Cook let the paper drop from her hand. This could be Lizzie . . . it could be . . .

Four hours later Mrs. Cook was on a train for Casper, Wyoming. In Casper, Mrs. Cook was aided by local authorities to get to the Wind River Reservation and find her sister. At the village on the reservation, the curious Indians came out to stare at the strange white lady in her trailing black gown. The anxiety and uncertainty were almost too much for Mrs. Cook. She clasped her hands together to hide their trembling, and her knees were like water.

She was led up to the lodge in which Mr. and Mrs. Brokenhorn lived. Mrs. Cook saw them standing in front of the lodge, a stocky middle-aged Indian man and next to him a woman in buckskin dress with her hair done in the Indian style. The woman's hair was light brown, her eyes were blue, and her skin was not naturally dark like the other squaws, but deeply tanned by the sun.

Mrs. Cook gasped when she saw the woman. Her hand flew to her mouth. "Lizzie!" she whispered.

Mrs. Brokenhorn giggled self-consciously and stepped a little behind her husband. The interpreter who had come with Mary spoke to Brokenhorn, explaining that Mrs. Cook believed Mrs. Brokenhorn to be her sister. Brokenhorn then spoke to his wife and she came forward, studying Mary intently. Then Brokenhorn and his wife talked together. Brokenhorn said to the interpreter, "She is my wife. She cannot go away with this strange white woman. She says she doesn't want to go with the strange white woman. This is her home. She wants to remain here."

Mrs. Cook protested that the woman was her sister and she had to come with her. The interpreter said: "You must understand that if this is your sister, she was only two when captured and she knows nothing of your language or your way of life. She has been raised an Indian. You can't change thirty-five years with a few words."

"I suppose I'll have to understand," Mrs. Cook answered. "I believe she is my lost sister, but since naturally she can't remember anything of the two years she lived with me, I must accept the fact she would never be happy away from the life she knows."

Mrs. Cook turned and started to walk away with the interpreter at her side. There was a commotion at the Brokenhorn lodge. Mrs. Cook looked back, saw Indians gathering around Brokenhorn and his wife, everybody talking excitedly, with Mrs. Brokenhorn strutting proudly back and forth.

"What is it all about?" Mrs. Cook asked the interpreter.

"Mrs. Brokenhorn is now a very important woman in her tribe," the interpreter explained. "She is telling all she is a white woman and superior to all of them. Yet with all that, she would never change her life."

"No, she never will," Mrs. Cook said, "and the tragic mystery of Lizzie Fletcher will never be solved!" ●

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a true story by Bob Ferrel

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence... and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that **now** was the time to make the forward step . . . there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months, Leo Lubel sold for $7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of $14 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. **We show you how . . .** step by step. That's $490 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is $21 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to gross $7 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $12 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes **clear net profit.** Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 7 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) **superior processes.** (2) **proven customer-getting methods** (3) **Day to day guidance from Headquarters.**

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **6 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Little over $1000 establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, **before** someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

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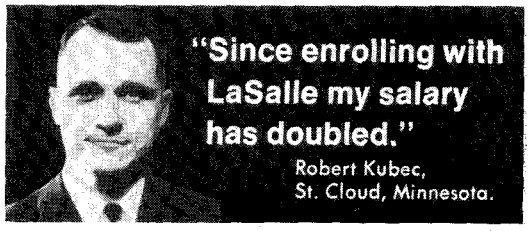

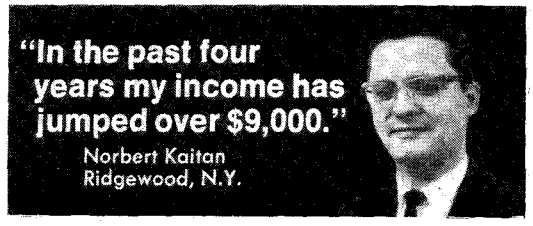

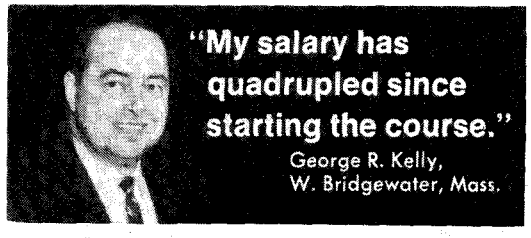

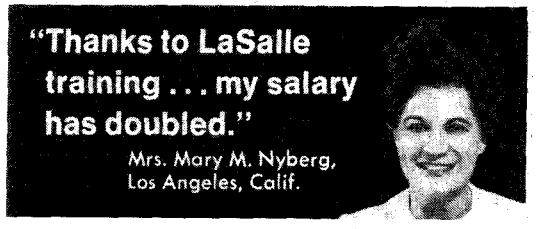

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